THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1322.

Original Poem.

THE PLAGUE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DAVID L. ROATH.

An awful silence in the City reigns,
  Where erst was heard the busy hum of life —
Deserted streets and barricaded lanes,
  Which echoed once with sounds of joy and strife,
Are all that meet the sight whichever way
  The eye doth wander with enquiring gaze—
Dark testimony given that the sway
  Of man has ended with the sun's bright rays.

With gloom upon each brow man meeteth man,
  Each hath a tale of new known wo to tell,—
Each mourns the rapid progress of the ban
  Which no distinction makes—Destroyer fell!
Some who have just been told the tidings dread,
  Scarce comprehending, fill'd with terrors vague,
With frantic gestures strike the wandering head,
  And cry in agony, "The Plague! The Plague!"

In every house is wailing for the Lost,
  The young, the old, the beautiful and fair—
The spot† appears, the threshold scarcely crost,
  When lo! the Messenger of Death is there!
One hurries on with agitated heart,
  Upon his pillow lays his weary head,—
Anon before the door is seen the cart,
  The driver calling low—"Bring out your Dead!"

No priest attends the gasping victim now,
  No sympathizing friend is by his side
To wipe the gathering death-dew from his brow,
  And cheer him ere he takes the awful stride
From bustling Life to calm Eternity,
  In vain he tries with feeble voice to call
Some passing soul to ease his agony—
  All shun with horror the Plague-Stricken—all!

No careful hands enshroud the stiffened limbs,
  No eulogistic words of any spoken—
Deep pits are dug in earth, and to their brims
  Are fill'd with those whose threads of life are broken.
In vain huge fires the few surviving build,
  In vain their trembling knees in prayer bow,—
Destruction to humanity is willed—
  The City is a mighty grave yard now!

Alas! fair City, fallen is thy Pride—
  The forms of those who sent thy name afar,
Are undistinguished lying side by side
  With Vice and Ignorance—Oh horrid War
By pestilential breath waged on thy sons,
  On all that gleamed so brightly in thy crown—
Swept from the earth are all thy noble ones—
  Gone are the Souls that gave to thee renown!

---

* In the year 1665 this terrible scourge ravaged the City of London. The lines are written as if immediately after the cessation of the pestilence.

† An ulcer or "plague spot" appeared upon those infected.

Augusta, Geo.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

CONCLUDING NUMBER.

NOTES OF THE VOYAGE HOME—THE WINDING UP OF MY TRAVELS.

May 3d, 1846.

One blessed week have we already been tossed about in the British Channel, since bidding a misty adieu to London, and I sit down for the first time, to record our progress. I steady my arm as well as possible against the ledge of our board table as I write, and the waves roaring around the rudder at the stern, near at hand, make music to my thoughts. A family in the little room opposite have just closed an evening hymn, and several of the passengers have lighted their candle-ends at the sickly swinging lamp and are rolling off to their berths. It has been a dull, drizzling misty day, but as the wind is fair and strong we do not complain. We have a fine ship (the "Victoria") a most excellent captain, and agreeable passengers. Time passes bearably and almost pleasantly, so that the voyage, long though it be, can easily be endured, and particularly so, when it will bring me back to country and to home.

We slid out of St. Katharine's Docks at noon, precisely a week ago, and having hitched a couple of steamboats to our vessel, moved slowly down the Thames in mist and drizzling rain, passing miles of dreary black buildings, till we were fairly out of London. Then came Greenwich with its hospital and hilly park rising behind—Woolwich, with its celebrated arsenal, and finally dropping down the widening flood, we cast anchor at sunset before Gravesend. Here, as some formalities of the Custom House were yet to be gone through with, we were obliged to lay until the next afternoon, when we were towed down into the Bay of the Thames, opposite Sheerness. The next morning Captain Morgan came on board: there was but little wind, but by tacking, we made at sunset the South Foreland, near Dover. A sharp breeze sprung up suddenly, and as it became very dark, I went below. When I arose on Wednesday morning, we were sailing along the southern coast of England. Brighton and Shoreham were passed, and the Isle of Wight soon rose dim ahead of us. The low coast on our right was bordered by long reaches of dazzling chalky sand, which glistened along the blue water, under a sky of almost Italian beauty.

We glided into the Bay of Portsmouth at two o'clock, and dropped anchor opposite the romantic town of Ryde, built on the sloping shore of the green Isle of Wight. Eight or nine vessels of the Experimental Squadron were anchored near us—great three decked monsters, that looked as if they had been made to rule the waters. Over the houses of Portsmouth I could see the masts of the Victory, the flag-ship at the battle of Trafalgar, on board of which Nelson was killed. It is at present lying inactive in the docks.

The wind was not strong enough to permit us to attempt the passage through the Needles, so we put about to wear back again around the Isle of Wight. At midnight we succeeded in getting into the Channel and next morning were tacking away before a head wind towards the Coast of France. Towards noon the rocky coast of Brittany, near Cherbourg, came in sight, with the island of Alderney lying near it. That afternoon and next day, we several times saw the Coast of Devonshire and Land's End, the extreme south-western point of England.

This afternoon I caught a curlew, that came flying on weary wings towards us, and alighted on one of the boats. Two of his brethren, too much exhausted or too timid to do likewise, dropped flat on the waves and resigned themselves to their fate without a struggle. I slipped up and caught him by his long, lank legs, while he was resting with flagging wings and half-shut eyes. We fed him with beef and water, which he seemed to relish greatly after his long fast, though it was difficult to get it down his reed-shaped bill, but he took kindly to our force work, and when we let him loose on the deck, walked tamely about, with an air quite familiar.

May 18th.—This is our twenty-second day on board, and we are not more than half-way to America yet. We have had a heavy gale since my last note, and I endured the misery of five days' sea-sickness. Thanks, however, to a beautiful law of memory, the recollection of that dismal period has already lost its unpleasantness, while the grand forms of beauty the vexed ocean presented, will remain forever as distinct and abiding images. I stayed on deck as long as I could stand, watching the giant waves over which our vessel kept her course. They rolled up towards us, thirty or forty feet in height—dark, gray masses, changing to a beautiful vitriol tint, wherever the light struck through their countless and changing crests, which fell and sank in snowy and sparkling foam. It was glorious to see our good ship mount slowly up the side of one of these watery hills, till her prow seemed lifted high in air, then rocking proudly over its brow, plunge with a slight quiver into the watery vale, and plow up a briny cataract as she struck the bottom. I never before realized the terrible sublimity of the sea. And yet it was noble to see how man—strong in his god-like will—could bid defiance to those whelming surges, and brave their wrath unharmed. It was to me a singular sensation to be borne in safety into the awful solitude of the seas, and view the ceaseless and mighty operations of nature.

We swung up and down on the heaving billows, till we scarcely knew which way to stand. The most grave and sober personages suddenly found themselves reeling in a very undignified manner, and not a few measured their lengths on the slippery deck. Boxes and barrels were affected in like manner; every thing danced around us; trunks ran out from under the berths, packages leaped down from the shelves; chairs danced across the rooms, and at table, knives, forks and mugs engaged in a general waltz and *break-down*. One incident of this kind was rather laughable. About midnight, on Sunday night, the gale, which had been blowing violently, suddenly lulled, "as if," to use a sailor's phrase, "it had been chopped off!" Instantly the ship gave a violent lurch, which was the signal for a tremendous breaking loose. Two or three others followed, so strong that for a moment I imagined the vessel had been thrown on her beam ends. Trunks, crockery and barrels went banging down from one end of the ship to the other. The women in the steerage set up an awful scream, and the German emigrants, thinking we were in terrible danger, commenced praying with might and main. In the passage near our room, in the second cabin, stood several barrels, filled with broken dishes, and at every lurch these went banging from side to side, making a horrible din, and jarring the board partitions so that it was impossible to sleep. I shall not soon forget the Babel which kept our eyes open that night.

The gale was so violent that several sails were split into shivers, and one afternoon, about four o'clock, the main royal yard snapped in the middle, and instantly gave way. All hands went to work, lowered it to the deck, and removed the irons from the broken pieces. A rough spar was taken, hewn into the proper shape, the irons firmly fastened on, and the new yard stood aloft at its place on the mast, by eight o'clock. There were no signs of haste or confusion; every thing was done with the regularity of clock-work, and each man labored with a zeal and good will pleasant to behold. An English gentleman, who had been a long time in the Navy, watched the whole operation with the greatest interest. "Why," said he, "I never saw anything like it! This four hours' piece of work could scarcely have been done in a whole day on board a British frigate. You Yankees are, in fact, the real go-ahead fellows!"

19th.—I sit half doubled up in the life-boat hanging at the stern of the Victoria, and look out over the tranquil ocean—broad and blue, like the cloudless sky above it. Our "white wings" flap idly on the mast, and only the top-gallant sails are bent enough occasionally to tug us along at a mile an hour. Eight other vessels, far or near, are sleeping on the slightly heaving plain. One barque, with studding-sails set, making the most of the breath of wind, is nearing us rapidly—she is now not more than a quarter of a mile distant. We shall speak probably, and I put up my pen to wait her arrival.

* * * * *

The barque we saw came near enough, and Captain Morgan hailed her. She was from Ceylon, bound for Liverpool—laden, perhaps, with spices, though the breeze gave us no tidings of them. She was making the most of the wind, with every rag of canvass set, and passed us slowly on her way eastward. The sun went down unclouded, and a glorious starry night is now brooding over us, giving no hope of favorable winds. I can, nevertheless, see indications of America in the clear sky and bright sun. How I longed to be on shore to-day. The forests about home are now clothed in the delicate green of their first leaves, and this bland weather embraces the sweet earth like a blessing of Heaven. This gentle breath from out the west seems made for the odor of violets, and as it came to me over the slightly ruffled deep, I thought how much sweeter it were to feel it, while "wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours."

The Germans sang to-night some hymns of their Fatherland, which seemed to place me again among the valleys of Suabia, for a time. The remembrance of that joyous and romantic pilgrimage grows brighter and more beautiful, the farther the distance from which I look back on it.

20th, 9 P. M.—I hasten to make record of the glorious wind which has sprung up since this morning, and is now driving us along at the rate of twelve knots. When I went on deck this morning, a very faint breath of wind sighed along the blue and twinkling water, so that our motion was scarcely perceptible. But as the day wore on, it increased steadily and gradually, like the progress of some great moral reformation, till the ship began to feel its influence. Towards evening it increased rapidly; every sail was bent to the full, but the sea was so smooth that we hardly felt the motion. Our vessel parted the brine with a kind of arrowy glide, the ease and grace of which it is impossible to describe. Then as night came down, star-light and cloudless, the sheets of foam thrown around our track, shone with a white, phosphorescent light, which streamed visibly far behind us. The water is rushing and roaring under the stern, as I sit now at our dining table, and every joint of the ship is creaking with the effort she makes to carry us homewards. Six days of such wind would bring us to New York. I can hardly realize that the long absence is so near its termination.

22d.—Wind and rain from the south-west, as yesterday, which takes us along still at ten knots; we shall reach the Banks this afternoon. I passed an awful night, half smothered and unable to sleep a wink. The rainy weather to-day obliges us all to keep down in this dark *inferno*, where we must read and write by lamp-light, and listen to the endless creaking and roaring of the rudder just under us. The thought, however, that we are going so gallantly on our way, enables us to bear up bravely under these afflictions.

23d.—We have been jogging slowly along the southern point of the Grand Bank all day, and if this six knot breeze continues, will reach the Gulf Stream to-morrow. We are now making calculations as to the exact day of our arrival at New York. For my part, I am so accustomed to our torpid, amphibious kind of life, that I feel quite unconcerned as to the remainder of our voyage. It is only when I think of *home* (and that is very often I must confess) that I feel anxious for the two weeks which must intervene, to be compressed into a single moment. The air was very cold to-day. It felt so sharp and chilling that I was afraid we were under the lee of an iceberg, but this evening the dull, gray mass of clouds lifted themselves from the horizon and the sun set in clear, American beauty away beyond Labrador. I feel now as if we were nearing the glorious new world again. How well those terms, *old* and *new*, express the character of the two continents! In America, every thing seems fresh and bright as if first created—purest air, greenest verdure and dazzling sunlight—the appropriate vestment of a *free* land! Europe, with her mists and hazes, subdued foliage and monotonous climate, seems to acknowledge the shackles under which she lies groaning. Give me the free, the virgin earth of uncontaminated America!

By way of diversion, we went through various gymnastic exercises on deck this evening, such as balancing on a hand-spike, turning somersets on a slack rope, etc., in which I received a bloody nose. Any thing is pleasant, however, that breaks this eternal monotony.

25th.—We left the Banks and the icebergs behind us this morning, and have been all day dashing westward under a cloudless sky, with the Gulf Stream far away to the larboard. When I went on deck after breakfast, we were enveloped in a dense gray fog, and the wind which bore us onward was of a piercing coldness. A sharp look-out was kept on the bow, but as we could not see more than three or four hundred yards, it might have been dangerous had we met one of the Arctic squadron. But at noon it cleared away again, and the bank of fog was visible a long time astern, piled along the horizon, reminding me of the Alps as seen from the plains of Piedmont. We have now a clear passage to New York and as we are within the limits of the American atmosphere, there will be bright skies and golden sunsets to enliven the way.

31st.—The wind I blessed so much last night, was very near forsaking us altogether to-day. We have made therefore so little progress that Sandy Hook is still about sixty-five miles distant. It has been nearly a calm all the afternoon, but about two hours ago a light breeze sprung up, which, if it lasts, will bring us by morning within sight of land. We are now in the midst of the mackerel fishery; no less than fifteen small schooners were counted around us this afternoon. Long Island lies north, about thirty miles distant, but of course invisible in this dull weather. I go to sleep most likely for the last time in this confined and odoriferous room, hoping to look on the beloved American shore, when I rise in the morning.

June 1. Twelve miles from Sandy Hook.—Fog, dense and impenetrable, lies on the moveless ocean like an atmosphere of wool. The only incident to break the horrid monotony of the day was the arrival of a pilot, with two or three newspapers, detailing the account of the late battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. This morning, too, we heard the booming of the surf along the low beach of Long Island—hollow and faint, like the murmur of a shell. In the afternoon, when the mist was lifted a little, we saw the line of white breakers along the shore, but land was invisible, though I strained my eyes long and intensely to catch a glimpse of it. The sea is like a sheet of glass, and the flapping sails swing us slowly around, waltzing our way at the rate of a mile an hour. The Germans are singing their old, familiar songs a mid-ships, and their voices blend beautifully together in the stillness. We are all, at present, vivid incarnations of the Spirit of Impatience. Yet perhaps it is better to lay a day or two longer, and glide up the glorious harbor of New York in bright June sunshine, than creep our way along in mist and rain. We have been on board thirty six days, and yet another night must be passed in our ambrosial domicile. Oh for two hours of a fresh eastern wind!

New York, June 2, 1846.

This morning at sunrise we saw Sandy Hook; at nine o'clock we were telegraphed in New York by the station at Coney Island; at eleven the steamer "Hercules" met us outside the Hook; at noon we were gliding up the Narrows with our whole ship's company of four hundred persons on deck, gazing at the beautiful shores of Staten Island, and agreeing almost universally that it was one of the most delightful scenes we ever looked upon. Even the English admitted that there was nothing like it in England.

Our excitement increased as we entered the magnificent bay; one by one we recognized familiar objects. Above the green line of the Battery we saw the spire of Trinity Church, and far to the north, a headland of the palisades. Then, as we turned into the East River, there was all the bustle of examining and collecting baggage, and finally, at three o'clock, we stepped on the pier at the foot of Pine Street, with our excited blood thrilling in every vein.

Now I must take leave of you, grateful for your kindness in publishing, these two years, the records of my peregrinations—a kindness which has enabled me to make the journey. I have undergone many hardships and privations during my absence, in which I walked nearly three thousand miles on the continent of Europe, but these are nothing—the end of the journey is accomplished, and I have done all which I set out to do. Although grateful to the Old World, for the lessons and experience she has imparted to me, I now return home loving my own land more than ever, having seen by contrast, how far she has outstripped the rest of the world in freedom and intelligence. Hoping that in following my long and sometimes wearisome journey, you may not have become wearied also,

I remain, Yours very truly,
J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Original Poetry.

REMEMBRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ADELE.

When first I saw thee 'twas in childhood's hour,
  When thy young heart was ever glad and free,
Bright fancy lov'd to roam in Hope's green bower,
  And care ne'er dimm'd those hours of mirth and glee.

How then I lov'd to view thy light step fleeting
  As gladsome ripples o'er a sunlit stream—
'Twas then I priz'd the happy hour of meeting,
  Now sweetly vision'd in my mem'ry's dream.

How pure the love of early days, how dear,
  'Tis treasur'd in our hearts, a golden ray,
Reflecting still the morn of youth, as fair
  And bright as blooming flow'rs in sunny May.

Friend of my youthful days thou still art dear,
  Fond mem'ry lingers o'er thy cherish'd name,
For thee shall friendship drop the joyful tear,
  And years increase affection's holy flame.

Tho' time speeds on, as in thy spring's sweet bloom
  Thou'rt still the peerless being whom I love—
May'st thou, fair one, be free from sorrow's gloom,
  Blessed thy lot below, thy joys all bright above.

A SPANISH BEAUTY.—The Duke de Montpensier's bride, Dona Luisa, is thus described in a French journal:—"Never did a more delicate or finer flower bloom under the rays of a Castilian sun. Her form is of a wasp-like slenderness, her hand like an infant's, her foot is small and delicately arched as that of the gazelle of the desert; her cheeks have the color of a layer of snow slightly tinted with strawberry juice, as if the incomparable Madrid sun had cast upon this snow its purple reflection. Dona Luisa's large eyes sparkle like two rubies enchased in two topazes, beneath the slight arch of her ebon eyebrows; her air and demeanor are noble. In a word, the young infanta, who has seen but fifteen springtimes, is thoroughly French and Persian, in all that pertains to grace and sparkling wit."

HOW TO COUGH.—A writer in the New York Sun says it is injurious to cough leaning forward, as it serves to compress the lungs and makes the irritation greater. Persons prone to the enjoyment, should keep the neck straight and throw out the chest. By these means the lungs expand and the windpipe is kept free and clear. There is an art in everything, and the art of coughing is perhaps as important in its way as any other.

A Thrilling Tale.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

THE MAD WOLF.

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains

BY "SOLITAIRE."

In the month of October, 1833, I was on my return from a trapping tour on Green River, the Grand Colorado of the West, in company with three companions, one named Alexandre, a half-breed, Verboncoeur, a Frenchman, and an American named Worthington. After a long day's tramp, we halted in a neck of timber, upon a tributary of the Colorado, immediately bordering upon a wide spreading prairie, and, having here pitched our tent, and tied the animals, we started out to reconnoitre the neighborhood surrounding the camp-ground. The country we had been travelling over all day lay immediately in the path of the roving bands of *Arapaho* and *Crow* Indians, and the former tribe was the white man's inveterate foe. Caution, therefore, counselled us to examine the tracks imprinted around us before we resigned ourselves to security and repose. Having mounted a willow-covered ridge, near the encampment, I descended into a small valley on our right, and had not proceeded far before I descried smoke issuing from the covert. Carefully approaching the spot, I soon discovered a numerous war party encampment of Crows, and, as they were friendly to the company I belonged to, without hesitation I entered the circle seated around the fire. All seized their weapons with a general exclamation of "*how!*" when, informing them, in their own language, that I was *Little Wolf*—a name conferred upon me by an old chief of the tribe while I was sojourning at their village—they immediately remembered me, and all signs of hostilities were stayed between us. After a friendly shaking of hands, and a short smoke of the calumet, I obtained all the information I needed relative to the Arapahoes, and with pleasure learned that the war parties of the Crows had driven them far from the southern hunting grounds. The chief of the party, and a number of his braves, accompanied me a short distance on my return, and, when we parted, it was with mutual expressions of friendship. On arriving at camp, I found my companions awaiting my coming. Each reported his observations, and the information which I imparted was received with general satisfaction. It also confirmed their several reports, all declaring their search yielded no sign of hostile footsteps.

Every preparation was now made for a night of uninterrupted repose, and every thing promised the luxury. Our wearied march, with the unceasing watchfulness necessary for safety, had worn us down, until a night of unbroken sleep was looked forward to as the greatest boon circumstances could confer upon us. A foe would not approach us in the position we occupied, with our friends the Crows posted in such close proximity—they were nearly within hail—certainly within sound of our guns. A final examination was made of the *lariat* ropes which confined our animals, and then a short smoke—the trapper's greatest luxury—was indulged in, after which, spreading the buffalo robes, we dropped off into a slumber that needed no artificial aids to prolong its soundness.

How long we had lain in sleep I know not, but, all at once, with a suddenness which started repose into flight, I felt myself jerked from the robe on which I was resting. My first thought was that Indians had attacked us, but the light of the fire disclosed my antagonist to be a *wolf*, which had seized and still held me fast by the left hand. I had no weapon within my reach, so, without hesitation, I struck him with my shut fist, and, delivering the blow upon his grinning muzzle with all my force, I broke his hold, but in doing so lacerated my thumb against his tusk. The whole was but the work of a moment. Alexandre, who lay nearest to me, aroused himself, and no sooner was I released from the infuriated beast, than it seized him by the cheek. He choked it off, when, by this time, Verboncoeur and Worthington having secured their knives, they rushed upon the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon him—but both were bitten. With a howl that curdled the hearer's blood, our assailant fled and disappeared in the darkness. This sudden and violent interruption to our slumbers was not endured with Christian meekness nor commented on in those choice epithets which bespeak a delightful surprise. On the contrary, we indulged in a few bitter expletives against this nocturnal visiter, and, having thus in a measure appeased the wrath within us, we hastily bound up the wounds we had received, and once more forgot our dangers in the oblivion of sleep.

When morning broke, all sallied forth in different directions, filled with revengeful purpose against the wolf, believing that he would lurk in our neighborhood. But, after an extended search we were forced to forego the promised revenge and vent our anger in declarations of what we would have done if chance had only placed him within gun-shot. On my return I again encountered the Crow party, the chief of which informed me that a *mad wolf* had visited their camp the night previous. He had been driven off, however, before he had bitten any of their party. This intelligence chilled my blood with a horrid apprehension, and when he added that the animal fled in the direction of our camp, I felt assured he had been our fierce visitor. With gloomy forebodings of coming ill, I returned to my companions, who were preparing for a start.

Every thing being in readiness we departed from the camping ground, and, holding our way down the valley, came upon the great Crow trace, where, discovering the tracks of a large party of white men, we followed it up, and fell in with a trapping party of the North American Fur Company. From them I obtained some whiskey and salt, which I applied to my wounds, and advising my companions to use the same precaution, I intimated that the animal which bit us might be rabid. They laughed at my fears; but after as I thought sufficiently amusing themselves about my "womanish" dread of a wolf bite, I checked their mirth by imparting to them the intelligence I had gained from the Crows. Having, however, commenced amusing themselves at the expense of my fears, in a spirit of bravado they continued. I was awed by a presentiment of coming evil, and exhibited it, no doubt, in my countenance. Moreover, between dread of the wounds I had received, and chagrin at their ill-timed merriment, I was influenced to drink freely of the liquor. My stolid air of indifference, together with my continued libations, alarmed them, for I was habitually temperate as regarded drink—but the reverse in passion. An outburst of anger on my part would have been natural, and have amused them—but my troubled countenance, coupled with the quiet despair of my actions, made them uneasy, and they watched me with interest. The liquor first made keen my sensibilities, then imparted a reckless indifference, which was followed by the stupor of deep intoxication, and wrapped in its attendant robe of oblivion I forgot the previous night's encounter. The songs and adventures related around the camp-fire on that night were unheard by me—and both companies were prepared to separate in the morning before they aroused me from my deep sleep. All the painful feelings of intoxication awoke with me, and, stupid and sick, I made my way to the halting-ground, and laved my head and body in its cool waters. Here Worthington, one of my companions, separated from us and joined the other company. Bidding him and the party adieu, we turned our horses' heads, and again took up the line of march for the Laramie river. We were in a region where danger lurked in every bush, and where the footsteps of human being brought hostility almost as surely as the clouds betoken rain. Thus far through the whole season of trapping we had escaped unhurt and were returning, richly laden with spoils.

But while successfully avoiding the savage foe, a hidden one was at work in our midst, more terrible than the painted warriors of the western desert—more appalling in its promised fatality than the torturing knife of the ruthless red man. *Hydrophobia*, in all its horrid panoply of terrors, looked out from the eyes that surrounded me, and I thought the madness was reflected back from my own.

On the day we crossed *Cache a la Poudre* river, a colt, on which we had strapped some light articles, betrayed symptoms of the malady, and for the first time we found out he had been bitten. Alexandre and Verboncoeur had fastened their guns upon his pack, to relieve themselves of the burthen while climbing the river banks, and now with dismay they observed him break loose from the mule to which he was tied, and with a yell of terror fly from the stream we had just crossed, the foam gathering around his mouth, indicating with certainty the cause of his frantic actions. The arms he bore away were necessary for our protection. I, therefore, started in pursuit—but the mad animal being lightly laden, soon left my jaded mule far behind, and dashing over a ledge to our left, ere I reached the promontory he was entirely lost to view. Misfortune appeared to have thrown her mantle over us, and, to a dread of the disease which threatened us, was now added the loss of weapons. Continuing our course down the borders of the Laramie, which became frozen over by the continued cold weather, we approached the North Fork of the Platte, and, while in its immediate neighborhood, fancied we observed the colt quietly grazing in a plain before us. Leaving Alexandre, who complained of being ill, in the tent, Verboncoeur and myself started in pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts that this might indeed be the runaway animal, free from hydrophobia, which had fled, startled by the close proximity of a beast of prey, or had been only stung to momentary madness by some venomous insect. As we neared the animal all hopes fled—distance and our ardent wishes had converted the hump of a buffalo into the semblance of a pack, which on nearer approach resolved itself into its real character, and cast us back again into a state of despondency. At this moment a cry from my companion, who was pointing toward camp, directed my attention thitherward, and the next moment I beheld our tent on fire, and the half-breed flourishing around his head a burning faggot. We instantly turned our horses' heads and rode with all speed toward him—as we approached he started off the pack mules with his brand, and when we reached the spot all our worst fears were confirmed—he was a howling *madman!*

After a violent struggle, in which he inflicted severe blows upon us both, we succeeded in securing his arms, and having bound him upon a pallet of skins, we drove stakes into the frozen ground and there tied him. While he raved and howled, all the savage in his nature made predominant by his malady, Verboncoeur and myself sat weighed down with horrid dread, and were contemplating each other with fear. I fancied I beheld a wild expression in his eyes and no doubt he observed the same in mine. Alexandre, in the mean time, recovered from his convulsion, and in tones of earnest supplication besought us to end his torture, by sending a bullet through his brain. His supplications but echoed the thoughts which were coursing through my mind—I was meditating suicide with all the coolness of a wretch whose cup of despair is full, and the tide of which but lingers on the brim. Another, and another convulsion followed the progress of the disease upon our poor Alexandre; in his terrible paroxysms he tore one arm loose from the cords and with a howl began to rend it with his teeth; when we secured the limb he tried to seize his shoulder, this we prevented by placing a strap across his forehead, and fastening it on each side with stakes—he now bit his lips with fury, and the blood and foam gathered about them; in his agony, while the pupil of his dark eye shot fire, and the ball, which a few days previous was white as the snow upon the hills, assumed a hue as red as blood. All other dangers vanished before this one—the savage foe no longer inspired fear, indeed he would have been welcomed to a conflict which promised for us certain death. As the sun of that day of sorrow went down, the half-breed's paroxysms became more violent, and seating ourselves beside his rude mountain couch, we watched him through the gloom of night. Morning at length dawned, and we were rejoiced that with its first blush the spirit of our comrade fled, leaving his tortured body to its long sleep.

Alexandre's knife had been carried off by the colt, with the guns, and the amount of arms between Verboncoeur and myself was one rifle, two knives, and a pistol; of these my companion had but a knife as his share, and I felt selfishly glad, for he was an athletic man, who, armed in madness, would slay me in a moment. I therefore clutched the weapons I possessed with an eager grip, and watched my companion's motions with painful vigilance. We could not bury Alexandre's body, the earth being so frozen it was impossible to dig it with our knives, we therefore started down to the river, with the intention of cutting a hole through the ice and depositing it in the stream, out of reach of the wolves. Verboncoeur first commenced cutting, but had not succeeded in making a crevice before he snapped his knife-blade off about midway. This accident, at any time while in the mountains, would have been looked upon as a great misfortune—in our situation it was viewed as a frightful calamity—a loss which rendered us weak and helpless in defence, and which it was impossible to replace; and yet paradox as it may seem while I grieved I rejoiced, for, while it diminished the number of our weapons, it robbed my companion of the only dangerous one he had left, and one I had looked upon with dread. I represented to him the necessity of carefully preserving the other knife, and he assented: we therefore concluded not to risk it in the ice, but folding up the remains of our dead companion in a buffalo robe left it upon the prairie without sepulture, with the winds alone to murmur his dirge. So perished the first victim of the *Mad Wolf*.

When we again started, my companion asked me for the pistol in my belt and the knife in my sheath, which he argued would be a fair division of the weapons, and I had no good reason for refusing him, other than my unexpressed fear. I put him off with an excuse that I wished to place them in proper order before I resigned them. He smiled, and we journeyed on. After eyeing his countenance for some time, I began to grow reassured—it looked calm and undisturbed, and his step displayed a firmness and decision which I believed could only belong to health in body and mind. While thus growing in hope and confidence, and when on the very eve of yielding up a weapon to him, a wolf howled in our immediate neighborhood, and I could see him shudder, the muscles of his face contract, and his eye assume an unusual lustre, while a low groan broke from his heaving chest. I hugged the weapons in my possession with increased eagerness, and clung to them with a tenacity founded on absolute fear for I conjectured, and rightly, that the seeds of the dread malady which carried off our half-breed companion were making themselves manifest in Verboncoeur. In crossing a small branch which emptied into the Laramie, I again watched his features, and all the symptoms of hydrophobia burst forth in a paroxysm, unmistakable in its character. He instantly rushed upon me, when with the heavy barrel of my rifle I felled him senseless—my fears had made me a Hercules in strength—and then leaping upon his insensible body I bound him with a *lariat* rope so tightly that in vain he struggled for freedom. I sat down beside him with my teeth clenched, and listened unmoved to his ravings and prayers for death—he, like Alexandre, besought me to despatch him—but finding his supplications move me not, he broke into horrid imprecations and threats, in which he swore that he would kill me—that he would tear me with his teeth, and, bound as he was, he rolled his body toward me. I held him down to the earth, and he again relapsed into dreadful convulsions. My despair had now no lower depth. I looked upon my remaining comrade and shared in his agony, for I expected that inevitable as fate my turn would come next; and yet, with this belief preying at my heart, some unknown power of the human will held back my hand when I would have yielded to my comrade's entreaties for death.

At times the resolution to despatch him, and follow it up with my own death, was on the very eve of being consummated, when a whisper of hope would bid me firmly to suffer on. Worn out nature could bear up no longer without repose, and so wearied was I in mind and body, that almost unconsciously I sunk into slumber. While the fire at my feet grew more and more dim my senses wandered away in a delightful dream to the fire-side of my old home, and the wildness of the trapper life, its many perils and hardships, melted away in the soft sunlight of an autumn sky, which appeared to throw its golden beams over my far off home. There the settler smoked his pipe in security, his household slumbered in peace, and the morning sun awoke him to enjoyment instead of fear. My dream had taken the hue of my hopes and wishes.

While my senses were thus wrapt the report of fire-arms dispelled the vision, and not knowing for a moment whether it was a dream or reality, I sprung to my feet and felt for my pistol—it was *gone!* I stood for a moment collecting my thoughts, and partly waiting to feel the effects of a wound, but no sensation of pain manifesting itself, I seized a brand from the smouldering fire and held it over my bound companion; all was solved at a glance—he had in his struggles released one arm, and a lucid fit intervening, poor Verboncoeur had drawn the pistol from my belt, while I slept, and ended his agony by his own hand.

I was now *alone*—far in the wilderness—a dreadful apprehension of the poison being in my veins ever present to my thoughts—and thus seated in darkness by my dead companion, my heart bowed down, and my mind cheerless as the gloom surrounding me, I yielded to the feelings which were preying upon my manhood, and wept like a child. Morning at length dawned, and folding my dead companion up, as we together had previously bestowed the first victim, I mounted a mule, and with the pack animals pursued my solitary way. My march was now one of indifference, and with a kind of foolish daring I plunged through every stream impeding my progress, and drank freely of their waters, inviting as it were, the madness I was sure would come. My progress was tedious, difficult, laborious and full of hardships, but at length, almost worn down, I arrived at our trading post on the North Fork of the Platte. When I presented myself to the commander of the post, he did not recognize my gaunt form and seared visage. Suffering, both of body and mind, had so stamped my features, that I looked like some escaped maniac, and the uneasy appearance of my sunken eye made old friends look upon me with suspicion—they thought I was crazed. When I told my story, and showed the wounds upon my hands, inflicted by the rabid wolf, and related the death of my comrades, they shook their heads with doubt, and I could hear it whispered among them that some dreadful affray had occurred between us resulting in their death. Others suggested that the savages had slain my companions, and that through suffering alone in the wilderness, I had become insane. All these doubts worked upon my troubled mind until reason did indeed begin to totter upon its throne. A few days after my arrival at the North Fork post, an express rider arrived, who had passed a night in the camp of the American trapping party our companion, Worthington, had joined, and he not only had heard our encounter with the mad wolf related, but the fact of his having the malady dreadfully confirmed in the death of Worthington, who perished in their camp under all the certain symptoms of hydrophobia. My story being thus confirmed, and painful suspicions removed, I felt a change in the tone of my mind; fears which had harbored there began to diminish in intensity, and no symptom of the much dreaded malady appearing, hope grew strong within me. This produced a corresponding improvement in health, until gradually the marks of my dreadful march disappeared from both form and feature.

I have often since endeavored to assign a cause for my escape, and have as frequently been led to attribute it to my free use of liquor and salt, at our meeting with the northwestern trappers—combined, they nullified the poison. Thirteen years have passed since the adventure, and with a thankful heart I chronicle the fact that no vestige of its effects remains, except the vivid recollection of our night encounter with the *Mad Wolf* of the Prairies!

Pictures of Life.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON,

WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION.

(CONTINUED.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS. (BOZ.)

CHAPTER V.

PAUL'S PROGRESS AND CHRISTENING.

Little Paul, suffering no contamination from the blood of the Toodles, grew stouter and stronger every day. Every day, too, he was more and more ardently cherished by Miss Tox, whose devotion was so far appreciated by Mr. Dombey that he began to regard her as a woman of great natural good sense, whose feelings did her credit, and deserved encouragement. He was so lavish of this condescension that he not only bowed to her, in a particular manner, on several occasions, but even entrusted such stately recognitions of her to his sister as "pray tell your friend, Louisa, that she is very good," or "mention to Miss Tox, Louisa, that I am obliged to her;" specialities which made a deep impression on the lady thus distinguished.

Miss Tox was often in the habit of assuring Mrs. Chick, that "nothing could exceed her interest in all connected with the development of that sweet child;" and an observer of Miss Tox's proceedings might have inferred so much without declaratory confirmation. She would preside over the innocent repasts of the young heir with ineffable satisfaction, almost with an air of joint proprietorship with Richards in the entertainment. At the little ceremonies of the bath and toilet, she assisted with enthusiasm. The administration of infantine doses of physic awakened all the active sympathy of her character; and being on one occasion secreted in a cupboard (whither she had fled in modesty,) when Mr. Dombey was introduced into the nursery by his sister, to behold his son, in the course of preparation for bed, taking a short walk uphill over Richards's gown, in a short and airy linen jacket, Miss Tox was so transported beyond the ignorant present as to be unable to refrain from crying out, "Is he not beautiful, Mr. Dombey! Is he not a Cupid, sir!" and then almost sinking behind the closet door with confusion and blushes.

"Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, one day to his sister, "I really think I must present your friend with some little token, on the occasion of Paul's christening. She has exerted herself so warmly in the child's behalf from the first, and seems to understand her position so thoroughly (a very rare merit in this world, I am sorry to say,) that it would really be agreeable to me to notice her."

Let it be no detraction from the merits of Miss Tox, to hint that in Mr. Dombey's eyes, as in some others that occasionally see the light, they only achieved that mighty piece of knowledge, the understanding of their own position, who showed a fitting reverence for his. It was not so much their merit that they knew themselves, as that they knew him, and bowed low before him.

"My dear Paul," returned his sister, "you do Miss Tox but justice, as a man of your penetration was sure, I knew, to do. I believe if there are three words in the English language for which she has a respect amounting almost to veneration, those words are Dombey and Son."

"Well," said Mr. Dombey, "I believe it. It does Miss Tox credit."

"And as to anything in the shape of a token, my dear Paul," pursued his sister, "all I can say is that anything you give Miss Tox will be hoarded and prized, I am sure, like a relic. But there is a way, my dear Paul, of showing your sense of Miss Tox's friendliness in a still more flattering and acceptable manner, if you should be so inclined."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Dombey.

"Godfathers, of course," continued Mrs. Chick, "are important in point of connection and influence."

"I don't know why they should be, to my son," said Mr. Dombey, coldly.

"Very true, my dear Paul," returned Mrs. Chick, with an extraordinary show of animation, to cover the suddenness of her conversion; "and spoken like yourself. I might have expected nothing else from you. I might have known that such would have been your opinion. Perhaps," here Mrs. Chick faltered again, as not quite comfortably feeling her way, "perhaps that is a reason why you might have the less objection to allowing Miss Tox to be godmother to the dear thing, if it were only as deputy and proxy for some one else. That it would be received as a great honor and distinction, Paul, I need not say."

"Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, after a short pause, "it is not to be supposed—"

"Certainly not," cried Mrs. Chick, hastening to anticipate refusal, "I never thought it was."

Mr. Dombey looked at her impatiently.

"Don't flurry me, my dear Paul," said his sister; "for that destroys me. I am far from strong. I have not been quite myself, since poor dear Fanny departed."

Mr. Dombey glanced at the pocket-handkerchief which his sister applied to her eyes, and resumed:

"It is not to be supposed, I say—"

"And I say," murmured Mrs. Chick, "that I never thought it was."

"Good Heaven, Louisa!" said Mr. Dombey.

"No, my dear Paul," she remonstrated with tearful dignity, "I must really be allowed to speak. I am not so clever, or so reasoning, or so eloquent, or so anything, as you are. I know that very well. So much the worse for me. But if they were the last words I had to utter—and last words should be very solemn to you and me, Paul, after poor dear Fanny—I would still say I never thought it was. And what is more," added Mrs. Chick with increased dignity, as if she had withheld her crushing argument until now, "I never *did* think it was."

Mr. Dombey walked to the window and back again.

"It is not to be supposed, Louisa," he said (Mrs. Chick had nailed her colors to the mast, and repeated "I know it isn't," but he took no notice of it,) "but that there are many persons who, supposing that I recognized any claim at all in such a case, have a claim upon me superior to Miss Tox's. But I do not. I recognize no such thing. Paul and myself will be able, when the time comes, to hold our own—the house, in other words, will be able to hold its own, and maintain its own, and hand down its own of itself, and without any such commonplace aids. The kind of foreign help which people usually seek for their children, I can afford to despise; being above it, I hope. So that Paul's infancy and childhood pass away well, and I see him becoming qualified without waste of time for the career on which he is destined to enter, I am satisfied. He will make what powerful friends he pleases in after life, when he is actively maintaining—and extending, if that is possible—the dignity and credit of the Firm. Until then, I am enough for him, perhaps, and all in all. I have no wish that people should step in between us. I would much rather show my sense of the obliging conduct of a deserving person like your friend. Therefore let it be so; and your husband and myself will do well enough for the other sponsors, I dare say."

In the course of these remarks, delivered with great majesty and grandeur, Mr. Dombey had truly revealed the secret feelings of his breast. An indescribable distrust of anybody stepping in between himself and his son; a haughty dread of having any rival or partner in the boy's respect and deference; a sharp misgiving, recently acquired, that he was not infallible in his power of bending and binding human wills; as sharp a jealousy of any second check or cross; these were, at that time, the master keys of his soul. In all his life, he had never made a friend. His cold and distant nature had neither sought one nor found one. And now, when that nature concentrated its whole force so strongly on a partial scheme of parental interest and ambition, it seemed as if its icy current, instead of being released by this influence, and running clear and free, had thawed for but an instant to admit its burden, and then frozen with it into one unyielding block.

Elevated thus to the godmothership of little Paul, in virtue of her insignificance, Miss Tox was from that hour chosen and appointed to office; and Mr. Dombey further signified his pleasure that the ceremony, already long delayed, should take place without further postponement. His sister, who had been far from anticipating so signal a success, withdrew as soon as she could to communicate it to her best of friends; and Mr. Dombey was left alone in his library.

There was anything but solitude in the nursery; for there, Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox were enjoying a social evening, so much to the disgust of Miss Susan Nipper, that that young lady embraced every opportunity of making wry faces behind the door. Her feelings were so much excited on the occasion, that she found it indispensable to afford them this relief, even without having the comfort of any audience or sympathy whatever. As the knight-errants of old relieved their minds by carving their mistress's names in deserts, and wildernesses, and other savage places where there was no probability of there ever being anybody to read them, so did Miss Susan Nipper curl her snub nose into drawers and wardrobes, put away winks of disparagement in cupboards, shed derisive squints into stone pitchers, and contradict and call names out in the passage.

The two interlopers, however, blissfully unconscious of the young lady's sentiments, saw little Paul safe through all the stages of undressing, airy exercise, supper and bed; and then sat down to tea before the fire. The two children now lay, through the good office of Polly, in one room; and it was not until the ladies were established at their tea-table, that, happening to look toward the little beds, they thought of Florence.

"How sound she sleeps!" said Miss Tox.

"Why, you know, my dear, she takes a great deal of exercise in the course of the day," returned Mrs. Chick, "playing about little Paul so much."

"She is a curious child," said Miss Tox.

"My dear," retorted Mrs. Chick, in a low voice: "Her mamma, all over!"

"In-deed!" said Miss Tox. "Ah—dear me!"

A tone of most extraordinary compassion Miss Tox said it in, though she had no distinct idea why, except that it was expected of her.

"Florence will never, never, never be a Dombey," said Mrs. Chick, "not if she lives to be a thousand years old."

Miss Tox elevated her eyebrows, and was again full of commiseration.

"I quite fret and worry myself about her," said Mrs. Chick, with a sigh of modest merit. "I really don't see what is to become of her when she grows older, or what position she is to take. She don't gain on her papa in the least. How can one expect she should, when she is so very unlike a Dombey?"

Miss Tox looked as if she saw no way out of such a cogent argument as that, at all.

"And the child, you see," said Mrs. Chick, in deep confidence, "has poor dear Fanny's nature. She'll never make an effort in after life, I'll venture to say. Never! She'll never wind and twine herself about her papa's heart like—"

"Like the ivy?" suggested Miss Tox.

"Like the ivy," Mrs. Chick assented. "Never! She'll never glide and nestle into the bosom of her papa's affections like—the—"

"Startled fawn?" suggested Miss Tox.

"Like the startled fawn," said Mrs. Chick. "Never! Poor Fanny! Yet, how I loved her!"

"You must not distress yourself, my dear," said Miss Tox, in a soothing voice. "No, really! You have too much feeling."

"We have all our faults," said Mrs. Chick, weeping and shaking her head. "I dare say we have. I never was blind to hers. I never said I was. Far from it. Yet how I loved her!"

What a satisfaction it was to Mrs. Chick—a common-place piece of folly enough, compared with whom her sister-in-law had been a very angel of womanly intelligence and gentleness—to patronise and be tender to the memory of that lady: in exact pursuance of her conduct to her in her lifetime: and to thoroughly believe herself, and take herself in, and make herself uncommonly comfortable on the strength of her toleration! What a mighty pleasant virtue toleration should be when we are right, to be so very pleasant when we are wrong, and quite unable to demonstrate how we come to be invested with the privilege of exercising it!

Mrs. Chick was yet drying her eyes and shaking her head, when Richards made bold to caution her that Miss Florence was awake and sitting in her bed. She had risen, as the nurse said, and the lashes of her eyes were wet with tears. But no one saw them glistening save Polly. No one else leant over her, and whispered soothing words to her, or was near enough to hear the flutter of her beating heart.

"Oh! dear nurse!" said the child, looking earnestly up in her face, "Let me lie by my brother!"

"Why, my pet?" said Richards.

"Oh! I think he loves me," cried the child, wildly. "Let me lie by him. Pray do!"

Mrs. Chick interposed with some motherly words about going to sleep like a dear, but Florence repeated her supplication, with a frightened look, and a voice broken by sobs and tears.

"I'll not wake him," she said, covering her face and hanging down her head. "I'll only touch him with my hand, and go to sleep. Oh, pray, pray, let me lie by my brother to-night, for I believe he's fond of me!"

Richards took her without a word, and carrying her to the little bed in which the infant was sleeping, laid her down by his side. She crept as near him as she could without disturbing his rest; and stretching out one arm so that it timidly embraced his neck, and hiding her face on the other, over which her damp and scattered hair fell loose, lay motionless.

"Poor little thing," said Miss Tox; "she has been dreaming, I dare say."

This trivial incident had so interrupted the current of conversation, that it was difficult of resumption; and Mrs. Chick moreover had been so affected by the contemplation of her own tolerant nature, that she was not in spirits. The two friends accordingly soon made an end of their tea, and a servant was dispatched to fetch a hackney cabriolet for Miss Tox. Miss Tox had great experience in hackney cabs, and her starting in one was generally a work of time, as she was systematic in the preparatory arrangements.

"Have the goodness, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "first of all, to carry out a pen and ink and take his number legibly."

"Yes, Miss," said Towlinson.

"Then, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "have the goodness to turn the cushion. Which," said Miss Tox apart to Mrs. Chick, "is generally damp, my dear."

"Yes, Miss," said Towlinson.

"I'll trouble you also, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "with this card and this shilling. He's to drive to the card, and is to understand that he will not on any account have more than the shilling."

"No, Miss," said Towlinson.

"And—I'm sorry to give you so much trouble, Towlinson,"—said Miss Tox, looking at him pensively.

"Not at all, Miss," said Towlinson.

"Mention to the man, then, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "that the lady's uncle is a magistrate, and that if he gives her any of his impertinence he will be punished terribly. You can pretend to say that, if you please, Towlinson, in a friendly way, and because you know it was done to another man who did."

"Certainly, Miss," said Towlinson.

"And now good night to my sweet, sweet, sweet, godson," said Miss Tox, with a soft shower of kisses at each repetition of the adjective; "and Louisa, my dear friend, promise me to take a little something warm before you go to bed, and not to distress yourself!"

It was with extreme difficulty that Nipper, the black-eyed, who looked on steadfastly, contained herself at this crisis, and until the subsequent departure of Mrs. Chick. But the nursery being at length free of visitors, she made herself some recompense for her late restraint.

"You might keep me in a strait-waistcoat for six weeks," said Nipper, "and when I got it off I'd only be more aggravated, who ever heard the like of them two Griffins, Mrs. Richards?"

"And then to talk of her having been dreaming, poor dear!" said Polly.

"Oh you beauties!" cried Susan Nipper, affecting to salute the door by which the ladies had departed. "Never be a Dombey won't she! it's to be hoped she won't, we don't want any more such, one's enough."

"Don't wake the children, Susan dear," said Polly.

CONTINUED ON

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

To CLUBS we make the following liberal terms:

3 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.	
8 "	$10.00	"	"
13 "	$15.00	"	"
17 "	$20.00	"	"

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "THE FOUNTAIN," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the consciences and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIFE. There are good things in this poem—but the execution generally falls far short of the conception. By the way, the higher the conception, the more difficult the execution. Let the author try a simpler theme.

MY LITTLE COUSIN ALICE. Many thanks to our correspondent for his pretty little poem—we trust to hear often from him. We are sorry that we could not comply with his request in relation to the Charade, owing to the deed being done already, at the time we received his note.

VALLEY OF DREAMS. There are some fine passages in this poem. We are pleased to rank the author among our contributors.

JOURNAL OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE. We have received another portion of the Journal, which we shall hold on to until we receive more. Perhaps it would be better to wind up the Journal now—though we trust the author will try her hand at some more general sketches of Western life.

"WAYSIDE SKETCHES."

We complete this week J. Bayard Taylor's Wayside Sketches of the Old World. We risk nothing in saying, that these letters have been among the most carefully and eloquently written, that have ever been published in any newspaper in the United States. Of course, the cost has been considerable—but we owe it to our large circle of readers to stop at no reasonable outlay, when anything is proposed calculated to add to the interest and variety of our sheet. What is generally thought of Mr. Taylor's Letters, may be inferred from the fact that one of the most enterprising publishing houses in New York, is on the eve of issuing them in two volumes, with additions and emendations by the author. One conclusion that Mr. Taylor has come to, it would be well for those of us who are not always satisfied with the progress of events at home, to take to heart. It will be found at the termination of his present interesting letter—"I now return home loving my own land more than ever, *having seen, by contrast, how far she has outstripped the rest of the world in freedom and intelligence.*"

DOMBEY AND SON.

We trust that none of our readers will neglect the perusal of this new novel of Dickens's. In England 150,000 copies of the second number, the first part of which appears in this week's Post, have been published, and it is calculated that Boz will clear $50,000 by the whole work. Florence, the sweet little girl, with such longings for kindness and love, met continually by such cold repulses on the part of her father and aunt, is a most interesting character. Walter, too, the frank, gay, brave hearted lad, with all his boyish passion for adventure and the sea, promises to be a gem of the first water. Susan Nipper, also, with her sharp, black eyes and enigmatical sayings, is a prime favorite of ours—and although she threatens continually to eat every body up, boots and all, it's no reason why she shouldn't be at heart a very clever and harmless sort of personage. And the baby—the *son* of Dombey and Son—if he "turns out a Dombey," we shall be mistaken. Altogether the opening chapters of this work indicate a tale in Boz's best vein.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We often of late see paragraphs going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that the Emperor of Russia is by no means the tyrant that some people imagine; but, on the contrary, quite a well behaved, benevolent and amiable gentleman, and in addition, considerable of a *reformer in his way*. The last observation of the kind we have seen, was prefixed to a notice of an American, whom Nicholas has at present in his employ as, we believe, a teacher of mathematics to some of the young hopefuls of the Hyperborean regions. Now, that Nicholas is not a fool, but a man of energy and spirit, we have no intention of denying. That his pride leads him to desire that Russia should no longer linger behind all the rest of Europe in the arts and sciences, especially those which are useful in war, we have no doubt; and that in this period of railroads and steamboats, and cheap reading, when travellers will see and prate, too, *when they get home*, as to the condition of things in his vast dominions, he should not wish to hear them report that Russia is sunk in boorish stupidity to the very lips, we have also no manner of reason for disbelieving. But that the despotic tyrant of Russia, notwithstanding all this, is worthy to receive the praise and admiration of a free and chivalrous people, we must be allowed most respectfully to question.

It is not our design to enter into an examination of the principal events that have occurred during the reign of the present Emperor of Russia, neither is it needful for the purpose of this article. We shall only call attention to two or three of the achievements that have signalized the possession of arbitrary power by Nicholas, and then put it to all brave and magnanimous men, whether his name should be uttered by them with any other feelings than those of disgust and aversion.

Passing over with but a reference, the general policy pursued by the Russian government toward unhappy Poland, the banishment of the noblest of her sons to foreign lands, or their more hideous exile in the dreary wastes and mines of Siberia—a policy, be it remembered, not softened or mitigated in the least since the accession of the present monarch to the throne—we come to one incident of peculiar atrocity. We allude to the most unmanly and inhuman course pursued towards a sisterhood of Polish Nuns, because they refused to abjure the Roman Catholic religion, and embrace the tenets of the Greek Church, the state religion of Russia. The circumstance at the time of its occurrence, caused a thrill of horror through all Europe and America; but as we fear the remembrance of it is dying out, we will barely sketch its outlines, leaving the rest of the horrid picture to the imagination or the memory of our readers. The Nuns, still refusing to change their religion, were given over to the tender mercies of a band of Cossacks; and suffered all the indignities that women can suffer from ruthless [illegible]—ending in many cases (though [illegible]

To only one thing more is it necessary to call the attention of a free people, in order that this absurd and disgusting sympathy for an unscrupulous despot, should be put at rest forever. Ever since Nicholas has been Emperor, has he been engaged in an unholy war against the liberty loving mountaineers of the Caucasus. And what is their offence? Nothing but a determination not to wear the chain and the yoke of Russia. Year after year does the base tyrant pour his solid masses of troops into the wilds of the Caucasus, and year after year, thus far, thank God, have the brave Circassians flung them back, as the heroic Swiss in the old days, hurled back the myrmidons of Austria, and the fierce men-at-arms of Burgundy. And shall we, knowing these facts—shall Americans, renowned above all other nations, for their deference and respect for woman, and for their devotion to the cause of Freedom, two kindred sentiments, shall they learn to use any other language than that of contempt and abhorrence towards the greatest and most unscrupulous despot now reigning in the world? Shall we hear with patience the praises of a man, who respects neither the holy helplessness and the sacred chastity of womanhood, nor the inalienable rights of a free and heroic people? Shame on those who are not true enough to their republican instincts, to remember that a despot may be very kind and gentlemanly when his humor is not thwarted, and yet a very demon when angry and aroused! When his claws are drawn in, doubtless the Russian is as smooth as velvet. His is not a singular case. Byron bore the same testimony as to Ali Pacha:—

"A man of wars and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged, venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace."

Let us then have no more of this. American lips should call tyrants, tyrants; and not seek to palliate with details of kindness to a single individual here and there, the ruin and misery inflicted upon hundreds of thousands.

THE VAN NESS CASE.

This very singular case is now on trial in Washington. The particulars of it, as we learn from a correspondent of the United States Gazette, are briefly these:

"The plaintiff in this case, generally known here as Mrs. Conner, claims to be the widow of the late General John P. Van Ness. She avers that after the desertion of her first husband, fourteen or fifteen years ago, while endeavoring to support herself by keeping a boarding house in this city, General Van Ness made her acquaintance, and became intimate with her, and that the fruit of this intimacy was a child, which died in a few months:—that General Van Ness, under an assumed name, introduced her into the family of a respectable widow, living with her daughter, and that she assumed the name he had taken, and was called and regarded as his wife. She appealed to him to make atonement for the wrong by marriage, which he consented to do, but, on one pretext or another, postponed the fulfilment of his pledge until some time in August, 1845.

"About the end of July, 1845, it is alleged that by previous arrangement, General Van Ness went on to New York, and that in a day or two afterwards, Mrs Conner and her daughter went on to Philadelphia, and took lodgings at Mrs. Moulder's (formerly of this city) within a square of the Mansion House Hotel, where the General always stopped; that about the 5th of August, he returned from New York to Philadelphia, called at Mrs. Moulder's to see Mrs. Conner, and the next morning took her out to an Alderman's office, where he married her. To prove this fact, she relies on certain letters purporting to be written by General Van Ness, in which he addresses her as his lawful wife, and signs himself her affectionate husband. She has no certificate, asserting that the General retained this essential document in his possession, because he desired the marriage to be concealed from his family until he should determine on the propriety of its disclosure. Nor can she tell by what Alderman the ceremony was performed, or give any clew to the place to which the General escorted her."

The defendant, Cornelius Van Ness, administrator of the deceased General, avers the whole statement to be a fraud, and a trumped-up conspiracy on the part of the claimant and others, to extort money from the estate. As it stands, it is certainly a very curious affair—and we await the issue with some curiosity. If it be a mere conspiracy, and the lady in question be an impostor, we trust that she and all connected with her in this business, will be severely punished—but if what she says is true, we hope the Court will allow no considerations of the "*respectability*" of the Van Ness family to come between her and her just rights.

CHARACTER OF LAWYERS.

We cut the following squib at the profession of the Law from one of our exchanges:—

"*A Difficult Undertaking.*—The editor of the Knickerbocker' informs his readers that there will be an attempt made in the next number of that sterling magazine, to prove, by elaborate argument, that a lawyer is not necessarily a rascal!"

We embrace the opportunity to say that, so far as our experience extends, the honesty of lawyers as a class, is not inferior to that of any other portion of the community. That there are unprincipled lawyers, as well as unprincipled merchants and clergymen, no one will deny—but there is nothing in the study or practice of the law, any more calculated to undermine the moral character of a man, than in mercantile and other more ordinary pursuits. On the contrary, we are rather inclined to think, that the study of the law has a tendency to elevate and strengthen the moral tone of the character; and though the practice of it, by bringing the lawyer occasionally into contact with all manner of trickery and depravity, may sometimes familiarize the mind into toleration for the vices, as well as the weaknesses, of humanity; yet perhaps it fully as often serves to disgust the heart with anything that has the least appearance of slyness or dishonesty. This view of the matter is supported by the well-known fact, that some of the noblest and most virtuous men in the country, are members of the legal profession.

THE MECHANIC.

There are no class of men that have less reason to be ashamed of their occupation than Mechanics. The necessity and usefulness of what they do is evident to the dullest mind. The workmanship of the Poet has been sometimes contemned and derided as useless and unprofitable, and a large, and, in general, most liberal-minded religious sect, have proscribed the Musician as not only a time-waster, but a decoy of Belial; but the usefulness of the Mechanic, the worker in material things, is as evident and palpable as the usefulness of the solid earth on which he labors. The extract that we subjoin from the "Carpenter of Rouen," is one of the finest yet truest compliments to the workers in wood and metals and precious stones, that we have ever seen:

"The Mechanic is one of God's noblemen. What have Mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the Mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not Mechanics opened the bowels of earth, and made its products contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind? To the wise they are the flood-gates of knowledge and kings and queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the world was a great mechanic."

THE NEW ENGLAND WASHINGTONIAN.

We have been for some time intending to pay our respects to this most ably conducted paper, but have not been able to get an opportunity of doing so, on account of the frequent commendations that have appeared in it of our course relative to immoral publications, and we detest any appearance of the "you tickle me, I tickle you" policy, which papers of the "baser sort" often indulge in. But even at the risk of incurring an imputation of that kind from those who do not know us, we take the liberty of saying that the Washingtonian is conducted with a fearlessness and ability that places it in the very front rank of the newspaper press—which front rank, in our opinion, is composed of those presses which, not pretending to be always right, do not hesitate to speak out boldly their sentiments in relation to what they conscientiously believe wrong.

INSULT TO THE U. STATES.

It is stated that the King of Prussia has recently refused to receive a citizen of the United States as Consul for the Rhenish Provinces, but demands that a Prussian shall be appointed. Of course, Mr. Polk will inform his majesty that with every disposition to oblige the Prussian government, he will appoint whom he pleases as Consuls to foreign powers, and insist upon their reception.

THE ARMY.

Letters from the army generally agree in stating that Gen. Taylor has avowed his determination to make no movement further than to take possession of Saltillo, until he receives reinforcements. The volunteer and regular troops have been so reduced by sickness and death, and by discharges, that his forces are at present too weak for the responsible work before him.

AWFUL EXPLOSION.

We learn from a correspondent of the North American, that a tremendous explosion took place at Beatty's powder mills, about eight miles from Baltimore, on last Monday morning.

It was thought in that city to have been an earthquake at first, so severely did it rattle and shake the houses. Indeed, some glass was broken in windows, whilst in a number of instances, crockery and glassware tumbled from the shelves and were broken. On repairing to the scene of disaster the three large buildings (70 yards apart) belonging to the mill, were found scattered over the surrounding country to the distance of ten acres.

There were five men in the building at the time of the explosion, and they were blown into hundreds of fragments—legs, arms, heads, masses of flesh and bones were scattered in every direction, and the entrails of a man were found hanging to the limb of a tree more than a hundred yards from the mill. The quantity of powder in the establishment at the time of the explosion exceeded two *tons*: the houses for a mile and a half in the country round were more or less damaged; doors were forced open; windows broken, and men prostrated by its effects. No idea can be formed as to the cause of the explosion, as all witnesses were instantly killed. One of the workmen left the mill a few minutes before the accident, and the hands were at that time at work at their regular business.

The names of the five persons who lost their lives by this disaster are James Bush, Francis Woodward, William Brandon, a German named Knoop, and a colored man named Nelson Wigner.

PROVIDENT OLD LADY.

A writer in Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, discoursing upon the absurd custom of feasting at funerals, which we rejoice to say is rapidly going out of fashion, tells the following amusing anecdote:—

"I remember a kind hearted creature as ever went to Heaven, who had all her life been renowned for a princely hospitality and her capital table, who, when dying at an advanced age—having made her will and taken leave of every one—found a little remnant of her poor life and breath yet remained. The dear gracious woman signed to her attendant, bade her take pencil and paper, and write down the bill of *fare* for the coming funeral dinner! The mourner struggled with her tears and obeyed; course after course was arranged—energy still lingering. At length all was done, down to the biscuits of the dessert—and the good lady subsided into her former state of quiet waiting, as of one who was patient because she knew the gate was being unlocked. A pause, and then another sign to call the watcher's attention: 'And take care,' added the expiring woman, by way of codicil, 'that the knives be sharp this time, for ——— will sit at the bottom of the table, and he is a most wretched carver.'"

TO BOOKSELLERS.

One of our subscribers, a clergyman, in Ohio, sends us the following, which he says he knows from his own personal knowledge to be a fact—he knew the publisher in question well, and had frequently bought books from him.

"MR. EDITOR:—About thirty years ago, a celebrated bookseller in Cheapside, London, was in the habit of selling a considerable number of novels, such as Roderick Random, Tom Jones, &c., among a large variety of miscellaneous works. After a few years he banished novels of every description from his counter.

"A friend of mine inquired of him, why he made this alteration in his trade. He replied, that one evening a girl of the town called at his shop, and directing his attention to her condition, said, 'I was brought, sir, to my present situation, by reading a novel bought at your shop.' This circumstance, he continued, so affected his mind, that he resolved from that time, to sell no more works of an equivocal character. He lived up to his resolution, and for the remainder of his life, benefitted a large number by his cheap publications—*but no books of an immoral tendency were to be found in his catalogue.*

"I trust your present opposition to licentious publications may produce a similar resolution in all the publishers of this country."

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier narrates the following incident:

"While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, great God! and *is this war?* Passing the spot the next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it,—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail!"

CAPTAIN RIDGELY.

Late advices bring a confirmation of the report of Capt Ridgely's death, by a fall from his horse. He was always noted for a desperate and fearless rider, and it appears that he was going from the quarters of his regiment, which were picketed on the outside of the city, to dine in Monterey, and was mounted on a vicious Mexican horse, that, in going over a spot of loose stones, stumbled in full speed, and threw his rider with great violence, whose head struck a stone wall. We learn there was no fracture of the skull, but the concussion was so severe that the blood started from his eyes and mouth, and soon proved fatal. Alas! for the many brave spirits that have met a premature grave on the deadly plains of Mexico—some perishing by the sword and bullet, some by fell disease, and others, escaping these, dying, like Ridgely, in the very hour of triumph, by some untoward accident or mischance!

READ THIS, FARMERS.

Our young country friends, who think that all a man has to do to get rich in the cities, is to open a store and hang up his sign, will do well to read the following facts. And if they think these are merely the exceptions, and not the general rule, let them ask any old merchant and he will soon convince them from his own experience, of the contrary:—

"General Dearborn, of Boston, in Hunt's Magazine, says, 'that among one hundred merchants and traders, not more than three, in the city of Boston, have acquired independence.' Gen. Dearborn was collector of the port of Boston for twenty years, and had, therefore, good opportunities of seeing these vicissitudes. Another writer in the same magazine states on the best authority that of one hundred merchants on Long Wharf, Boston, doing business in 1800, only five remained in 1840. They had all failed or died destitute of property. It is also stated that of one thousand dealers with the Massachusetts Bank in 1800, only six remained in 1840."

SHELLING OUT.

The New York Tribune says:—"The Great Western brought out £30,000 in sovereigns, and the Acadia is reported to have about the same amount. This is the beginning of the stream of bullion which has been looked for, and which promises to continue until it has reached a very large amount. Even the freight money of our ships which will be sent home in bullion, will amount to a large sum. It is calculated that from a million to a million and a half will be received within a month."

The stream of specie has been running so long the other way, that it is high time old Father Europe should begin to "shell out" to his young and promising son and heir, America.

MOST GUILTY HASTE.

A clergyman in Virginia, writing to some friends, says—"Yesterday, at half-past three o'clock, I preached the funeral sermon of a man; and to-day, at the same hour, I married his widow to another man; the former husband has been dead four weeks."

If we had been the clergyman we should have been ashamed to tell that we had officiated at such a marriage.

THE POTATO CROP.

The Journal of Commerce, publishes the following extract of a letter dated Liverpool 31st Oct. 1846. "The potato failure is now found to be more partial than was anticipated. Some fields looked upon as totally consumed, on turning them over have been found to be in a perfectly good state of preservation, and not only in quality, but also in quantity."

NEW INVENTION.

The Rochester Advertiser states that a new invention has recently been made in the Magnetic Telegraph by which the writing process is rendered plain and simple. It is understood to operate so as to make the impress of every letter perfectly distinct upon the paper. This, of course, will do away with the characters to represent the alphabet.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

No longer in the [illegible] edge of dagger or of sword,
No longer in the [illegible] of "Gideon and the Lord,"
Nor in the clangor of martial horn, which [illegible], wars on waves,
Where every step some [illegible] gone down, some father finds a grave;
No longer in the cannon's roar, which jars the [illegible] high,
And rolls from hill to hill as rolls the thunder down the sky,
Nor in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible] and ban,
Is found that heritage of bliss, the holy Hope of Man.

No, in these "latter days," no more the Christian Knight may gird
Upon his thigh the avenging sword, and smite the Paynim herd;
Nor, as those men of God of old, unto whose prayers the sun
Stood still in Heaven on Gibeon, and the moon in Ajalon,
May soldiers of the cross now raise their bloody hands on high,
And call on God to bless the cause where truth and justice lie;
For as the ages speed, the world outgrows the first rude plan,
And springs no more from tyrants' blood, the violet, Hope of Man.

The barren land where falls in vain the soft mist and the shower,
And from whose cold hard breast can spring no verdure and no flower,
May need at first the stern, sharp share should through its depths be driven,
To lay it open to the sun, and the kindly dews of Heaven;
But when within the broken mould the pregnant grain is sown,
And the dull earth begins to wear a beauty not its own,
The useless share is thrown aside, and breezes soft and bland,
Must swell the stalk, and fill the ear, fit for the reaper's hand.

No longer, therefore, may we raise rebellion's flag in air,
Though, 'neath some tyrant's cruel yoke, our hearts almost despair;
Never again to right the wrong, or serve a holy cause,
Uproot the State, and with strong arms undo unequal laws.
Henceforth Truth conquers as a God, in whose word lies His power,
Not as a brute, whose only might is its rude earthly dower,
Such is the Present's new-born thought, the Future's golden plan;—
In Love, not Hate, henceforward lies, the holy Hope of Man.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following description of a Mexican dinner:—

"The dinner was very excellent, but served up in the most primitive style. No knives or forks were furnished us, but we have already learned how to do without such luxuries. The meat either had bones for handles, or was cut up into blessed mouthfulls. As to the thick soup and thin hash, all we had to do was to tear off a slip of tortilla, which is as tough as rotten leather, bend it into a scoop, dip up the food, and eat spoon and all! It requires a little practice to do this adroitly, but we had already got the hang of it. Boiled eggs were brought on. They were cooked soft, the shells being merely scalded, and set in little cakes of raw dough. The tops were opened, and a little stick about three inches long and of about the size of a large knitting needle, handed to each of us. As Lewis did all the Spanish for both, I looked to him for instructions how to eat with these sticks. He was at the same time turning side glances to see me begin. At last I asked him to show me, as the job appeared as difficult as eating soup with a knitting-needle. After hesitating a moment, in evident confusion, the Major 'fessed cold,' and inquired of the Senora. She informed us that the sticks were to stir in the salt, after which the eggs were to be sucked. How stupid we were not to have understood this simple process!"

CARELESSNESS, OR WORSE.

A great mistake occurred in telegraphing the Acadia's news from Boston to New York. The price of flour in bond was announced at 33s., the extreme quotation of the circulars brought by the Great Western, and in consequence flour dealers looking on the news as favorable, were inclined to expect higher prices than they would otherwise have accepted. Instead of an advance, we find that flour has declined 2s. 6d. or about 56¼ cents per barrel.

Cotton, as we stated, has declined ⅛d. in price. Such blunders, if intentional, should ruin the reputation of those who make them; and, even if unintentional, should be visited with severe censure.

COMING BY DROVES.

It is stated that there are seven thousand Tailors out of employment in London. They held a meeting and resolved as the only mode of lessening their distress to embark for America.

A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions to pay the passage of those who were willing to embark; nine hundred and sixty entered their names for Canada and Nova Scotia, and two thousand nine hundred and four for New York and the United States. They will all be here in March or April next. We are afraid their brethren of the craft in this country, will not be very glad to see them.

ELECTION ON SUNDAY.

Owing to want of thought, the election of Constables in Louisiana was made by the last Legislature of that State, to come upon the first *day*, instead of the first Monday, in November. As the first day of this month occurred on a Sunday, it created considerable embarrassment—some contending that the election must be held notwithstanding, and some that it must be deferred. In parishes where the office was lucrative, they adhered, as the witty editor of the U. S. Gazette says, to "the law and the *profits*," and elected Constables; in other parts of the State, they let the election go over.

SOME LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

A Mexican girl, according to the Picayune, recently found what her father supposed to be an American gold piece.

"'My daughter found this down in the chapparel, towards the river,' said the old man, 'and says it is American gold, but I am afraid it is not good coin. She, however, says that American gold differs in color from ours.' The Major examined the coin by the light of a slim tallow candle, and then informed the Senorita that it took just six and a quarter like it to make one picayune! The poor deceived creature almost burst out crying. It was 'the first red cent' she had ever seen."

THE HUTCHINSONS.

The New York Mirror says, speaking of the first concert of these unrivalled singers in that city:—

"The Tabernacle was crowded to its utmost capacity by an audience presenting a very curious contrast to the audiences which crowded to the Concerts of De Meyer, Sivori, and Herz. There was neither a moustache nor a lorgnette in the house, and we looked in vain for a gentleman with a red ribbon in his button-hole. The audience, like the singers and their themes were purely indigenous. There were more Yankees present than are usually found at the annual solemnities of the sons of the Pilgrims."

TOO BAD.

"A Mr. Hines, of New Bedford, lately recovered $20 damages against a young lady of nineteen, named Elizabeth Smith, for a breach of promise of marriage."

Who will talk of women being denied their rights in this country, after the above? Mr. Hines sues Miss Smith, and gets only twenty dollars—had the case been reversed, and Miss Smith sued Mr. Hines, she would doubtless have recovered at least from two hundred to two thousand. Truly, as the poet Cowper says, "Man does not feel for man."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That the American is, with the exception of the English, perhaps, the only service in the world, which closes the road to promotion against the common soldier, allowing him, whatever may be his merits, to rise no higher than a non-commissioned officer, while the higher ranks of the army are filled up by party leaders and their friends. This is not only most unjust and impolitic—but in direct opposition to the cardinal principles of Republicanism. Let the next Congress look to it.

HORRIBLE.

The following shows the state of morals in China:—

"The Pekin police go their rounds with a cart to pick up the bodies of the infants that have been thrown into the streets during the night. They are placed in a common pit outside the city walls, and 'no questions asked.'"

FLOUR FOR ALGIERS.

The New Orleans Bulletin says:—"Among the sales of flour yesterday, were upwards of two thousand barrels destined for direct shipment to Algiers."

IRON IN MAINE.

We see it stated that Dr. Jackson, the Geologist, says that Maine has resources of iron "equal to any country in the world."

CHARLES DICKENS.

The London correspondent of the Boston Journal, makes the following statement. It reads as if there was more malice than truth in it:—

"'Boz' is living in style at the west end. Peers of Parliament invite him to their mansions, and he in return invites them to his. How long this will last I cannot say, but as he has very nearly 'run the length of his tether,' his present production being indicative of this, his vanity, his extravagance, and his 'aping' the fashion and style of the nobles of the land, are doomed to experience a check. He and his companions in literature are not on the best of terms. Mr. Douglas Jerrold called upon him a few evenings ago, but to use the very word of my informant, he was 'snubbed;' the consequence was that Mr. Jerrold left the house immediately, indignant at the treatment he had received from the man of yesterday as it were. The secret was, that Mr. Dickens had a party of 'nobs' that evening, and Mr. Jerrold was not deemed sufficiently fashionable and aristocratic to form one of the party. When Dickens gives an entertainment to a noble Lord, he thinks nothing of giving a hundred pounds for an ornament for the room. It would be well for him if he would bear in mind that humble things become a small man."

THE COTTON CROP.

A subscriber in Harrison county, Texas, under date of Oct. 31, writes to us as follows:—

"We have in this County nearly done picking out cotton, and can say with safety that our crop will fall short in the aggregate one half. Some farmers who planted very early will make two-thirds of a crop, as the bolls matured previous to the commencement of the ravages of the worm, which has been very destructive to late cotton. I planted twelve acres which should have made one thousand pounds or more per acre—off of which I did not gather but two thousand nine hundred and seventy pounds—which will give you a pretty fair estimate of the falling off of the late cotton. I am informed by good authority that the crops of cotton in Western Texas have suffered a greater loss than ours by the fell destroyer. Our corn crops are abundant—it is now offering at two bits per bushel, and but few purchasers.

"P. S. Our county has suffered a good deal the past season with intermittent and remittent fevers—but few congestive. The latter are easily managed by remedial agents."

LORD BYRON.

The following upon the character of the celebrated poet, is from a lecture delivered by Mr. Vandenhoff, the tragedian, in Boston:

"He spoke of BYRON, as 'the wayward poet of passion, caprice and self brooding spleen; now soaring on Eagle's wing in regions of imagination almost too dazzling for the sight—anon, bound down and grovelling on the earth, 'with sorriest fancies,' or plunging into depths of gloom so dark and drear that the affrighted eye shrinks *from* the abyss into which he falls, and dares but guess the horrors that it leads to—an intellectual riddle, a poetical sphynx; a *mind* that may be said to have been *typified by his body,—splendid in its intellectual development, deformed in its lower members;* 'the front of Jove himself,' but the feet of a Satyr; noble, great, dignified, sublime, *in all of him that looked to Heaven*, but mean, petty, distorted, warped and unsightly in *all that bound him to the earth.*"

GUN SAW-DUST.

If the following be true, the demand for cotton will not be much increased by the new discovery in relation to making it explosive:

"The London Athenæum states, that Mr. George Turner, of Leeds, has discovered an explosive compound cheaper than that of cotton. Instead of cotton he uses saw-dust, or any fibrous vegetable matter, which he immerses from eight to ten minutes in equal measures of nitric acid, specific gravity one and a half, and of common oil of vitrol. A slight increase of the latter increases the rapidity of the combustion. With this prepared saw-dust, Mr. Turner discharged a pocket pistol, loaded with ball, with a force equal to that of gunpowder."

OUR GENERALS.

We are pleased to learn that entire harmony and good feeling exist between Generals Taylor, Worth, Butler, &c.

From this we conclude that the letter-writers were mistaken in their accounts of unpleasant words having passed between Generals Taylor and Butler at the seige of Monterey.

NOVEL IMPORTATION.

The Boston Bee states that a British schooner arrived at that port recently from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, with one hundred and eight pairs socks, and two thousand six hundred and sixty four pairs mittens, which, together with a lot of old copper and junk, composed the whole of her cargo.

GETTING OLD.

The Duke of Wellington is now 77 years old, Joseph Hume 70, Lord Morpeth 44, Daniel O'Connell 72, Sir Robert Peel 58, Lord Stanley 46, Earl Grey 44, Lord Brougham 67, Lord Lyndhurst 74, Lord George Bentinck 44, the Duke of Richmond 53, the Duke of Rutland 68.

IMPUDENCE.

A Boston dentist lately sent an advertisement to the editor of the Manchester American, offering, if he would publish it to the amount of twenty five dollars, to let him take it out in dentistry. The editor very respectfully declined the offer.

MODESTY.

We learn from the New York Albion that M. Alexandre Dumas has translated Hamlet into French, and *added an act.* In his remarks on this deed, M. Jules Janin says that M. Dumas has done honor equally to Hamlet and Shakspeare!

IT MAY BE.

A writer in the New Orleans Tropic avers, that the $2,000,000 seized upon by Santa Anna, was taken with the sanction of Great Britain. This may be, but we are slow to believe such easily made assertions.

TEA AND COFFEE.

The forthcoming Message of the President will recommend, it is stated, an imposition of duties on tea, coffee, spices, and some other articles not produced in our own country.

TWO POETS MADE ONE.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett and Robert Browning have recently been married to each other in London.

COLONEL FREMONT.

It is rumored that this gentleman has been appointed Governor of California.

Notices of New Works

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Godey's for December, has one of the prettiest covers for a Lady's Magazine that we have ever seen. The engravings are The Beau's Stratagem; The Excursion—a very pretty thing; and a portrait of a *Philadelphia* Lady Equestrian. We will take the liberty of saying, however, that such a looking *thing* as that which is represented holding the Lady's horse, we never saw in Philadelphia, and hope we never shall see. Of all things, we despise that aping of Europe's aristocracy, shown by our wealthy classes, when they dress up their "*hired men*" in livery—and we despise the servant that will wear such a monkey badge. From the slight glance which is all we have been as yet able to give the literary matter of this number, we should think it was very good. We notice the names of J. K. Paulding, H. Hastings Weld, T. S. Arthur, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Annan, Mary Davenant, William Wallace, &c., &c., among the contributors.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By John Frost, L. L. D. Philadelphia: Charles J. Gillis.* We have received from the publisher Nos 28, 29 and 30 of this work. As the stream of history flows down nearer our own times, it becomes an object of greater interest; and the numbers of Mr. Frost's work before us treat of the French Revolution, and the actors in that wonderful tragedy, a subject of which the people of this age will never grow tired of hearing.

THE BOUDOIR ANNUAL. *Philadelphia: Theodore Bliss & Co.* This contains some good engravings from the burin of Sartain, whose name alone is a pledge of superiority; and a variety of entertaining pieces in prose and verse, some on historic and others on scriptural subjects. Among the original contributors is the name of Dr. Reynell Coates, who is also the editor. The selected pieces are from James, the novelist, Mrs. Abdy, and other popular sources.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS. We are indebted to *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, the publishers, for two more volumes of this interesting series. One treats of the "Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century," while the other is a "Brief View of Greek Philosophy from the Age of Socrates to the Coming of Christ." These books are very valuable to those who wish to meet with much knowledge in a small space.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. The December number of the Columbian is adorned with three engravings. The first called "Laying Down the Law" is the best and a very good one. The "Tiger Hunt," and the Fashion Plate are only tolerable. The contributions, which are much better than common, are from the pens of Mrs Child, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Butler, H. P. Grattan, &c., &c.

SEARS' PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.—We have received the January number of this excellent and instructive Magazine. Among other embellishments is an engraving of Cincinnati. This number opens with a description of Ohio, and we understand that Mr. Sears contemplates to give a description of one of the States of the Union, every month during the next year. *Terms $2 00 per annum in advance.*

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. We are indebted to the publishers, *Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.*, for No. 6 of this valuable work.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. *Lindsay & Blakiston* have received Nos. 123 and 124 of the Illuminated Shakspeare.

CHRISTMAS STORIES, TOGETHER WITH PICTURES FROM ITALY.—*By Charles Dickens, (Boz). Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Price 25 cents.* This volume contains "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," and the "Cricket on the Hearth," in addition to "Pictures from Italy." All the Christmas Stories of Dickens's are so well known, they have been to so many homes a source of sweet joy, that anything we could say in their recommendation would be superfluous. One cannot but be glad that Christmas is again coming, as then we shall probably have another of these beautiful works.

DOMBEY AND SON. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have received from the publishers the second number of this admirable work. Judging from the frontispiece, which we suppose is copied from the English edition, the hitherto prosperous Firm of Dombey & Son is to come tumbling down some day, involving hundreds in its ruin. This number is illustrated with two engravings, one representing the Christening party, and the other Polly rescuing the Charitable Grinder.

CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES. *By Joseph Salkeld. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This little book is a compendium of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, and will be found very useful to readers who have not received a classical education. Appended to the work is a sketch of Ancient Mythology. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Chestnut and Fourth Streets.*

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. We have received, from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 13 of this Pictorial History, now being published by the Harpers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have received from *Zieber & Co.*, No. 132 of the Living Age, it is as interesting and instructive as ever.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GREAT NAVAL PREPARATIONS—WHY?—COAST DEFENCES—REFORMS IN ROME—THE REV. DR WOLFF—CONVERSIONS, &c.—LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, BUT NOT AT THE DAGUERREOTYPE OR MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—LOVE NEVER DIES—CONVICT EXPENSES—MILITARY AND BRITISH SOLDIERS FLYING—TAILORS, TOM THUMB AND GIANTESS—PUNISHMENTS AND REWARDS—RAILWAY TRAINS, ANCIENT BARROWS AND TUMULI—GENEALOGY OF PRINCE ALBERT—THE FALSE NEWS OF SPECULATORS AND MONOPOLISTS—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, November 3d, 1846.

My note-book is full of "trivial fond records," which I proceed to transcribe with comments *currente calamo*, and thus to produce a regular dish of chit-chat, without dwelling on any particularly grave or serious matter—in fact there is nothing of that kind just now before that ever-craving gormandizer of news—the public. And in the first place let me ask—for I really cannot answer the question—what on earth, or rather on ocean, is the meaning of ordering a powerful addition of men of war to the immense navy already in commission in all parts of the world? Several are ordered to be fitted out and manned immediately, both at Plymouth and Portsmouth. Of these I have not the names—but only think of the following ordered into service instantly from Sheerness, which is by no means one of the principal of the Royal Dock Yards.

The Waterloo,	120	guns.
" Howe,	120	"
" Asia,	84	"
" Ganges,	84	"
" Monarch,	84	"
" Hawke,	72	"
" Achilles,	74	"
" Russell,	72	"
" Hercules,	72	"
" Cornwall,	50	"
" Conquestador,	50	"
" Worcester,	50	"
" Chichester,	50	"

The artisans in this dock-yard labor day and night. The impression is, that this additional naval armament is merely ordered out on the principle of being "always ready," in the event of any difficulty with France arising out of the Spanish marriages—but *quien sabe?* In connexion with this matter, however, it is pretty confidently asserted that the Mediterranean Fleet, which is very strong, is in constant communication, by couriers, with Mr Bulwer, our Ambassador at Madrid—and that the force at Gibraltar has been increased. But more—the martello towers and coast defences facing the French coast are being put into fighting order, and newly mounted with cannon, &c. Can there be anything serious in the wind? If so, it certainly has not yet leaked out amongst the people.

It is very gratifying to notice the spirit of reform that continues to spread in the Roman States, under the auspices of the new Pope, though it is melancholy to read in a late letter in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, that not long since the number of robbers and burglars confined in those States, amounted to 54,000! Many of these are now to be set free. May they amend their lives!—but some folks deem it a dangerous experiment. Still, the six new lines of railways now projected and partly commenced in the dominions of the Pope, will certainly tend to render the profession of the bandit very unprofitable. Alas! for romance. Alas! for the modern Alessandro Massaniellos and Fra Diavolos. It is singular that the Rev. Dr. Wolff, the celebrated Missionary, was partly educated as a fellow student of the present Pope. That gentleman is now lecturing at Bath in favor of the Polish Refugees,—and I am pleased to see that Lord Palmerston has given his son a clerkship in the Foreign Office. *On dit*, that the Rev. Mr. Newman hesitates about joining the Catholic Church, and may retrace his steps,

" ——— ———sed revocare gradum,
Hic labor! Hoc opus est!"

The Hon. Mr. D'Eyncourt, who sits in Parliament for the borough of Lambeth, has recently joined the Catholic Church with his whole family. A meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, for the purpose of organizing the British Society for embodying members of all Christian creeds, is to be held in Manchester to-morrow. Beneficial results are anticipated from its labors.

An old proverb or the title of an old play (I forget which) says that "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." True—but the archer god cannot laugh with impunity at the Daguerreotype or the Electric Telegraph, as the following incidents will prove. Monsieur X———, who possesses a noble park near Paris, and whose wife is celebrated rather for beauty than virtue—had long suspected an improper intimacy between Madame X——— and the son of a neighboring landowner. He watched them, in company with a Daguerreotypist, and at length discovered them in conversation far too intimate for the reputation of a married lady. The sun was shining upon them in the parlor where they sat, which enabled the Daguerrotypist, from an aperture previously prepared, to transfer the tell-tale picture to a metalic plate. Thereupon Monsieur X——— has commenced legal proceedings, and Messrs. Daguerre and Arago, the most scientific men in France, are to be summoned to supply the tribunal with scientific information, that will show the unerring certainty of the photogenic drawing. As for the Magnetic Telegraph, a fond couple fled last week from Nottingham to Lincoln, at which latter town the Hymeneal lot was to be tied. But alas! they travelled on a railroad line which was furnished with the fatal wires—and lo! at the very door of the Church they were accosted by the Police, and conveyed back to their friends. It is not right to tattle on such subjects, or I could inform you of the probability of several young ladies having made memoranda in their Diaries—"never to elope in the direction of Magnetic Wires." But then Love never dies—and accordingly, we read that a few days ago, at Pyle, Mr. Harding, aged seventy, was married to Mrs. Austin, aged seventy-one. In their youth, fifty years ago, they had been sweethearts—had quarrelled—had parted—but now, after the lapse of half a century, they have met again and married. Wonderful are the works of time!

The convict expenditure of last year, amounted to—

In New South Wales,	£100,000
Gibraltar and Bermuda,	87,000

Last week, a private of the 3d Buffs (Infantry) made a desperate attempt to stab an officer with his bayonet. The officer was saved as if by miracle, and the soldier taken into custody. The penalty is death—but as an inquiry into "provocation" has been instituted, he will probably be imprisoned and dismissed from the service. While on military affairs, it may be amusing to state that a review took place last week in Hyde Park—and some cows grazing quietly near an infantry company, charged upon the men, whereupon the latter took to their heels and fled, hotly pursued by the victorious cows and greatly to the amusement of thousands of spectators.

There is "the ——— among the tailors" in London—no less than 3,000 being out of employ; and therefore you may expect numerous arrivals of these necessary sons of industry in the U. States. The fact is, we are over-populated. "Tom Thumb" is touring in the West of England; and by way of contrast, a new Scotch giantess, remarkably fat and more than seven feet high, is touring it in the North. The once celebrated Swiss giantess, being reduced to extreme poverty, committed suicide last week. By the way, I never could see the sense or reason of exposing monstrosities or vagaries of human nature to public exhibition. Surely the absurd custom would be "more honored in the breach than the observance." An astrologer at the Hammersmith Police Court, has just been committed to 3 months' imprisonment, as an impostor—and a "cold-water doctor" in the north, is now undergoing his "six months" on a charge of killing a patient. Miss Herschell has received the "large gold medal of merit" from the King of Prussia, as a reward for her scientific works. Tait, the publisher of the Radical Magazine, has retired with a fortune, said to be the first radical writer who has ever been thus successful—the demand for agricultural laborers in Scotland, is now greater than ever before remembered—and such is the success of the chief railway lines, that it is now no uncommon sight to see eighty and even ninety carriages with passengers and goods, moving along with a speed that eclipses the double swiftness of a race-horse.

The King of Sweden has ordered several Runic barrows to be opened, wherein he has found hearths, bones and implements of war and sacrifice. Are not the these tumuli the same in character with the barrows of the Ancient Britons, the North American—the same, in fact, with such an one as was raised to the memory of the father of Crœsus, King of Lydia, near Sardis—are they not the rude originals of the Egyptian pyramids? The inquiry is well worthy the pursuit of Antiquaries and Archeologists. Talking of antiquities, the Heralds have traced Prince Albert's genealogy, in a direct line, to King Alfred, through the daughter of Edward the Elder, Empress of Otho I. of Germany. Well—I cannot see the good of these genealogies, beyond a mere matter of curiosity—but then Albert is a good sort of fellow, and does not presume too much on his position—and so we will not grumble. During the late dreadful inundations of the Loire, to the disgrace of human nature be it recorded, marauders descended from the mountains, and plundered the distressed families. So says the *Epoque*. In Holland they have abolished the pillory, branding and transportation. Such is the march of reform.

While I record the fact that wheat and flour have fallen in price within the last fortnight, it may not be amiss to add that monopolists and speculators through the newspapers, annually get up a cry of "famine—famine!"—and thus levy greater taxes on the people than any Government would ever dare to attempt. The crops of England this year have been good—except in potatoes, which are about one-third a failure—in Ireland half a failure. It was said that the wheat crops in France were failures—but now we are told that they are not, after all, much below an average; and as for the crops of the Baltic, whence we import so much, they have been unusually good. Odessa and the Black Sea are said to be short—but shrewd guessers are of opinion that a contradictory statement will be made within a month. So much for speculators and their intelligence. Still, we have, and always shall have plenty of room for your Indian corn and flour. There is much sympathy felt for Captain Hosken, who, since the accident to the Great Britain has lost his wife. Only think of the Rev. William Jay, of Argyle Chapel, Bath, marrying a rich wife at nearly fourscore years of age. His very children are now old men and women. Bulwer has just dropped into £4,000 a year, from his mother. Sir John Guest, the great—I believe the greatest iron-king, has just entered into a contract to supply iron bars to to the tune of two millions of pounds sterling—and that is to *only one* of his customers. The Londoners are very busy getting up a new Italian Opera. This is certainly odd, for the present is not supported as it should be. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, after making such a stir in the world by their marriage, are about to visit the King and Queen of the Belgians at Brussels, after seeing the lions and enjoying the fetes and *spectacles* of the French Court and of Paris.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

The news from the Army is of but minor importance. The following extracts from the New Orleans Picayune will, however, be found interesting, as developing the condition of things at Monterey, and the plans, for the future, of our Army.

"Should nothing in the late despatches induce General Taylor to alter his plan of operations, his determination was to march on to Lanares, (180 miles from Monterey,) *en route* for Tampico, and in a line north from San Luis Potosi. But thither he did not mean to move with a numerical force of less than fifteen or twenty thousand men.

"The present active force from the mouth of the Rio Grande to and at Camargo, is estimated at thirteen thousand men—that in Monterey at 5,000; so that it would seem, after leaving the necessary men to garrison the depots and forts along the Rio Grande to Camargo, to occupy Mier, Seralvo and Pantaguide, of which our troops now hold military possession, besides Monterey and Saltillo, of which possession was about to be taken, that a considerable reinforcement would be necessary before—in the opinion of Gen. Taylor—the first advance movement should be made.

"But be it understood, that an express arrived at Monterey, from General Wool, on the 25th ult., stating that he was within six days' march of Monclova, and had with him fifty days' provisions. From his position, it was believed that he was on his way to join Gen. Taylor at Monterey, and had not touched at Chihuahua. His force could not much exceed 3,500 men.

"Notwithstanding the predetermination of Gen. Taylor not to move from Monterey without the strong reinforcement spoken of above, our informent thinks that with Gen. Wool's command, and such other force as he may draw off from the present military stations, he may, on hearing that Santa Anna is at San Luis Potosi, dash on there and give him a fight, without regard to disparity of numbers in the opposing parties, so great is his confidence in his troops.

"It seems to be an ascertained fact in Gen. Taylor's camp, (Mexican rumors in this city to the contrary, notwithstanding,) that Saltillo is not to be defended—the whole Mexican force being concentrated at San Luis Potosi, which place is being fortified in the strongest possible manner.

"It is also stated to us that Victoria and all the principal towns in Tamaulipas are to be immediately garrisoned, and we would speculate that it is with the ultimate object of placing all the country on the east or northeast side of the Sierra Madre, under the Government and laws of the United States, to be held as a portion of her territory, and as an indemnification for the war. The state of feeling on this subject cannot be misunderstood. Every day it becomes more apparent that this range of mountains is henceforth to be the dividing line between Mexico and the United States. It can no longer be viewed as a vague supposition—such we believe to be the fixed intention of the American Government—in no other way can she be indemnified for the war.

"Col. Marshall's Kentucky mounted regiment have arrived at Clay Davis's place, from La Vacca. [Clay Davis lives a mile below the mouth of the San Juan on the *Rio Grande.*]

"Reports were current at Matamoros on the 4th inst., among the Mexican residents, that Tampico had been taken by our squadron. The Americans did not know what to make of the report.

"The Galveston papers contain a story that Ampudia, instead of marching for Saltillo after leaving Monterey, had proceeded to Monclova, in order to intercept Gen. Wool, and prevent a junction with Gen. Taylor. The story is not credited. Gen. Wool is most likely now in Monterey.

"Lieut. Armistead, U. S. Army, who lately brought despatches express to Gen. Taylor, arrived safe at Monterey. The despatches, we are told, directed the General to send a command against Tampico, provided in its composition he could spare two-thirds regulars. This, we understand, will not be done. He further brought instructions to General Taylor to draw his supplies as much as possible here paying them what he believes to be a fair price for them."

The following extract is from the letter of a correspont of the New Orleans Commercial Times, under date to Point Isabel, Nov. 1:

"The newspapers which I saw at Matamoras, and those I have looked at here, say the tenor of the orders by Major Graham is, that General Taylor shall change the mode of subsisting his army. Instead of relying upon provisions and supplies from the United States, he is to forage upon the country, and subsist his army upon its products. If this be the case, it shows a superlative degree of ignorance as to the resources of the country, and the army will in two months be in a state of starvation. There is no surplus produce in the country. The people heretofore have had no market for it, except in the neighborhood of the towns, and the supply for them is not large. The people of Mexico live on very little, and they do not seem to care about raising more than they can eat. An American soldier consumes three times as much food as a Mexican, and their horses and mules are subsisted altogether differently from ours.

"I wrote you from Seralvo, saying that but a scant supply of provisions was going forward, and if there was much delay in reaching Monterey, the army must be subsisted by foraging on the country. This system commenced at Marian, three days' march from Seralvo, and has ever since been kept up to as great an extent as is practicable, and what is the result? The Quartermaster's department have never been able to get grain enough to feed the horses in service. The Mexican authorities have been called on, and although one dollar per bushel is publicly offered for corn in Monterey, yet a few days before I left there I saw a long train of pack mules arrive from Camargo loaded with oats brought from Ohio and Indiana to that place, for the purpose of feeding our cavalry horses and other animals. The cost of transporting these oats from Camargo could not have been less than forty or fifty cents per bushel. How much they had cost when they arrived there, is not known to me.

"The Rio Grande is falling rapidly, and the best boats on the river find it difficult to get up or down with very small cargoes. The *Hatchee Eagle*, one of the best boats, after bumping and dragging on the bars for four days, on her last downward trip, finally broke the connecting pipe, and laid up some distance below Reynosa. The *W. N. Mercer* is a complete wreck, and it is feared that all the largest boats will soon have to stop. If so, our army above will be in a tight place."

FROM MEXICO.

By way of Havana, the New York Sun has received intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 1st inst. General Rejon, Minister of Foreign Relations, and Gen. Pacheco, Minister of Justice, have resigned their respective offices. The vacancies thus caused have been filled by the appointments of Gen. Lafragua and Gen. Ladron de Genevara. The State of San Luis Potosi has pronounced against Salas, declaring that Santa Anna, or some one appointed by him, ought, of right, to assume the government. Don Felix Rivas, bearing a commission from government, came passenger in the Tay to Havana. His destination is supposed to be London or Paris, to solicit foreign aid.

Several attempts at assassination have been made against Gen. Salas, and other recent threats have been made; in consequence of which the President of Mexico, (Salas,) left the Capital on the 25th ult., for Tacubaya, where he will remain in the house of Senor Flores ———. President Salas was escorted from the city of Mexico by the troops stationed at the Capital. These will also remain with him as a life guard at Tacubaya.

An account of the attempt on Gen. Salas' life was forwarded to Santa Anna by an Extraordinary Express, which travelled from the Capital to San Luis Potosi, at the rate of twelve miles an hour—extraordinary indeed for Mexican horses.

Santa Anna is very indignant at such attempts—he imputes them to the emissaries of "foreign enemies."

The following is translated from one of the principal newspapers published in the city of Mexico:—

"It is said that the American steamships anchored at Isla Verde have only coal for a few days; that the crews of the squadron are mostly sick with the scurvy, and that the government of the United States have already spent seventy five million dollars in the war. *To delay is a triumph on our part*, as we have before said; and if we are only fortunate enough to hinder our enemy a little longer by skirmishes, and other obstacles, we shall soon see them retire from our country."

The people of Vera Cruz were constantly alarmed by the reports of our squadron moving to attack the Castle. The "National guard" were pouring into Vera Cruz. Accounts from Yucatan are filled with enthusiasm in the cause of Mexico.

Every means that ingenuity can devise, is adopted to excite the people in favor of the war, and to arouse a spirit of revenge among the masses, but the church and the capitalists are evidently holding back.

TOBASCO BOMBARDED BY COMMODORE PERRY.

ONE BRIG, FIVE SCHOONERS, TWO STEAMERS AND OTHER CRAFT CAPTURED—LIEUTENANT C. M. MORRIS KILLED.

The N. O. Picayune says:—We have been furnished by an officer of the army who arrived here this morning in the schooner Portia, Capt. Powers, six days from St. Lizardo, who was engaged in the affair of Tobasco, with a summary and sketch of the proceedings of Commodore Perry, with the detachment of vessels under his command. The expedition was entirely successful. The object of the expedition was to cut out certain vessels anchored in the river there, which were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people were all in favor of yielding, but the Governor and soldiers opposed it.

Time was given for all peaceable persons, women and children, to get out of harm's way, but the Governor would not allow any one to leave, so that it is feared that most of their killed during the bombardment were not soldiers. Some of the regulars were killed, and had it not been that the execution was principally done upon inoffensive persons, the city would have been demolished, with the exception of the residences of foreign consuls and hospitals. Lieut. C. M. Morris was the only officer killed on the American side.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Ampudia had arrived at San Luis de Potosi with part of his troops from Monterey, which refutes the improbable story that he intended to attempt intercepting General Wool. The Government of San Luis Potosi has issued a decree proclaiming Santa Anna Chief of the Republic with the sole power to appoint the President pro tem.

Santa Anna, at the last accounts, was concentrating his forces at San Luis, expected to be twenty thousand men. His plan appeared to be to offer no resistance to the capture of Tampico and to suffer the Americans to take the town, trusting that Gen. Taylor will be compelled to dismember his army by dividing it into small detachments for the purpose of garrisoning the fortified places and advantageous outposts which he may capture.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

It is said that three hundred letters of marque with naturalization papers, have been sent to Havana by the Mexican Authorities.

GEN. SCOTT.—A letter from Washington states that Gen. Scott had received orders from the War Department to repair forthwith to Mexico.

Political Intelligence.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The vote in New York State (all in) for the New Constitution, Convention, and Equal Suffrage, was as follows:

CONSTITUTION.		CONVENTION.		EQUAL SUF.	
Yes.	*No.*	*Yes.*	*No.*	*Yes.*	*No.*
213,091	80,194	214,390	33,032	67,548	207,627
80,194		33,032			67,548
132,897 maj.		181,358 maj.			140,079 m

For Governor and Lieut. Governor as follows:

	GOVERNOR. 1844		GOVERNOR. 1846		LIEUT. GOV. 1846	
	Fillmore.	*Wright.*	*Young.*	*Wright.*	*Fish.*	*Gardiner.*
Total.	231,057	241,090	192,350	181,229	179,946	196,932
		231,057	181,229			179,919
	Dem. maj.	10,033	11,121 W. maj.,		D. maj.	16,973

Whig gain on Governor's vote 21,154.
Diminution in popular vote about 60,000.

☞ The Arkansas Legislature assembled at Little Rock on the 2d inst. Wm. K. Sebastian has been elected President of the Senate, and Albert Rust Speaker of the House. Gov. Drew sent in his message. It is entirely occupied with local affairs. The population of the State has increased fifty per cent. during the last six years. It is now 145,000. The State debt is $3,617,233. The Governor recommends the winding up of the State Bank.

CALHOUN.—Mr. Calhoun has written a long letter to some friends in South Carolina, opposing the proposed change in the manner of choosing Presidential Electors in that State. At present they are chosen by the Legislature; but it is proposed to choose them by general vote. This Mr. Calhoun opposes.

MICHIGAN.—The new Senate will stand 2 Whigs to 20 Democrats; House, 15 Whigs to 51 Democrats. Last year, 1 Whig Senator and 10 Whig Representatives. The three Democratic candidates for Congress are elected.

ELECTION FOR CONGRESS IN TEXAS.—The election for members of Congress in Texas occurred on the 2d instant. Mr. Pilsbury will carry nearly all the Western Counties, and is sure of a re-election.

Local Intelligence.

PAINFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.—Dr. Wagonseller, Senator from Union County, had a painful operation performed upon his person, on last Saturday morning. The entire arm with portions of the collar bone and shoulder blade had to be removed in consequence of a malignant disease, arising from injuries received some time since by being thrown from a sulkey. The operation was performed by Dr. David Gilbert, of Gettysburg, Professor of Surgery at the Pennsylvania Medical College, Filbert street. Dr. Wagonseller bore the intense pain of the operation with perfect heroism, and we are happy to add that he is now doing well with every prospect of recovery.

NEW AID.—L. L. Johnson, Esq., of this city, has been appointed by Governor Shunk, one of his aids, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel.

THE VICE PRESIDENT.—Vice President Dallas and family left this city for Washington on last Saturday.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, G. H. Comstead, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Bremer.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, R. S. James, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, *Malton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, *Malton, Pa., September* 18, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

Pennsylvania Volunteers.—Adj. Gen. Bowman has issued his general orders to fill the requisition of the President upon our State for one regiment of volunteers, to serve till the end of the war with Mexico, unless sooner discharged. The companies are to consist of eighty privates, but will be received with sixty-four effective men. Commandants to report to the Adjutant General within ten days after they receive the orders, when the selection will be made and arrangements made for transportation to the place of rendezvous. The selection will be made according to the following rule:

"The company which is first ready to march computing the time from the receipt of the order will be first accepted. For example—If one commanding officer shall report his company ready to march within one day after the day on which his order is delivered to him, another within two days and another within three days, &c., they will be accepted according to the order of time in which they are respectfully ready to march."

Gen. Butler.—The Union has had a conversation with an officer who was in the action of the 21st, before Monterey, being in the staff of General Quitman, and, of course, was one of the gallant band who suffered most severely on that day. He states that he was frequently near General Butler during this action, until he received his wound—saw much of what passed on that occasion—but saw or heard nothing to justify the idle rumors which have been in circulation respecting any difference between General Taylor and General Butler. He added further, that if any such circumstances occurred, he must have heard it from the persons with whom he associated; but that he heard nothing about it before he left the camp, nor until he reached the United States. He cannot entertain a doubt that the whole rumor is gratuitous, and without foundation.

A Splendid Country.—A volunteer, writing from Camp Allen, near Monterey, under date of October 16th, gives this glowing account of the country:—"The soil is of the very best, and the water unsurpassed, pure blue lime-stone, and running out of the largest springs I ever saw. The fruits that are raised here are very fine and plenty, such as oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pomegranates and apples, and a great many other kinds that I have not yet learned the names of. They can be had for almost nothing, and many pay nothing more than the trouble of going to the orchard and getting what they want. Sugar-cane grows larger here than in Louisiana."

Very True Indeed.—A Western paper utters rather a severe truth, in severe language. In New York, it says (and it might add in Philadelphia also) wealthy *Christians* expend millions on splendid churches and palaces, and leave thousands of poor working women exposed to horrid want, and all its nameless consequences! These are the people who would brand some of the Western States with the crime of *Repudiation*—a bad enough thing too. But their own example has proved that mankind are capable of repudiating more sacred obligations than those contracted with the money lender!

Cotton in Philadelphia.—A friend has sent us the following curious scrap. Its publication may induce some inquiry into the fact it records, viz:—the manufacture of cotton goods in the city of Philadelphia as long ago as 1764.

From the (London) Complete Magazine for August, 1764.—Thursday, 9th.

"Some beautiful samples of the cotton manufactory now carrying on at Philadelphia, have been lately imported, and are greatly admired."—*Inquirer.*

Wheat Crop in Russia.—The late accounts represent the wheat crop in Podolia and Ukraine as being more abundant than ever before. Excepting the steppes in the neighborhood of Odessa and the Crimea, and the plains to the north of the sea of Azof, where the crops have failed—the accounts are unusually favorable. The difficulty of getting crops to a shipping port, in consequence of bad roads, is said to be the only reason why the immense stock of wheat in Southern Russia has not found its way to the suffering countries of Western Europe.

Treason.—The New Orleans Delta intimates that a brig has been several times cleared from that port for Havana, loaded with arms and ammunition, which were landed in Mexico, and delivered to the enemies of the country. The editor names the house by which the vessel was cleared, and calls upon the District Attorney of the United States to have the parties arrested. They are reputed as of great wealth and extensive connexions, and said to be the agents of the Mexican Government and of Santa Anna.

The New Pope.—The Pope has adopted a plan of testing the extent to which he can go in innovations with the Italians. He has ordered the clocks to be regulated so as to mark only twelve instead of twenty-four hours. Changes in the calculation of time are the most difficult to effect; and if this effect does not weaken his popularity, he has gained a splendid victory. The French Directory could not establish ten hours as the diurnal rotation, nor could Napoleon in the height of his power.

Sentence of Execution for Stealing a Slave.—Wm. A. Powell who was tried at the last Court of Sessions in Darlington district, S. C., for stealing a negro from his master, was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the first Friday in January. The boy was only twelve years old. He inveigled him from his owner and carried him to Florida, where he sold him.

American Fruit in England.—We observe by the Liverpool papers, that a sale of American apples was held there on the 2d instant, at which the prices ranged from 10s. to 20s. a barrel, although the apples were in a bad condition. Sound apples, of good quality, it is said, would bring 30s. to 35s. (say $8) a barrel.

Sudden Illness of Mr. John Quincy Adams.—The venerable John Quincy Adams was on Thursday week seized with paralysis of his left side, which rendered him insensible for some time. He had just left his son's residence in perfect health. He is now considered out of danger. Mr. Adams is 80 years of age.

The Difference.—As one point illustrative of the progress in the Anthracite Coal trade made and making yearly, we may mention that one individual concern alone, engaged in mining and shipping from the Lehigh region, furnishes the market this year with a greater number of tons than the entire production from all the different regions in 1829.—*Ledger.*

An Obsolete School.—Mrs. Dinghen Van Plassie came over to England from Flanders in 1565, and opened a school to teach ladies how to starch linen. Her price was £5 for instruction, and £20 how to boil the starch to a right consistency. The art and mystery is now understood without going to school.

Effects of Railroads.—The Washington (N. C.) Journal says that "The present population of that town amounts to 9,000, an *increase of 6,000 since the Railroad was built*, six years ago, when it was only 3,000!" Philadelphia will be something of a village when the Central Road is finished.

Sport in Jersey.—A party of deer-hunters near the wind-gap, lately killed fifteen deer in one day. A Trenton sportsman, hunting for pleasure, killed four in two shots, knocking over two at each discharge of his double barrel. This game is very abundant there, and quails too.—*Trenton State Gazette.*

Items of News.

Colonel Harney.—The Austin (Texas) New Era of the 17th ultimo has the following:—"For the information of the Delta, of New Orleans, we state that Col. Harney was put under *arrest*, and brought to Bexar in that condition, from his quixotic trip to Presidio. The precise reason for the step we have not been able to learn, but could be at no loss to assign many that justified an arrest, and no discharge without a trial."

Gen. Kearney's Politics.—The St. Louis Republican says the Washington Union is mistaken in classing the Military Governor of New Mexico as a Whig. Although not a partisan, he is to be classed as a Democrat; and, if freed from the restraints which his station, as a military man, impose upon him, he would be found acting with that party, so far, at least, as he could conscientiously do so.

Blackleg Ingenuity.—A notorious blackleg was arrested this morning, upon whose person was found a fine velvet vest, in the front part of which, between the outside and lining, was a thin tin case, opening with a spring, which contained a number of playing cards. It was so constructed that the contents could be easily extracted, without being noticed, during the operation of play.—*N. Y. Express.*

Cotton.—The cotton crop is conceded by all the newspaper writers on the subject to be a short one. The estimates as to it aggregate amount vary from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 of bales. Up to the 11th instant, the total receipt at New Orleans since the 1st of September amounted to 112,585, against 216,475 to the same time 1845.

The Evangelical Alliance.—The Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, a well known dissenting minister, has formally withdrawn from the Evangelical Alliance, principally on the ground that he cannot agree to the "doctrinal basis" so unanimously adopted, and to the action taken by the Alliance on the slavery question.

☞ Brass clocks are now manufactured by steam in New York! One firm employs twenty five men, and completes in one day one hundred clocks, beautifully finished. A large sheet of brass is put into a heavy press, and after a few twistings, comes out in the shape of highly finished wheels, at the rate of sixty per minute.

Yankee Ingenuity in England.—Mackintosh, the celebrated India Rubber Manufacturer, took the contract for raising the Great Britain Steamship, after the most skilful English Engineer had abandoned the work. He is likely to succeed.

Preaching to the Deaf and Dumb.—There is a Chapel in Red Lion Square, London, in which the services are conducted for the especial benefit of the deaf and dumb. The language of signs is the vehicle of communication adopted.

Old Age.—We learn from the Centreville, Queen Anne's County, Maryland, Sentinel, that a colored man belonging to the estate of the late John Sparks, died near that place last week, at the advanced age of 122 years.

A Load of Butter.—*Sixty-three and one half tons* of butter were unloaded from one canal boat at the Western Railroad Depot yesterday. The boat was from Rome, Oneida County.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

☞ A new factory, to contain thirty-four thousand spindles, was commenced about a week since, at Portsmouth, N. H. It is expected that the mill will be in operation in the course of four months.

☞ Gov. Wright has called out the first regiment of volunteers for the Mexican War. The following are the officers:—Colonel W. B. Burnett, Major J. C. Burnham. The Lieutenant Colonel is vacant.

Bears.—North Mississippi is said to be actually overrun with these "varmints" of the wilderness. Thousands of them, it is said, are making their way from the Mississippi bottoms to the hills.

Large Boy.—A boy fourteen years old, is exhibiting at the Utica Museum, who measures within an inch or two of seven feet, and is still growing! He weighs 175 pounds.

Community Dissolved.—The "Northampton Industrial Association," Massachusetts, was dissolved last week. A Mr. Hill has taken the property and assumes the debts.

Going to Mexico.—The Hon. Isaac D. Bright, United States Senator from Indiana, has tendered his services to the President to raise a regiment for Mexico.

Vieux Temps.—This celebrated violinist has been appointed first violinist to the Emperor of Russia, and director of the conservatoire at St. Petersburg.

New Census.—A census of Cincinnati was taken last month, by which it appears that city has now 92,690 white inhabitants, and 2,128 colored.

Relief for Soldiers' Families.—The people of Cincinnati are making provision for the families of those who joined the volunteer forces from that city.

☞ Mike Walsh, of New York, distinctly charges that pretended friends attempted to poison him, which caused his recent severe indisposition.

Doubtful.—It is said that Mr. Pakenham is a stockholder to the extent of $40,000 in the conducta recently plundered by Santa Anna.

Winter Coming.—The snow about Lake Superior is already about a foot deep, and the copper miners have suspended for the winter.

☞ Wm. Lloyd Garrison was a passenger home by the last Boston steamer.

☞ Six feet water in the channel at Pittsburg on the 20th.

Colds, Coughs and Consumption.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a most delightful medicine for carrying off a cold, because they expel from the system all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of every kind of disease) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is relieved of all its sufferings as if by magic. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills* taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time remove the most obstinate cold—at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that inflammation of the lungs, consumption, or any other form of disease will be absolutely impossible.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. William Wright.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The following extract of a letter is from a very respectable mercantile house, dated

Washington, Rappahannock, Co., Va., May 20th, 1846.

Dear Sir:—Our Mr. Jones has been in a very low state of health for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice our county affords, and also visited your city, during last summer, but found no relief—On the 15th of April last we purchased half dozen bottles of your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and half dozen boxes of SANATIVE PILLS. Through carelessness in packing the articles in a dry goods box one half the Vermifuge was broken. Mr. Jones commenced with the Pills, and after taking a *few doses* felt a decided improvement. The three bottles of Vermifuge, which came safe to hand, brought from him, he thinks, not less than ONE THOUSAND WORMS, and perhaps many more. He is now in better health than he has been in for years, and we hope a few more bottles of your Vermifuge and Pills will effect a permanent cure. All our physicians have entirely mistaken his case, Professor Samuel Jackson, of your city, at the head. As to our responsibility, we have to refer you to Messrs. Inskip, Mulson & Woodruff, Silk-house, Market near 4th street, and to Nicoball, Haskins & Co., corner of 5th and Market streets. Mr. Jones is most anxious to get more of your Pills and Vermifuge as soon as possible. Respectfully, J. B. Jones & Co.

Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD st., Phila (jy 4-tfy

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

FLOUR & MEAL—The market opened with a fair demand, and several parcels changed hands at $5,50 per bbl. Since the tenor of the late European advices, with the great scarcity of suitable vessels to carry the stocks now in the hands of buyers, have unsettled the market—the sales being at $5,50, 5,37½a5,25, and $5,18¾a5 per bbl—closing firm, however, at the latter price. Rye flour continues scarce, with small sales at $4a4,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal—Has been in good demand, and near 4000 bbls have been sold at $3,75 for Pa.

GRAIN—The active demand for wheat has continued this week, and the operations have been heavy. Sales early in the week, and prior to the steamer's news at $1,10 for prime Pa. red, and $1,10 for white per bushel; subsequently, several lots of good to prime reds sold at $1,08a1,10, and white at $1,15; but buyers refuse to give these rates, holders gradually gave way, and good reds have been sold at $1,06, 1,06a1,03, and white at $1 15, 1,14½a1,09 per bushel—closing at the latter rates. Rye—A sale of Pa. at 78c. Corn—Has been in demand, but at prices to which holders would not accede; sales of Pa. yellow at 75 and southern do. at 74a75 cts. Oats—Southern sell at 30a32c.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little demand for articles under this head. Moderate sales of western pork at $10a10,25 for mess, and $9a9,25 for prime per bbl. Bacon—Has also been in request, and we note several parcels of western hams at 5¼a6c, and canvassed at 8a8½c, 5a5½ for sides, and 3¾a4 for shoulders, according to quality and condition. Lard has been in fair demand, and sales to a moderate extent have been made at 7½a8c in kegs and bbls.

ASHES—With a very light stock, and a good demand the market has become much firmer, and several parcels western pots have changed hands at $4a4,25 per 100 lbs for uninspected.

BARK—The demand for quercitron continues good, and the receipts being limited, and the stock very light, prices are very firm. Sales of 60 hhds No. 1 at $29 per ton for first quality.

BEESWAX—Prime continues steady, with small sales.

CANDLES—Sperm are steady in price, with small sales. Tallow are also without change.

COAL—The demand continues to a fair extent for Anthracite, for city consumption, and no further change in prices has occurred this week.

COFFEE—The market continues very firm, with a good demand. We note sales of 3000 bags Rio, including a cargo on the wharf at 7½a7¾, and 1000 Laguayra in lots from store at 7½a7¾ cts on the usual credit. The stocks continue very light.

COTTON—The market has exhibited no material variation since the date of our last review. The demand being confined almost entirely to supplying the present want of spinners, and the stocks being too light to admit of any extensive operations, we have only to note the sales of 600 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans, at prices within our range.

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market continues quiet at steady rates.

GUANO—The demand continues good, with fair sales at $35a38 per ton.

HEMP—The market is more active, and we note the sales of 400 bales western at about $90 per ton.

HIDES—No sales have occurred this week.

HOPS—Small sales of first sort at 13½a14c.

IRON—The market continues very firm, with a good demand, and the stocks remain very light. We note the sales of about 600 tons Pa.—Foundry pig at $30a32.—Anthracite do. at $36a38 for No. 1, and $25 and 22 per ton for No. 2 and 3.

LEAD—The market is very firm, and 4½c is asked for parcels to arrive.

LATHS—Continue scarce and wanted at full rates.

LEATHER—Comes forward freely, and with a good demand, prices continue steady.

MOLASSES—The market has become much firmer, but the demand is yet limited.

RICE—The market continues bare. Sales of 100 sacks at 4½a5c.

SALT—An invoice of 5000 sacks and 800 tons Liverpool ground salt was disposed of before arrival on terms not made public.

SUGARS—The stock of Muscovadoes is exhausted in both first and second hands. The market, however, remains very dull, and the sales only comprise small lots of Cuba and Brazil at previous rates.

TALLOW—The market is nearly bare, and prices have advanced.

TEAS—Demand moderate at steady rates.

TOBACCO—The demand for Kentucky continues on a very moderate scale at previous prices.

SALES OF STOCKS.

23 shares Schuylkill Navigation Co.	33
30 do. Kensington Bank,	57
20 do. Western Bank,	45½
5 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	51
$2000 State 6's,	75
$1435 U. States Bank Notes,	75
$800 Sch. Nav. Co. 6's, 1865,	74½
$1000 Lehigh Interest,	51
$1400 State 5's,	69½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered during the week, 1900 head, most western beef cattle, including 250 taken to N. York; 2000 cows and calves; 700 swine, and 1500 sheep. Prices—Beeves—Sales range at $4a6 the 100 lbs for common and extra quality; 100 left over. Cows and calves sell at $14a25. Swine mostly sold at $5a5¼ the 100 pounds. Sheep—Sales are generally at $1a3 each. Hay—No change, and good timothy may be quoted at 70a80c the cwt; pressed in small lots brings 50a60c the 100 pounds; and straw sells at $6a7 the 100 bundles.

Richmond, Nov. 19.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $4,50a5,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $5a5,25.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, November 28, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	1 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIS'T OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	25 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	1a1½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bank of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uno
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	75 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SALE OF MITCHELL'S MAPS.—The subscriber wishes to engage, in the sale of his Maps and publications, a number of active men of moral and industrious habits. Having recently furnished new and greatly improved editions of nearly all his works, he is now well prepared to supply Agents. A capital of from $50 to $200 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Please address
sep 12-6m S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

COMMUNICATION—A CURE FOR WORMS—*Harrisburg, Ohio, Aug 7th* 1846.—Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir: Last Saturday morning I found my youngest son quite out of his head—very flighty and deranged, and continued so all day, till after night. On Sunday morning I commenced giving him your Tonic Vermifuge, and before 6 o'clock he discharged thirteen large worms, and I believe, to speak within bounds, that he passed more than five hundred small white worms, some not more than one fourth of an inch long. On Monday his fever left him, and he is now quite well. All your medicines, so far as I have heard, have given satisfaction. Yours, &c., Richard Griffey, P. M.
This valuable medicine may be had at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

FEVER AND AGUE.—*A Cure Warranted.* From every part where Jayne's Ague Pills have been used, we hear of their universal and entire success in subduing Fever and Ague.
Mr. George Stephens, a merchant at Marengo, Illinois, says your Ague Pills are making great cures here, and your Tonic Vermifuge and Carminative give good satisfaction. Messrs. Emmerch & Strean, Freeport, Illinois, say—We have sold all Ague Pills and most of the Vermifuge. Please send us no more immediately.
Thomas Cully, Esq., Hebron, Ohio, says your medicines give universal satisfaction. Your Ague Pills have never failed to succeed. oct 31 tf
They may be had at No. 8 South Third Street, Phila.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 17th to the 23d November.

November 17, continued from			
Nicol Howell	22 00	Miss W. T. Shepherd	2 00
J. B. Hawes	5 00	W. M. Kerr	2 00
Mrs. P. P. Clark	2 00	J. T. Carr	2 00
Rev. J. G. Day	2 00	M. S. Hegl	2 00
Jas. Wildman	2 00	T. J. Moss	2 00
J. Salter	2 00	O. K. Marshall	4 00
J. D. Shreeve	20 00	Dr. L. G. Stephens	2 00
C. G. Barton	2 00	R. W. Rowe	2 00
N. P. Burr	10 00	M. J. Sully	2 00
R. P. Rich	2 00	N. W. McIntosh	3 00
A. B. Riley	20 00	B. W. Cooper	2 00
W. T. Coleman	2 00		
November 18.			
J. Nivin	4 00	A. Connell	2 00
A. Thomas	2 00	J. Seal	2 00
A. C. Adams	5 00	Miss C. Depew	2 00
C. Mizely	1 00	J. Broderick	2 00
S. W. Bones	5 00	J. Jenkinson	1 50
R. T. Chewning	2 00	R. B. Yell	4 00
R. Percival	2 00	G. P. Snyder	20 00
W. C. Read	2 00	J. D. Moser	10 00
G. B. Logan	2 00	S. L. Veil	2 00
C. S. Rowley	8 00	W. C. Moses	2 00
Jas. Marston, Jr.	1 00	D. A. Burns	6 00
A. S. Skaggs	5 00	C. B. Taylor	2 00
F. W. Essen	2 00	N. S. Jenks	3 00
November 19.			
W. Lorah	2 00	G. B. Wallace	5 00
Ephm. Mulford	2 00	A. W. Howell	2 00
Rev. R. Gray	2 00	T. W. Winder	2 00
J. H. Schell	5 00	S. W. Hacker	2 00
S. T. Parmlee	6 00	C. B. Stockton	4 00
P. French	10 00	A. R. Jenkins	2 00
W. Briscoe	2 00	W. T. Harrison	2 00
P. S. Duber	2 00	R. J. Powers	2 00
R. L. Barbour	2 00	N. W. Webb	5 00
S. G. Phillips	20 00	W. C. Allmance	2 00
C. T. Hall	2 00	C. S. Keller	2 00
S. G. Israel	2 00	G. S. Busby	3 00
A. T. Watkins	2 00		
November 20.			
R. Swan	2 00	W. Finley	2 00
N. A. Elder	2 00	W. Carpenter	2 00
J. Weaver	2 00	D. Williamson	2 00
J. Moore	10 00	F. Hawkins	2 00
J. Griffith	2 00	W. A. Donaldson	10 00
J. W. Williams	2 00	W. A. Hardison	5 00
Peter Wright	2 00	J. M. Dunning	20 00
R. O'Neil	2 00	Dr. J. B. Munn	2 00
D. Wright	2 00	W. Smith	4 00
H. E. Lovestein	2 00	J. Moore	2 00
Turner & Fisher	2 00	J. F. Sloan	2 00
J. W. Erwin	2 00	S. Lathrop	5 00
Evan Rogers	2 00	W. Carner	2 00
P. Whiteman	4 00	Mrs C. Stevens	2 00
H. Ward	2 00	A. G. Jones	15 00
F. L. Johns	2 00	S. C. Mosser	10 00
T. Barton	2 00		
November 21.			
Elish. L. Davidson	2 00	A. D. Jones	20 00
J. C. Sheetz	2 00	C. K. Bell	2 00
H. B. Hall	2 00	D. W. Shipe	2 00
L. Brigham & Co.	2 00	A. R. Carle	2 00
D. Arnold, Jr.	2 00	W. B. Randall	5 00
A. Hiatt	2 00	A. R. Donnell	5 00
W. Fisher	10 00	W. S. Cooley	2 00
S. D. Bishop	2 00	G. S. Reeves	2 00
J. Laporte	5 00	D. Small	4 00
Jerch Spear	2 00	A. G. Knight	2 00
B. S. Werner	12 00	S. B. Talman	2 00
G. Gilbert	2 00	H. S. Hunt	2 00
J. S. Fry	2 00		
November 23.			
Fredk. Shober	2 00	N. Mosher	1 00
Jas. Pierce	8 00	K. Townsend	4 00
E. T. Stickney	5 00	Dr. E. E. Bateman	2 00
Miss Lumsden	1 00	D. W. Sansom	20 00
S. Wright	5 00	A. D. Kelton	4 00
G. W. Johnson	2 00	C. B. Shade	2 00
W. Cromley	2 00	L. C. Jordan	2 00
T. G. Weston	2 00	A. B. Dorman	5 00
W. T. Dewitt	10 00	C. S. Terry	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	A. B. White	2 00
W. S. Larabie	1 00	Miss C. W. Bell	2 00
H. Thomas	1 00		

GRAHAM FOR 1847,

AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF THE WORLD IN POINT OF CIRCULATION AND POPULARITY.

A NEW NOVEL BY COOPER.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF, A POWERFUL SEA STORY,

IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "WATER WITCH," ETC.

We have the pleasure of being able to announce to the 50,000 readers of Graham's Magazine, that we commence the publication in the November number of Graham's Magazine, of a new Novel by James Fenimore Cooper, entitled "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF," a Sea Novel, written in the very best vein of that accomplished novelist. This Story, which is intended to bring out the author's brilliant powers in the description of Sea Scenes and incidents, while it will describe most powerfully nautical adventures and engagements, has a delightful vein of sentiment running through the entire work. *The heroine*, "Rose," is one of the sweetest characters ever drawn by Mr Cooper, and one of the "*Old Sols's*" has a vein of humor and home-spun philosophy equal to "Natty Bumpo," in his best days. This novel will run through twelve or fourteen numbers of "Graham," and we predict for it "a run," unequalled by anything Cooper has ever written.

Subscribers to the January volume of the Magazine will receive the entire sheets of "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF"—which commences in November. It is understood, that the novel will make from *ten* to *fifteen* pages *extra*, in each number of the Magazine, so that Subscribers will receive this novel in addition to the usual quantity of reading matter in Graham. The publishers have given

$1,200 FOR THE NOVEL,

and with the Premiums, $1,000 for Prizes, Graham will undoubtedly excel all the Magazines for 1847.

ELEGANT PARIS FASHIONS IN EVERY NUMBER.

While all the other monthly periodicals are crumbling to decay, and resorting to every expedient to save themselves from destruction, "Graham" pursues the even tenor of its way, proudly at the head of the periodical literature of the day—with its 50,000 readers, gradually widening its influence, and extending its circulation. The policy adopted in this Magazine, of giving the *best, both in literature and art*, has established it upon the secure basis of *public confidence.*

We have resolved, so far as "Graham" is concerned, to give a proper direction to the popular taste; and propose in the coming volume greatly to amplify the literary department of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad.

FOR THE NEW VOLUME.

In addition to the host of able writers who have enriched our pages by their productions, we shall have the advantage of being able to publish some of the most brilliant articles that have ever appeared in our language

IN OUR PRIZE STORIES,

The first of which will appear in the January number. The Committee, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Louis A. Godey, Morton McMichael, and Robert Morris, Esqrs., are patiently engaged in reading the large mass of manuscripts submitted, and proposed to give their

DECISION ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

We design to commence in the January number, the Revolutionary Prize Story, as we have already running through the magazine the new Novel by Cooper, above mentioned.

For the New Year, we have made the most liberal arrangements in regard to the work, with a determination to make

A GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

Contributed to by the highest talent in the country—free from all cliques and sectional differences, and relying on the *merit of its literary matter*, and the excellency of its illustrations, for a still wider support.

The volume to be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with a

SERIES OF EMBELLISHMENTS,

unsurpassed by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine.

"Graham" has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in everything really beautiful published in the Magazines. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country has been so elegantly embellished, or has so rapidly increased.

OUR MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the Magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone.* These beautiful engravings will, therefore, form a *feature of Graham's Magazine* so that we shall be able to distance anything like competition on this ground.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION PLATES.

These exquisite creations of taste and skill we have engaged *exclusively*, from the publisher of "Le Follet," and all other efforts to get them have failed. An attempt has been made to *deceive the public*, by re-engraving the *old designs*; but these duplicates are so far beneath the *original Paris designs sent to "Graham," that they excite only contempt.* Our arrangements are complete, and we cannot be equalled in the beauty and correctness of this department of the Magazine. These plates appear in every number.

THE LOWEST TERMS For 1847.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, FOR A SINGLE COPY, OR, TWO COPIES YEARLY FOR FIVE DOLLARS invariably in advance, post paid.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH, free of postage, FIVE COPIES of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

FOR TWENTY DOLLARS CASH ELEVEN COPIES OF THE MAGAZINE WILL BE FORWARDED, and a copy gratis to the Postmaster or others forwarding the money.

Address, post paid,
Geo. R. Graham & Co.
120 Chesnut St. Philadelphia.
nov. 14—eow 3t.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT may be cured with *certainty*, and at a trifling expense, by taking every night at bedtime, two or three of JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, and a dose of either his ALTERATIVE or VERMIFUGE three times a day. This treatment *never fails to cure.* ☞ For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1846	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
28 Saturday,	7 17	4 44	11 16	
29 Sunday,	7 17	4 43	morn	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	7 18	4 42	12 14	
1 Tuesday,	7 18	4 42	1 3	
2 Wednesday,	7 19	4 41	1 46	Full 2 3 46
3 Thursday,	7 20	4 40	2 26	Last 10 4 15
4 Friday,	7 20	4 40	3 4	New 18 7 41
5 Saturday,	7 21	4 39	3 40	First 25 1 35

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Richard D. Hall, Albert Nixon Roberts, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Jacob Wagner, all of the District of the Northern Liberties.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Willis Lord. Mr. William Arbuckle, to Miss Mary Hodge, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Jones, Mr. Richard H. Morrell, to Miss Elizabeth B. daughter of John Thomson, Esq. all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. C. Cooley, Horace Smith, to Anna M. daughter of F. B. Nichols, Esq. all of Pottsville.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. Hiram J. Jones, to Miss Mary Ann Greble, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D. D., Daniel M. Fox, to Elizabeth Caroline, daughter of Henry Korn, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. John M. Dickey, Robt. Haines England, Esq. to Miss Sarah A. Newton, both of Cecil county, Md.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Caleb P. Lamberton, to Elizabeth, daughter of Silas Frost, Esq. all of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Higgins, Mr. Thomas Monohan, to Miss Elizabeth Doyle, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Kerr, Mr. William Sterne, to Miss Anna C. Murray.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. C. C. Clay, Mr. George H. Conner, of Lewistown, Del. to Miss Mary Ann Anderson, of Southwark.

On the 22d inst. by Rev. H. G. King, Mr. W. Hyman to Miss Susan Vandever, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 23d inst. Jacob Stokes, in the 56th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 23d inst. at the house of his brother-in-law, in Saxonville, Mass. Dexter Stone, of the firm of Grant & Stone, of this city.

On the 21st inst. Mr. Samuel Bayne, aged 56 years.

On the 2d inst. Frederick Augustus, infant son of Nicholas and Hannah Warnick, aged 1 year.

On the 18th inst. at Princeton, New Jersey, Mrs. Ann Guild, of this city, aged 73 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Margaret Gillam, aged 43.

On the 18th inst. Mr. David Jackson, aged 35 years.

On the 20th inst. John E. Keen Coates, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Wm. Dutton, aged 42 years.

On the 17th inst. George David, aged 58 years.

On the 19th inst. Charles Foster, aged 42 years.

John Ross, aged 50 years.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob Lees, aged 39 years.

On the 20th inst. John Fisher, aged 70 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. John Hesselpoth, aged 48.

On the 19th inst. Godfrey, son of Bertle and Amanda Root, aged 4 years.

Near Marshall, Saline county, Mo. on the 5th instant, Mrs. Lucy B. wife of C. F. Stansbury, Esq.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Sarah Reed, aged 45 years.

On the 18th inst. Elizabeth, wife of John C. Gubring, aged 50 years.

On the 19th inst. Catharine McGettigan, aged 10 months.

On the 19th inst. John William Carrick, aged 3 months and 22 days.

On the 19th inst. aged 47 years, Mary Ann, widow of the late Adam Waldie.

On the 19th inst. William Murrey, son of Adam Matsinger, aged 6 years.

On the 18th inst. Ann Burrell, aged 26 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Stiley, aged 55.

On the 17th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Catharine Clawson, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Noah Smith, aged 43 years.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. Dr. Joseph Martin.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. James Hinchman, aged 63.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Sarah Harvey, of Evesham Township, N. J. aged 46 years.

OBITUARY.

In Cannonsville, Del. county, N. Y. of consumption, October 25th, Ellen, youngest daughter of Darius and Lucy Maples, aged 19 years.

Thus has fallen in the morning of life the tender and dutiful daughter, the affectionate and confiding sister and friend, and our community has lost one of its brightest ornaments. The deceased possessed, in addition to great personal attractions, a mind of a high order and virtues of a shining lustre. Her constitution was naturally delicate, and the marks of that insidious and fell disease, consumption, were early visible. But notwithstanding the frailty of her health, no personal sacrifice ever appeared too great, if she could but confer happiness on others. Her benevolence was of that quiet, unobtrusive kind, to which no pen can do adequate justice. Although young, yet the old and young and all of every grade within the circle of her acquaintance who were in need, were either directly or indirectly the objects of her kindness and benevolence. When attacked by the sickness which resulted in her death, she was evidently aware of her approaching dissolution, and although her sufferings were severe, yet no word of complaint escaped her. She gave a living evidence of possessing the Christian's hope, evincing the utmost calmness, composure and resignation to the last.

> "Lay the sod lightly, over her breast;
> Calm be her slumbers, peaceful her rest,
> Beautiful, lovely, she was but given,
> A fair bud to earth to blossom in Heaven."

Cannonsville, Oct. 25th, 1846.

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington,
From the 14th to the 21st November.

The number of deaths during the last week were 97. 39 adults and 58 children.

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 15,	48	49	50
16,	48	54	55
17,	50	55	57
18,	46	56	59
19,	54	57	59
20,	49	52	51
21,	[illegible]	47	48

ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS—1847.

GEORGE S. APPLETON has just issued the following Books for Children, to which the attention of all parents, guardians, school teachers and others is requested. They are all elegantly printed, attractively bound, and beautifully illustrated; the matter in them is unexceptionable. They may be placed in children's hands with the most entire confidence, as there is nothing either sectarian or immoral—in fact they are just what has been wanted.

GEORGE'S JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF HAPPINESS.

This charming story is appropriately illustrated with 16 large and beautifully colored pictures. It is the gem of the season.

THE CHILD'S FAVORITE—BY A LADY.

Of this the same may be said, it has 12 exquisitely colored plates, and suited for a more advanced child.

THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF BOB THE SQUIRREL.

This charming *bijou*, with its 12 richly colored pictures, delightfully told story, and beautiful binding, will improve not only the mind but the taste of the young folks.

POPULAR TALES BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Those standard tales are as popular at the present day as when they were first written; they are illustrated with 6 designs by Croome.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE BRACELET, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH, 2 PLATES.

LAZY LAWRENCE, BY MISS EDGEWORTH, 3 ENGRAVINGS.

Miss Edgeworth has written nothing for children better than these stories. In fact they are her gems. They are each published separately and illustrated with two designs by Croome.

THE FIRESIDE STORY BOOK, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

This neat volume contains the above three excellent tales bound in one, with 6 illustrations by Croome.

GRANDMAMMA EASY'S NEW TOY BOOKS, 12 KINDS.

Grandma has prepared for her juvenile friends, 12 entirely new and original toys of an unusually large size, with brightly colored pictures, which though so vastly superior to those previously in the market, are sold at the same price.

G. S. A. has also published new editions of his previously issued juvenile publications, which, by their superiority, have obtained an enviable and unequalled reputation. 1t

JUST PUBLISHED.

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE *SONS and DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.*

By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," and other Temperance Tales.

This story represents a family celebrating Christmas on three successive years.

First—with "*BRANDY EGG NOG!*"
Second—with "*WINE EGG NOG!*"
Third—with "*ADAM'S ALE!*"

It is printed on good paper, and bound in a neat lithographic cover, printed in colors. Single copies 37½ cts. Three copies for $1,00. nov 28 4t
Address, WM. SLOANAKER, No. 129 Chesnut St.

WANTED—A number of active MEN, to go South and West, some in the New England States, to act as AGENTS for the sale of New and Popular Works. $300 per year profits, over and above their expenses, will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1000 per year and more if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out. Apply at WINCH'S PUBLISHING HALL, No. 116 CHESNUT Street, up stairs. All letters must be post paid. nov 28 3t*

A VOLUNTEER WITNESS FOR JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—John Van Valkinburgh, Esq., writes to Dr. Jayne, Sept. 26th, 1846, and says: I would cheerfully accept of an Agency for the sale of your Family Medicines, because I feel satisfied that if I had not taken your EXPECTORANT, I should before this day, been in my grave. In the month of August, 1845, I had a very severe attack of Typhus Fever and Inflammation of my Lungs, which reduced me very low. In a few days after my fever had left me I began to gain strength, I had a bad cough, and raised large quantities of matter from my lungs or stomach. As my strength increased, my cough also increased. I told my physician that I wanted to take your Expectorant. He thought it was not best. He made some Syrup for my cough, which I took for two or three weeks, but it done me no good. My cough still increased so much, that my stomach and lungs felt as if they were all raw, there was such a soreness. I raised a very large amount, and it appeared to me that I was as bad off as many people I have seen in the last stages of Consumption. I finally concluded that I had the Consumption, and that I could not live but a short time. I, therefore, determined to be my own physician. I sent to Catskill for half a dozen bottles of your Expectorant, and commenced taking it, and in less than twenty-four hours there was quite a change in my feelings, and before I had taken two bottles of it I was restored to my usual health.

I sold two or three bottles of it to a lady in this place. She has told me within two weeks that she believes that it had been the means of saving her life. If you think what I have stated to be worth publishing, you are at liberty to do so. Respectfully yours,
John Van Valkinburgh, P. M.
Lexington, Greene county, N. Y.

The EXPECTORANT is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD St., Philada. oct 31 tf

TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

An Elegant Illustrated Magazine, with Southern Scenery, &c. Containing a Pictorial Description of the States of North and South Carolina, Biographical Sketches, and Revolutionary Incidents, connected therewith, which can be mailed to any part of the United States for 4 cents postage.

The February Number of our FAMILY MAGAZINE, for 1847, will be ready to go by mail by the third week in January. The number will be complete in itself, and contain an interesting Historical and Descriptive Account of the States of North and South Carolina, together with a great variety of other literary and interesting matter—the whole illustrated with

FIFTEEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

each one occupying an entire page of the work. We expect to circulate many thousands of this elegant Periodical in the above States and elsewhere. The Plates are all executed expressly for this work, in a peculiarly chaste and perfect manner; and any one of them is worth the price of the work.

☞ The price of the PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, will be

ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY,

Or Five Copies will be sent by Mail for One Dollar.

Letters enclosing remittances must be post paid in full. The silver change for a single copy, or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (*postage paid*,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a *half sheet* of writing paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only *single* postage.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the town, and State, where the Magazine is to be forwarded, and should be addressed (*post paid*) to ROBERT SEARS,
128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Two Fine Engravings, A VIEW of CHARLESTON, S. C., elegantly printed, on fine paper, and a View of the Capitol at Raleigh, N. C., are worth the money charged for the whole No.

NOTICE TO PURCHASERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Every purchaser should bear in mind that the first impressions of Engravings are always the handsomest and most valuable; and as justice requires that we should adhere to the old maxim, "first come, first served," those who are anxious to possess themselves of the best copies, cannot forward their money too soon. We always record the names of subscribers on our books in rotation, as their money is received, and forward the Magazine accordingly. We shall positively commence sending to subscribers in the country by the third week in January, 1847; so you cannot send on your money too soon.

☞ Any Newspaper in the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive 4 copies of the above number. Will the papers of North and South Carolina please copy the above once and receive their pay in numbers of the above work. If so, please send on a paper with the advertisement marked. nov 28-1t

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.—DAVID W. GIHON, BOOK BINDER, No. 98 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, has had engraved, a series of splendid and appropriate designs, forming together a *MAGNIFICENT SIDE PLATE*, expressly for embellishing the covers of *HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE*, and is prepared to bind that handsome work in a very superior manner, in

Calf, Turkey Morocco, or Sheep, with Gilt, Marbled or Sprinkled Edges.

Those who have obtained this beautiful publication, and desire to have it bound in a style corresponding with its internal appearance, are respectfully referred to the following Editorial Notices, extracted from the editorial columns of the newspapers of this city.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Elegant Binding.—We were shown, yesterday, an elegantly bound Bible, one of Harper's edition, which reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the workmen. The binding was executed by D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. The embellishments are very appropriate, being representations from Bible history.—*Native Eagle.*

A Splendidly Bound Bible.—Yesterday a gentleman brought into our office a volume of Harper's Illustrated Bible, bound in the most splendid manner. The style, Turkey morocco, embossed with gold. Each side contains nine scriptural illustrations, and the back is also superbly embellished. The whole reflects the highest credit upon the binder, Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, who has by numerous and elegant specimens of superior work established quite a high reputation in his truly useful art.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Harper's Bible.—Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a copy of this handsome work bound by him in the most beautiful manner, in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges. He has had prepared and engraved expressly for it a magnificent side plate, consisting of a number of appropriate emblematical designs, formed from no less than *one hundred and twenty* separate brass dies. This handsome plate transferred in gold to the sides of the book gives it an unusually rich and elegant appearance.

Mr. Gihon deserves much credit and a liberal encouragement for his enterprise in this costly undertaking.—*Sun.*

Harper's Bible.—We were shown, yesterday, a copy of Harper's Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which reflects much credit on that enterprising gentleman. The Bible is bound in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges, in a most superb manner, and contains on the outside covering emblematical designs from scripture, giving the edition an unusually rich and beautiful appearance. It must be seen to be appreciated.—*Keystone.*

Splendid Binding.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which is as elegant a specimen of that art as is the work itself of typographical perfection. The dies, which have been prepared expressly to illustrate the Harper's edition of the Bible, are elegant and appropriate, and are in perfect keeping with the vignette illustrations of the work itself.—*North American.*

Beautiful Work of Art.—We have examined, with much pleasure, a plate finished by Messrs. Gaskill & Copper, of this city, for David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is especially designed as a side plate for embellishing the covers of *Harper's Illustrated Bible*, and is made up of a series of illustrations and scenes from the Scriptures, among which we notice The Creation, David and his Harp, Abraham's Sacrifice, The Seven Candlesticks, and the Ten Commandments, The Good Shepherd, The Wood of Life, The Virgins, &c., &c.

We commend the spirit of our young friend Gihon, in getting up this costly and splendid affair, and bespeak for him a generous patronage from the subscribers to the Bible.—*Saturday Courier.*

Harper's Illustrated Bible.—Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a magnificent copy of Harper's Pictorial Bible of his binding. The covers are most richly embellished in gold with appropriate designs.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Harper's Bible—*Elegant Binding.*—We were shown yesterday, a copy of Harper's Illustrated and Pictorial Bible, bound in a magnificent style, by Mr. D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is a specimen of what Mr. Gihon can do in the way of elegant binding, and it is a substantial and beautiful piece of workmanship. Those who have copies of Harper's Bible, and who wish them bound in a manner corresponding in richness with this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, should call upon Mr. Gihon and examine his work.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Harper's Bible.—Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street, has caused to be prepared a superior set of ornamental dies for stamping the covers of Harper's Bible. We saw a copy yesterday, bound in a very superior manner, and the effect of the ornaments was neat and tasteful.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Splendid Binding.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street. The Bible is now completed, and as there are thousands desirous of having it bound in a style corresponding with the elegance of the internal letter press and illuminations, we most cordially commend Mr. Gihon to their patronage, fully convinced that he will do full justice to the undertaking.—*Neal's Sat. Gazette.*

Beautiful Work.—We mentioned, some weeks since, that Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut street, had prepared an *elegant side plate*, consisting of a number of suitable illustrations, for binding *Harper's Pictorial Bible.* We have since had the pleasure of examining a copy of that work bound by him, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful and appropriate specimens of bookbinding we have ever seen. We advise every person having the work in numbers to call and see this chaste piece of work, and also the elegant assortment of fine leather which Mr. Gihon has on hand. We feel assured that they will at once conclude to have the book bound by him.—*Sat. Evening Post.*

☞ As inducements to subscribers, Mr. Gihon will bind Harper's Bible, in *Calf, or Turkey Morocco, with Gilt Backs, Gilt Edges, and richly stamped Sides*, (being the style mentioned in all the above notices) for the EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICE OF SIX DOLLARS a copy—or where five persons club together and send the books *in one lot* he will bind FIVE FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding and re-Binding of Public and Private Libraries, works of Engravings, Books to match setts, &c., &c. TERMS MODERATE. nov 21 3t

CHEERING NEWS FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Miss Julia A. Woodford, says, in a letter to DR. JAYNE, dated, Naugatuck, Conn., Sept. 30, 1846:

"I am using your ALTERATIVE with good effect for a Scrofulous Affection under which I have been suffering for the last ten years." And after describing her situation, goes on to say:—"We have used a great deal of your medicines in my father's family, and have known them to make great cures. About five years since my brother was very sick with what was supposed to be CONSUMPTION. The best physician in the place was called in (we were then in Cabotville, Mass.,) and he came, I do not know just how long, but for a great many days, and brought with him other physicians—but still he grew worse. They at last gave him over; said they could do nothing more for him—THAT HE MUST DIE. We watched over him hour after hour, expecting that every breath would be his last. At length one night a gentleman called to see him and spoke of Dr JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT; said he thought he was too far gone to live, but that there could be no harm in trying it. The same night we sent to Springfield and obtained a bottle, and commenced giving it to him, with but little hopes of its having any effect. His physician called next day at his usual hour, and the moment he entered the room pronounced him better. We sent for more of the Expectorant, and gave him that *and nothing else* until he was entirely cured. He took twenty-seven bottles, and his health has been better since than it was before his sickness. He is now in Hopkinsville, Ky., attending to his business.

Respectfully yours, Julia A. Woodford."

The medicines are for sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. oct 31 tf

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended as a universal "cure all" have nevertheless proved superior to every thing of the kind, especially in LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA; and when used in conjunction with his Tonic Vermifuge will not fail one time in a hundred of effecting a permanent cure. *For sale at No. 8 SOUTH THIRD St.* aug 8 tf

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	3 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $3, Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. feb 28-10m O. CONRAD

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,

Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole,

THE BEST WEEKLY PAPER IN AMERICA.

As the vigorous defender of morality and a pure literature, it has gained for itself a name which entitles it to take the lead of journals, which are afraid to speak out upon this most important question.

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

As a literary journal the Post stands second to none. The best contributions of the American and Foreign mind, are procured to instruct and delight its large circle of readers—and no exertions shall be spared to render the Post a delightful companion both for old and young.

A MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. Careful attention will be paid to this important part of our paper to make it accurate and reliable.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

TERMS.

1 *Copy*,	$2 00 *per annum.*
3 *Copies*,	$5 00 " "
8 *Copies*,	$10 " "
13 *Copies*,	$15 " "
17 *Copies*,	$20 " "

The money must be always sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, *SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.,*
No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

WHO WANTS EMPLOYMENT?—AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, to obtain subscribers to, and dispose of one of the most valuable and important books ever published. Men of good address and business capacity, may clear from $300 to $1000 per annum. *All letters, to receive attention, must come*, POSTAGE PAID. For particulars, address
nov 8 1m] G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

☞ ALL THE WORKS HERE ADVERTISED ARE SOLD BY ROBERT SEARS, 128 Nassau street, New York. Also, by JOHN JONES, and CHARLES EVERETT TOOTHAKER, 28 North Fifth street, general agents for Philadelphia and its vicinity.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

☞ *To all persons interested in the* Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—*to Superintendents, Trustees, and Teachers of Schools—to Farmers, Mechanics, and Professional Men—the Works mentioned in the following pages of this cover are respectfully commended.*

SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY LIBRARY.
Eight volumes large octavo.
EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

A series of eight useful and attractive books, for the Wives and Children of the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer, Physician, Lawyer, and Divine—for persons in every sphere and station of life, and for followers of every pursuit—

FOR PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES, has been prepared with great care, and at enormous expense, combining the useful with the agreeable, the solid with the ornamental; and designed, by replacing the cheap trash which overruns the country, with literary food of a moral, attractive and useful character, to disseminate, broadcast, the seeds of virtue and religion, to extend far and wide the roots of a true and lofty patriotism, and, by making good citizens of the rising generation, to throw a firm bulwark around our free and noble institutions.

These Books must be placed in every Family in the United States!!

Reader! make a generous effort to assist us in attaining so desirable a purpose.

MOTHERS!! Aid us in this noble enterprise. By your assistance, in extending the circulation of our books, you may hereafter point with pride to your children, and say, with the Roman Cornelia, "These are my jewels."

☞ *To Postmasters throughout the United States!* ☜

As we intend to place our Books in every family, all POSTMASTERS are respectfully requested, where it is practicable and convenient, to act as Agents, or appoint us good, faithful ones—*working men*—who will do up the business in good style, *by visiting every family.* For the friendly feeling and courtesy already evinced by many Postmasters throughout the country, the Publisher is truly grateful. To them he must be indebted for much of the success he expects to meet with; and without their generous aid, it will be in vain to introduce his new and valuable works among the great body of the people. We do not expect all Postmasters to act as our Agents; but we believe there are but few who will not most cheerfully aid us by recommending our works to some enterprising young man, who would do so. In this way, they will benefit us, as well as the public, by the universal dissemination of good and cheap books, of an entertaining and instructive kind, among thousands who have hitherto had no opportunity to procure Illustrated Works, except at too great a cost.

The above works consist of
Sears' Pictorial Description of Great Britain and Ireland, 560 pages, large 8vo., containing 264 engravings.
Sears' Information for the People, 560 pages, large octavo.
Sears' Pictorial Sunday Book, 600 pages, large octavo.
Sears' New Pictorial Family Book, 600 pages, large octavo.
Sears' Pictorial History of the American Revolution, 450 pages, large octavo.
Sears' Pictorial Bible History, 600 pages, large octavo.
Sears' Pictorial Bible Biography, 600 pages, large octavo.
Sears' Wonders of the World, 600 pages, large octavo.

A good chance to clear from $500 to $1000 a-year.

AGENTS WANTED in every town and county throughout the Union, to procure subscribers to "*Sears' New Pictorial and Illustrated Family Magazine*," and to sell *Sears' New and Popular Pictorial Works*, universally acknowledged to be the best and cheapest ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
oct 26 tf No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

M. A. ROOT'S (LATE MAYALL'S) GALLERY OF DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS AND FAMILY GROUPS,

No. 140 Chesnut street, third door below Fifth street, (*Over Messrs. Bennett & Caldwell's Jewellery Store,*) 2d and 3d stories. ADMISSION FREE! Prices for Pictures, from $1,50 to $25 00, *Regulated by their size and character, and the style or richness of the case or frame.* Likenesses warranted.

TO AMATEURS AND OTHERS WISHING TO LEARN THE ART OF DAGUERREOTYPE.

Those desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the art, are informed that it is here taught on the principles of Chemical Philosophy, in a series of written and oral Lectures, which comprise a knowledge of the material used, of artistic arrangement, and the most perfect manipulation that this is in direct communication with the establishments of London and Paris, over which Mr. Mayall presides, and from whom the earliest information is received, as well as the cheapest and best materials of every kind. Add to which, each pupil, on being fully qualified, will receive a Diploma of *Merit.*

TO DAGUERREOTYPISTS.

Arrangements having been entered into with the manufacturers of Plates, Cases, Frames, and such Chemicals and other articles as are not imported or manufactured by us—all of which will be warranted of the best quality—operators can be supplied, in any part of the United States, with the best of everything used in the business, and at the lowest prices for good articles.

☞ TERMS CASH. All orders will be promptly attended to, if addressed, post paid, to M. A. ROOT,
oct 17 tf No. 140 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

WARDS' PROTRACTER SYSTEM of GARMENT CUTTING, AND QUARTERLY REPORTS OF THE PHILADA FASHIONS AND TAILORS' ARCHETYPES. This work embraces a system which is acknowledged by those who have tested the merits of various Rules to be the best delineator of Fashions, and the surest guide for an inexperienced Tyro in the art of Garment Cutting, enabling him in a few weeks to compete with cutters of many years practice. The Reports of Fashion are published every three months, on the first of January, April, July and October, and convey a correct idea of the styles in vogue. The Spring and Fall Reports are embellished with well executed Picture Plates, containing from 15 to 20 representations of costume.

TERMS, $5,00 per year, including Scales and Protracter, which articles may be sent to any part of the U. States at Magazine postage. Tailors wishing to subscribe have only to address a line by mail to
SAML. A. & ASAHEL F. WARD,
Publishers of Philadelphia Fashions,
No. 63 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
N. B. Tailor's Shears and Points, Crayons and Inch Measures, wholesale and retail. sep 26-3m

HO! HO! YOU'RE GETTING BALD ARE YOU?—Well, that is a misfortune, and not a crime; but to *remain bald*, when so fine an opportunity offers to restore your hair, by a faithful, and liberal use of Jayne's Hair Tonic is but little short of crime. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, cures those eruptive diseases which often appear upon the head, and in a majority of cases produces a fine growth of new hair. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance unequalled by any thing of the kind. For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

BEWARE OF THAT COUGH, for coughing denotes irritation of the throat or lungs, which is the immediate precursor of *Inflammation, Abscess, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Consumption and Death.* Now, there is no need of coughing at all, for JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT will immediately relieve the Cough, subdue the inflammation, cleanse the Lungs and throat from all irritating or obstructing matter, and effect a speedy cure. For sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street. aug 8 tf

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 16-6m ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

CANCER.—AN INTERESTING CASE CURED BY Dr. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—In the Spring of 1831, a Cancerous tumor appeared in the right breast of Mrs Phoebe, wife of Peter Sneath, of Salem, N. J. It was examined by many physicians, and was considered by all as cancerous, and besides bore all the characteristic marks of one. All probable means of removing were used without the slightest benefit. It continued to increase both in size and painfulness, until all hope of saving her life, but by a painful operation, was abandoned, which, after a consultation of eminent physicians, was performed, Jan. 1st, 1832 by Dr. John Rhea Barton, assisted by Dr. Redman, the proprietor, and two other medical gentlemen. The whole and entire right breast was removed, and after examination of the tumor, was pronounced by all present a Cancer of the most malignant character. In about three months, after enduring incredible sufferings, she was enabled, though broken in spirit, to get about again. She remained feeble and her general health was exceedingly bad, as indeed it had been for several years before. In the Spring of 1837, upwards of five years after her breast had been removed, a painful tumor made its appearance on the ride side, immediately over the part formerly occupied by the nipple of the right breast, previous to its removal. This tumor steadily increased, for several months, and became so painful as to deprive her of rest. The glands under the right arm were enlarged; and Scirrhus, and a hard, irregular, and at times painful tumor, appeared in the left breast. No operation could now arrest the disease. Indeed her whole body appeared to be a mass of disease. Her case was considered hopeless. She was of a very Scrofulous habit, both of her parents having died of Pulmonary Consumption. The experiment was now made with this ALTERATIVE. It was at first given in small doses, three times a day, and the doses very gradually, but steadily increased daily, as long as she took it, which was about six months, and the same over and around the tumor was wet night and morning with a strong solution of Iodine and Hydriodate Potash. The tumor continued increasing in size for about six weeks, and was at times very painful, when the pain suddenly ceased altogether, and the tumor swelled out at the base, and became soft, and then began to diminish, and continued gradually decreasing until every vestige of disease was removed. The tumor in her left breast, and those in the right axilla were also dispersed. No Cancerous or Scrofulous tumors ever appeared afterwards; and her general health, which had been so bad for fourteen years as to make life a burthen, was effectually and permanently restored.—The proprietor is in possession of the diseased breast, and those who choose may examine it. He would also say that he could mention over a dozen cases equally interesting, wherein his ALTERATIVE has subdued Cancer and Cancerous tumors, as well as immense numbers of Goitres or Bronchocele. Prepared and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d St. Philada. sep 12 tf

LATEST NEWS FROM HARRISBURG.
Harrisburg, Pa., July 15, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne:—Dear Sir.—Mr. John Mills, residing on the Cumberland side of the river, directly opposite this place, called on me a few days since, and stated that his wife was cured of a very severe cough, which she had been troubled with for a long time, by the use of your "EXPECTORANT." Before she commenced using it, she had become so weakened and reduced as to be obliged to keep her bed with every appearance of having deep-seated Consumption, and he had very little hopes of her recovery, especially on the night before she commenced using the Expectorant. Her cough was so tight and severe that he did not think she *could live till morning*, and three bottles, which he procured from me, restored her to perfect health. He wishes me to communicate these facts to you.

Respectfully, yours, MARTIN LUTZ.

N. B.—Your "Carminative Balsam" answers admirably the purpose for which it is intended, and is quite in demand. M. L.

Prepared only at No. 8 S. THIRD St. aug 8 tf

"DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP."
Philadelphia, July 27, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I certify that before my remembrance I became afflicted with what the physicians called SCROFULA. It made its first appearance by pain and swelling of my joints—more especially of my ankles, knees, wrists and elbows, after which the glands of my throat and neck became inflamed and swelled attended with most excruciating pains. I was often confined entirely to my bed, and for weeks together could not move my neck or turn my head. Several physicians attended upon me at different times, they did not appear to do me any good.

About a year ago I was attacked with vomiting, which continued every few minutes all one night. The next day an eruption appeared on the sides of my neck, which soon spread all over my neck, head and face, with inflammation of my eyes and eyelids, which destroyed my eye lashes, and caused the hair to fall from off my head; and soon the disease spread all over me; my limbs were one entire scab. I could not bend my arms or hands without causing the skin to crack open, when the blood would run out. Some of my finger nails came off. In short, I was unable to get my own living, and in this condition I was taken by Mrs David Stewart and Mrs. Elizabeth Doughty, of Spring Garden street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, to DR. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, in order that he might undertake my case. He directed me to take his ALTERATIVE three times a day, according to the directions, and his SANATIVE PILLS as often as I should find necessary. I have now taken his Alterative four months, and am most happy to say that *it has entirely cured me.*

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,
aug 8-tf No. 118 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

WORMS! WORMS! WORMS!—To remove those troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the stomach and bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of worms, dyspepsia, sour stomach, want of appetite, infantile fever and ague, and debility of the stomach and bowels and organs of digestion. It is without exception one of the most valuable preparations in the world. Sold at No. 8 South THIRD Street. jy 4 tfy

EVANS & WATSON'S PATENT IMPROVED FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, SLATE-LINED REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, Isinglass, &c., which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soap-stone. We still continue to make our celebrated Air Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank; as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use are made.

The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1842, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.
N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.
Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Sixth streets.
John M. Ford, 32 north Third street.
Miers Fish, 20 north Third street.
Bailey & Brother, 136 Market street.
A. Wright & Nephew, Vine street wharf.
James W. Paul, 101 south Fourth street.
Dr. Jayne, 8 south Third street.
Mr. Patterson, Navy Agent.

And we have about 450 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange, and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

All persons in want are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Patent Slate Refrigerators, Water Filterers, Coolers, Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Hoisting Machines, Plain and Ornamental Iron Railing, Trucks for Stores, Superior Patent Locks, Fire Proof Doors for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.
June 27-1y EVANS & WATSON.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following liberal terms:

2 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00	" "
13 "	$15.00	" "
17 "	$20.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the consciences and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Life. There are good things in this poem—but the execution generally falls far short of the conception. By the way, the higher the conception, the more difficult the execution. Let the author try a simpler theme.

My Little Cousin Alice. Many thanks to our correspondent for his pretty little poem—we trust to hear often from him. We are sorry that we could not comply with his request in relation to the Charade, owing to the deed being done already, at the time we received his note.

Valley of Dreams. There are some fine passages in this poem. We are pleased to rank the author among our contributors.

Journal of a Physician's Wife. We have received another portion of the Journal, which we shall hold on to until we receive more. Perhaps it would be better to wind up the Journal now—though we trust the author will try her hand at some more general sketches of Western life.

"WAYSIDE SKETCHES."

We complete this week J. Bayard Taylor's Wayside Sketches of the Old World. We risk nothing in saying, that these letters have been among the most carefully and eloquently written, that have ever been published in any newspaper in the United States. Of course, the cost has been considerable—but we owe it to our large circle of readers to stop at no reasonable outlay, when anything is proposed calculated to add to the interest and variety of our sheet. What is generally thought of Mr. Taylor's Letters, may be inferred from the fact that one of the most enterprising publishing houses in New York, is on the eve of issuing them in two volumes, with additions and emendations by the author. One conclusion that Mr. Taylor has come to, it would be well for those of us who are not always satisfied with the progress of events at home, to take to heart. It will be found at the termination of his present interesting letter:—"I now return home loving my own land more than ever, *having seen, by contrast, how far she has outstripped the rest of the world in freedom and intelligence.*"

DOMBEY AND SON.

We trust that none of our readers will neglect the perusal of this new novel of Dickens's. In England 150,000 copies of the second number, the first part of which appears in this week's Post, have been published, and it is calculated that Boz will clear $50,000 by the whole work. Florence, the sweet little girl, with such longings for kindness and love, met continually by such cold repulses on the part of her father and aunt, is a most interesting character. Walter, too, the frank, gay, brave hearted lad, with all his boyish passion for adventure and the sea, promises to be a gem of the first water. Susan Nipper, also, with her sharp, black eyes and enigmatical sayings, is a prime favorite of ours—and although she threatens continually to eat every body up, boots and all, it's no reason why she shouldn't be at heart a very clever and harmless sort of personage. And the baby—the son of Dombey and Son—if he "turns out a Dombey," we shall be mistaken. Altogether the opening chapters of this work indicate a tale in Boz's best vein.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We often of late see paragraphs going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that the Emperor of Russia is by no means the tyrant that some people imagine; but, on the contrary, quite a well behaved, benevolent and amiable gentleman, and in addition, considerable of a reformer in *his way*. The last observation of the kind we have seen, was prefixed to a notice of an American, whom Nicholas has at present in his employ as, we believe, a teacher of mathematics to some of the young hopefuls of the Hyperborean regions. Now, that Nicholas is not a fool, but a man of energy and spirit, we have no intention of denying. That his pride leads him to desire that Russia should no longer linger behind all the rest of Europe in the arts and sciences, especially those which are useful in war, we have no doubt; and that in this period of railroads and steamboats, and cheap reading, when travellers will see and prate, too, *when they get home*, as to the condition of things in his vast dominions, he should not wish to hear them report that Russia is sunk in boorish stupidity to the very lips, we have also no manner of reason for disbelieving. But that the despotic tyrant of Russia, notwithstanding all this, is worthy to receive the praise and admiration of a free and chivalrous people, we must be allowed most respectfully to question.

It is not our design to enter into an examination of the principal events that have occurred during the reign of the present Emperor of Russia, neither is it needful for the purpose of this article. We shall only call attention to two or three of the achievements that have signalized the possession of arbitrary power by Nicholas, and then put it to all brave and magnanimous men, whether his name should be uttered by them with any other feelings than those of disgust and aversion.

Passing over with but a reference, the general policy pursued by the Russian government toward unhappy Poland, the banishment of the noblest of her sons to foreign lands, or their more hideous exile in the dreary wastes and mines of Siberia—a policy, be it remembered, not softened or mitigated in the least since the accession of the present monarch to the throne—we come to one incident of peculiar atrocity. We allude to the most unmanly and inhuman course pursued towards a sisterhood of Polish Nuns, because they refused to abjure the Roman Catholic religion and embrace the tenets of the Greek Church, the state religion of Russia. The circumstance at the time of its occurrence, caused a thrill of horror through all Europe and America; but as we fear the remembrance of it is dying out, we will barely sketch its outlines, leaving the rest of the horrid picture to the imagination or the memory of our readers. The Nuns, still refusing to change their religion, were given over to the tender mercies of a band of Cossacks; and suffered all the indignities that women can suffer from ruthless [illegible]—ending in many cases (though [illegible]

To only one thing more is it necessary to call the attention of a free people, in order that this absurd and disgusting sympathy for an unscrupulous despot, should be put at rest forever. Ever since Nicholas has been Emperor, has he been engaged in an unholy war against the liberty loving mountaineers of the Caucasus. And what is their offence? Nothing but a determination not to wear the chain and the yoke of Russia. Year after year has the base tyrant pour his solid masses of troops into the wilds of the Caucasus, and year after year, thus far, thank God, have the brave Circassians flung them back, as the heroic Swiss in the old days, hurled back the myrmidons of Austria, and the fierce men at-arms of Burgundy. And shall we, knowing these facts—shall Americans, renowned above all other nations, for their reverence and respect for woman, and for their devotion to the cause of Freedom, two kindred sentiments, shall they learn to use any other language than that of contempt and abhorrence towards the greatest and most unscrupulous despot now reigning in the world? Shall we hear with patience the praises of a man, who respects neither the holy helplessness and the sacred chastity of womanhood, nor the inalienable rights of a free and heroic people? Shame on those who are not true enough to their republican instincts, to remember that a despot may be very kind and gentlemanly when his humor is not thwarted, and yet a very demon when angry and aroused! When his claws are drawn in, doubtless the Russian is as smooth as velvet. His is not a singular case. Byron bore the same testimony as to Ali Pacha:—

> "A man of wars and woes;
> Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
> While gentleness her milder radiance throws
> Along that aged, venerable face,
> *The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.*"

Let us then have no more of this. American lips should call tyrants, tyrants; and not seek to palliate with details of kindness to a single individual here and there, the ruin and misery inflicted upon hundreds of thousands.

THE VAN NESS CASE.

This very singular case is now on trial in Washington. The particulars of it, as we learn from a correspondent of the United States Gazette, are briefly these:

"The plaintiff in this case, generally known here as Mrs. Conner, claims to be the widow of the late General John P. Van Ness. She avers that after the desertion of her first husband, fourteen or fifteen years ago, while endeavoring to support herself by keeping a boarding house in this city, General Van Ness made her acquaintance, and became intimate with her, and that the fruit of this intimacy was a child, which died in a few months:—that General Van Ness, under an assumed name, introduced her into the family of a respectable widow, living with her daughter, and that she assumed the name he had taken, and was called and regarded as his wife. She appealed to him to make atonement for the wrong by marriage, which he consented to do, but, on one pretext or another, postponed the fulfilment of his pledge until some time in August, 1845.

"About the end of July, 1845, it is alleged that by previous arrangement, General Van Ness went on to New York, and that in a day or two afterwards, Mrs Conner and her daughter went on to Philadelphia, and took lodgings at Mrs. Moulder's (formerly of this city) within a square of the Mansion House Hotel, where the General always stopped; that about the 5th of August, he returned from New York to Philadelphia, called at Mrs. Moulder's to see Mrs. Conner, and the next morning took her out to an Alderman's office, where he married her. To prove this fact, she relies on certain letters purporting to be written by General Van Ness, in which he addresses her as his lawful wife, and signs himself her affectionate husband. She has no certificate, asserting that the General retained this essential document in his possession, because he desired the marriage to be concealed from his family until he should determine on the propriety of its disclosure. Nor can she tell by what Alderman the ceremony was performed, or give any clew to the place to which the General escorted her."

The defendant, Cornelius Van Ness, administrator of the deceased General, avers the whole statement to be a fraud, and a trumped-up conspiracy on the part of the claimant and others, to extort money from the estate. As it stands, it is certainly a very curious affair—and we await the issue with some curiosity. If it be a mere conspiracy, and the lady in question be an impostor, we trust that she and all connected with her in this business, will be severely punished—but if what she says is true, we hope the Court will allow no considerations of the "*respectability*" of the Van Ness family to come between her and her just rights.

CHARACTER OF LAWYERS.

We cut the following squib at the profession of the Law from one of our exchanges:—

"*A Difficult Undertaking.*—The editor of the Knickerbocker informs his readers that there will be an attempt made in the next number of that sterling magazine, to prove, by elaborate argument, that a lawyer is not necessarily a rascal!"

We embrace the opportunity to say that, so far as our experience extends, the honesty of lawyers as a class, is not inferior to that of any other portion of the community. That there are unprincipled lawyers, as well as unprincipled merchants and clergymen, no one will deny—but there is nothing in the study or practice of the law, any more calculated to undermine the moral character of a man, than in mercantile and other more ordinary pursuits. On the contrary, we are rather inclined to think, that the study of the law has a tendency to elevate and strengthen the moral tone of the character; and though the practice of it, by bringing the lawyer occasionally into contact with all manner of trickery and depravity, may sometimes familiarize the mind into toleration for the vices, as well as the weaknesses, of humanity; yet perhaps it fully as often serves to disgust the heart with anything that has the least appearance of slyness or dishonesty. This view of the matter is supported by the well-known fact, that some of the noblest and most virtuous men in the country, are members of the legal profession.

THE MECHANIC.

There are no class of men that have less reason to be ashamed of their occupation than Mechanics. The necessity and usefulness of what they do is evident to the dullest mind. The workmanship of the Poet has been sometimes contemned and derided as useless and unprofitable, and a large, and, in general, most liberal-minded religious sect, have proscribed the Musician as not only a time-waster, but a decoy of Belial; but the usefulness of the Mechanic, the worker in material things, is as evident and palpable as the usefulness of the solid earth on which he labors. The extract that we subjoin from the "Carpenter of Rouen," is one of the finest yet truest compliments to the workers in wood and metals and precious stones, that we have ever seen.

"The Mechanic is one of God's noblemen. What have Mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the Mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not Mechanics opened the bowels of earth, and made its products contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind? To the wise they are the flood-gates of knowledge and kings and queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the world was a great mechanic."

THE NEW ENGLAND WASHINGTONIAN.

We have been for some time intending to pay our respects to this most ably conducted paper, but have not been able to get an opportunity of doing so, on account of the frequent commendations that have appeared in it of our course relative to immoral publications, and we detest any appearance of the "you tickle me, I tickle you" policy, which papers of the "baser sort" often indulge in. But even at the risk of incurring an imputation of that kind from those who do not know us, we take the liberty of saying that the Washingtonian is conducted with a fearlessness and ability that places it in the very front rank of the newspaper press—which front rank, in our opinion, is composed of those presses which, not pretending to be always right, do not hesitate to speak out boldly their sentiments in relation to what they conscientiously believe wrong.

INSULT TO THE U. STATES.

It is stated that the King of Prussia has recently refused to receive a citizen of the United States as Consul for the Rhenish Provinces, but demands that a Prussian shall be appointed. Of course, Mr. Polk will inform his majesty that with every disposition to oblige the Prussian government, he will appoint whom he pleases as Consuls to foreign powers, and insist upon their reception.

THE ARMY.

Letters from the army generally agree in stating that Gen. Taylor has avowed his determination to make no movement further than to take possession of Saltillo, until he receives reinforcements. The volunteer and regular troops have been so reduced by sickness and death, and by discharges, that his forces are at present too weak for the responsible work before him.

AWFUL EXPLOSION.

We learn from a correspondent of the North American, that a tremendous explosion took place at Beatty's powder mills, about eight miles from Baltimore, on last Monday morning.

It was thought in that city to have been an earthquake at first, so severely did it rattle and shake the houses. Indeed, some glass was broken in windows, whilst in a number of instances, crockery and glassware tumbled from the shelves and were broken. On repairing to the scene of disaster the three large buildings (70 yards apart) belonging to the mill, were found scattered over the surrounding country to the distance of ten acres.

There were five men in the building at the time of the explosion, and they were blown into hundreds of fragments—legs, arms, heads, masses of flesh and bones were scattered in every direction, and the entrails of a man were found hanging to the limb of a tree more than a hundred yards from the mill. The quantity of powder in the establishment at the time of the explosion exceeded two *tons*; the houses for a mile and a half in the country round were more or less damaged; doors were forced open; windows broken, and men prostrated by its effects. No idea can be formed as to the cause of the explosion, as all witnesses were instantly killed. One of the workmen left the mill a few minutes before the accident, and the hands were at that time at work at their regular business.

The names of the five persons who lost their lives by this disaster are James Bush, Francis Woodward, William Brandon, a German named Knoop, and a colored man named Nelson Wigner.

PROVIDENT OLD LADY.

A writer in Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, discoursing, upon the absurd custom of feasting at funerals, which we rejoice to say is rapidly going out of fashion, tells the following amusing anecdote:—

"I remember a kind hearted creature as ever went to Heaven, who had all her life been renowned for a princely hospitality and her capital table, who, when dying at an advanced age—having made her will and taken leave of every one—found a little remnant of her poor life and breath yet remained. The dear gracious woman signed to her attendant, bade her take pencil and paper, and write down the bill of fare for the coming funeral dinner! The mourner struggled with her tears and obeyed; course after course was arranged—energy still lingering. At length all was done, down to the biscuits of the dessert—and the good lady subsided into her former state of quiet waiting, as of one who was patient because she knew the gate was being unlocked. A pause, and then another sign to call the watcher's attention: 'And take care,' added the expiring woman, by way of codicil, 'that the knives be sharp this time, for ——— will sit at the bottom of the table, and he is a most wretched carver.'"

TO BOOKSELLERS.

One of our subscribers, a clergyman, in Ohio, sends us the following, which he says he knows from his own personal knowledge to be a fact—he knew the publisher in question well, and had frequently bought books from him.

"Mr. Editor:—About thirty years ago, a celebrated bookseller in Cheapside, London, was in the habit of selling a considerable number of novels, such as Roderick Random, Tom Jones, &c., among a large variety of miscellaneous works. After a few years he banished novels of every description from his counter.

"A friend of mine inquired of him, why he made this alteration in his trade. He replied, that one evening a girl of the town called at his shop, and directing his attention to her condition, said, 'I was brought, sir, to my present situation, by reading a novel bought at your shop.' This circumstance, he continued, so affected his mind, that he resolved from that time, to sell no more works of an equivocal character. He lived up to his resolution, and for the remainder of his life, benefitted a large number by his cheap publications—*but no books of an immoral tendency were to be found in his catalogue.*

"I trust your present opposition to licentious publications may produce a similar resolution in all the publishers of this country."

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier narrates the following incident:

"While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, great God! and *is this war?* Passing the spot the next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it,—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail!"

CAPTAIN RIDGELY.

Late advices bring a confirmation of the report of Capt Ridgely's death, by a fall from his horse. He was always noted for a desperate and fearless rider, and it appears that he was going from the quarters of his regiment, which were picketed on the outside of the city, to dine in Monterey, and was mounted on a vicious Mexican horse, that, in going over a spot of loose stones, stumbled in full speed, and threw his rider with great violence, whose head struck a stone wall. We learn there was no fracture of the skull, but the concussion was so severe that the blood started from his eyes and mouth, and soon proved fatal. Alas! for the many brave spirits that have met a premature grave on the deadly plains of Mexico—some perishing by the sword and bullet, some by fell disease, and others, escaping these, dying, like Ridgely, in the very hour of triumph, by some untoward accident or mischance!

READ THIS, FARMERS.

Our young country friends, who think that all a man has to do to get rich in the cities, is to open a store and hang up his sign, will do well to read the following facts. And if they think these are merely the exceptions, and not the general rule, let them ask any old merchant and he will soon convince them from his own experience, of the contrary:—

"General Dearborn, of Boston, in Hunt's Magazine, says, 'that among one hundred merchants and traders, not more than three, in the city of Boston, have acquired independence.' Gen. Dearborn was collector of the port of Boston for twenty years, and had, therefore, good opportunities of seeing these vicissitudes. Another writer in the same magazine states on the best authority that of one hundred merchants on Long Wharf, Boston, doing business in 1800, only five remained in 1840. They had all failed or died destitute of property. It is also stated that of one thousand dealers with the Massachusetts Bank in 1800, only six remained in 1840."

SHELLING OUT.

The New York Tribune says:—"The Great Western brought out £30,000 in sovereigns, and the Acadia is reported to have about the same amount. This is the beginning of the stream of bullion which has been looked for, and which promises to continue until it has reached a very large amount. Even the freight money of our ships which will be sent home in bullion, will amount to a large sum. It is calculated that from a million to a million and a half will be received within a month."

The stream of specie has been running so long the other way, that it is high time old Father Europe should begin to "shell out" to his young and promising son and heir, America.

MOST GUILTY HASTE.

A clergyman in Virginia, writing to some friends, says—"Yesterday, at half-past three o'clock, I preached the funeral sermon of a man; and to-day, at the same hour, I married his widow to another man; the former husband has been dead *four* weeks."

If we had been the clergyman we should have been ashamed to tell that we had officiated at such a marriage.

THE POTATO CROP.

The Journal of Commerce, publishes the following extract of a letter dated Liverpool 31st Oct. 1846:—"The potato failure is now found to be more partial than was anticipated. Some fields looked upon as totally consumed, on turning them *over* have been found to be in a perfectly good state of preservation, and not only in quality, but also in quantity."

NEW INVENTION.

The Rochester Advertiser states that a new invention has recently been made in the Magnetic Telegraph by which the writing process is rendered plain and simple. It is understood to operate so as to make the impress of every letter perfectly distinct upon the paper. This, of course, will do away with the characters to represent the alphabet.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

No longer in the upraised edge of dagger or of sword,
No longer in the battlecry of "Gideon and the Lord,"
Nor in the charge of mailed hosts, which billow, wave on wave,
Where every step some son goes down, some father finds a grave;
No longer in the cannon's roar, which jars the mountain high,
And rolls from hill to hill as rolls the thunder down the sky,
Nor in the warrior's [illegible] front, the [illegible] and ban,
Is found the heritage of him, the holy Hope of Man.

No, in these "latter days," no more the Christian Knight may gird
Upon his thigh th' avenging sword, and smite the Paynim herd;
Nor, as those men of God of old, unto whose prayers the sun
Stood still in Heaven on Gibeon, and the moon in Ajalon,
May soldiers of the cross now raise their bloody hands on high,
And call on God to bless the cause where truth and justice lie;
For as the ages speed, the world outgrows the first rude plan,
And springs no more from tyrants' blood, the violet, Hope of Man.

The barren land where falls in vain the soft mist and the shower,
And from whose cold hard breast can spring no verdure and no flower,
May need at first the stern, sharp share should through its depths be driven,
To lay it open to the sun, and the kindly dews of Heaven;
But when within the broken mould the pregnant grain is sown,
And the dull earth begins to wear a beauty not its own,
The useless share is thrown aside, and breezes soft and bland,
Must swell the stalk, and fill the ear, fit for the reaper's hand.

No longer, therefore, may we raise rebellion's flag in air,
Though, 'neath some tyrant's cruel yoke, our hearts almost despair;
Never again to right the wrong, or serve a holy cause,
Uproot the State, and with strong arms undo unequal laws.
Henceforth Truth conquers as a God, in whose word lies His power,
Not as a brute, whose only might is its rude earthly dower,
Such is the Present's new-born thought, the Future's golden plan;—
In Love, not Hate, henceforward lies, the holy Hope of Man.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following description of a Mexican dinner:—

"The dinner was very excellent, but served up in the most primitive style. No knives or forks were furnished us, but we have already learned how to do without such luxuries. The meat either had bones for handles, or was cut up into blessed mouthfulls. As to the thick soup and thin hash, all we had to do was to tear off a slip of tortilla, which is as tough as rotten leather, bend it into a scoop, dip up the food, and eat spoon and all! It requires a little practice to do this adroitly, but we had already got the hang of it. Boiled eggs were brought on. They were cooked soft, the shells being merely scalded, and set in little cakes of raw dough. The tops were opened, and a little stick about three inches long and of about the size of a large knitting needle, handed to each of us. As Lewis did all the Spanish for both, I looked to him for instructions how to eat with these sticks. He was at the same time turning side glances to see me begin. At last I asked him to show me, as the job appeared as difficult as eating soup with a knitting-needle. After hesitating a moment, in evident confusion, the Major 'fessed cold,' and inquired of the Senora. She informed us that the sticks were to stir in the salt, after which the eggs were to be sucked. How stupid we were not to have understood this simple process!"

CARELESSNESS, OR WORSE.

A great mistake occurred in telegraphing the Acadia's news from Boston to New York. The price of flour in bond was announced at 33s., the extreme quotation of the circulars brought by the Great Western, and in consequence flour dealers looking on the news as favorable, were inclined to expect higher prices than they would otherwise have accepted. Instead of an advance, we find that flour has declined 2s. 6d. or about 56¼ cents per barrel.

Cotton, as we stated, has declined ⅛d. in price. Such blunders, if intentional, should ruin the reputation of those who make them; and, even if unintentional, should be visited with severe censure.

COMING BY DROVES.

It is stated that there are seven thousand Tailors out of employment in London. They held a meeting and resolved as the only mode of lessening their distress to embark for America.

A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions to pay the passage of those who were willing to embark; nine hundred and sixty entered their names for Canada and Nova Scotia, and two thousand nine hundred and four for New York and the United States. They will all be here in March or April next. We are afraid their brethren of the craft in this country, will not be very glad to see them.

ELECTION ON SUNDAY.

Owing to want of thought, the election of Constables in Louisiana was made by the last Legislature of that State, to come upon the first *day*, instead of the first Monday, in November. As the first day of this month occurred on a Sunday, it created considerable embarrassment—some contending that the election must be held notwithstanding, and some that it must be deferred. In parishes where the office was lucrative, they adhered, as the witty editor of the U. S. Gazette says, to "the law and the *profits*," and elected Constables; in other parts of the State, they let the election go over.

SOME LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

A Mexican girl, according to the Picayune, recently found what her father supposed to be an American gold piece.

"'My daughter found this down in the chapparel, towards the river,' said the old man, 'and says it is American gold, but I am afraid it is not good coin. She, however, says that American gold differs in color from ours.' The Major examined the coin by the light of a slim tallow candle, and then informed the Senorita that it took just six and a quarter like it to make one picayune! The poor deceived creature almost burst out crying. It was 'the first red cent' she had ever seen."

THE HUTCHINSONS.

The New York Mirror says, speaking of the first concert of these unrivalled singers in that city:—

"The Tabernacle was crowded to its utmost capacity by an audience presenting a very curious contrast to the audiences which crowded to the Concerts of De Meyer, Sivori, and Herz. There was neither a moustache nor a lorgnette in the house, and we looked in vain for a gentleman with a red ribbon in his button-hole. The audience, like the singers and their themes were purely indigenous. There were more Yankees present than are usually found at the annual solemnities of the sons of the Pilgrims."

TOO BAD.

"A Mr. Hines, of New Bedford, lately recovered $20 damages against a young lady of nineteen, named Elizabeth Smith, for a breach of promise of marriage."

Who will talk of women being denied their rights in this country, after the above? Mr. Hines sues Miss Smith, and gets only twenty dollars—had the case been reversed, and Miss Smith sued Mr. Hines, she would doubtless have recovered at least from two hundred to two thousand. Truly, as the poet Cowper says, "Man does not feel for man."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That the American is, with the exception of the English, perhaps, the only service in the world, which closes the road to promotion against the common soldier, allowing him, whatever may be his merits, to rise no higher than a non commissioned officer, while the higher ranks of the army are filled up by party leaders and their friends. This is not only most unjust and impolitic—but in direct opposition to the cardinal principles of Republicanism. Let the next Congress look to it.

HORRIBLE.

The following shows the state of morals in China:—

"The Pekin police go their rounds with a cart to pick up the bodies of the infants that have been thrown into the streets during the night. They are placed in a common pit outside the city walls, and 'no questions asked.'"

FLOUR FOR ALGIERS.

The New Orleans Bulletin says:—"Among the sales of flour yesterday, were upwards of two thousand barrels destined for direct shipment to Algiers."

IRON IN MAINE.

We see it stated that Dr. Jackson, the Geologist, says that Maine has resources of iron "equal to any country in the world."

CHARLES DICKENS.

The London correspondent of the Boston Journal, makes the following statement. It reads as if there was more malice than truth in it:—

"'Boz' is living in style at the west end. Peers of Parliament invite him to their mansions, and he in return invites them to his. How long this will last I cannot say, but as he has very nearly 'run the length of his tether,' his present production being indicative of this, his vanity, his extravagance, and his 'aping' the fashion and style of the nobles of the land, are doomed to experience a check. He and his companions in literature are not on the best of terms. Mr. Douglas Jerrold called upon him a few evenings ago, but to use the very word of my informant, he was 'snubbed;' the consequence was that Mr. Jerrold left the house immediately, indignant at the treatment he had received from the man of yesterday as it were. The secret was, that Mr. Dickens had a party of 'nobs' that evening, and Mr. Jerrold was not deemed sufficiently fashionable and aristocratic to form one of the party. When Dickens gives an entertainment to a noble Lord, he thinks nothing of giving a hundred pounds for an ornament for the room. It would be well for him if he would bear in mind that humble things become a small man."

THE COTTON CROP.

A subscriber in Harrison county, Texas, under date of Oct. 31, writes to us as follows:—

"We have in this County nearly done picking out cotton, and can say with safety that our crop will fall short in the aggregate one half. Some farmers who planted very early will make two-thirds of a crop, as the bolls matured previous to the commencement of the ravages of the worm, which has been very destructive to late cotton. I planted twelve acres which should have made one thousand pounds or more per acre—off of which I did not gather but two thousand nine hundred and seventy pounds—which will give you a pretty fair estimate of the falling off of the late cotton. I am informed by good authority that the crops of cotton in Western Texas have suffered a greater loss than ours by the fell destroyer. Our corn crops are abundant—it is now offering at two bits per bushel, and but few purchasers.

"P. S. Our county has suffered a good deal the past season with intermittent and remittent fevers—but few congestive. The latter are easily managed by remedial agents."

LORD BYRON.

The following upon the character of the celebrated poet, is from a lecture delivered by Mr. Vandenhoff, the tragedian, in Boston:

"He spoke of Byron, as 'the wayward poet of passion, caprice and self brooding spleen; now soaring on Eagle's wing in regions of imagination almost too dazzling for the sight—anon, bound down and grovelling on the earth, 'with serviest fancies,' or plunging into depths of gloom so dark and drear that the affrighted eye shrinks from the abyss into which he falls, and dares but guess the horrors that it leads to—an intellectual riddle, a poetical *sphynx*; *a mind* that may be said to have been *typified by his body,—splendid in its intellectual development, deformed in its lower members*; 'the front of Jove himself,' but the feet of a Satyr; noble, great, dignified, sublime, in *all of him that looked to Heaven*, but mean, petty, distorted, warped and unsightly in *all that bound him to the earth*."

GUN SAW-DUST.

If the following be true, the demand for cotton will not be much increased by the new discovery in relation to making it explosive:

"The London Athenæum states, that Mr. George Turner, of Leeds, has discovered an explosive compound cheaper than that of cotton. Instead of cotton he uses saw-dust, or any fibrous vegetable matter, which he immerses from eight to ten minutes in equal measures of nitric acid, specific gravity one and a half, and of common oil of vitrol. A slight increase of the latter increases the rapidity of the combustion. With this prepared saw-dust, Mr. Turner discharged a pocket pistol, loaded with ball, with a force equal to that of gunpowder."

OUR GENERALS.

We are pleased to learn that entire harmony and good feeling exist between Generals Taylor, Worth, Butler, &c.

From this we conclude that the letter-writers were mistaken in their accounts of unpleasant words having passed between Generals Taylor and Butler at the seige of Monterey.

NOVEL IMPORTATION.

The Boston Bee states that a British schooner arrived at that port recently from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, with one hundred and eight pairs socks, and two thousand six hundred and sixty four pairs mittens, which, together with a lot of old copper and junk, composed the whole of her cargo.

GETTING OLD.

The Duke of Wellington is now 77 years old, Joseph Hume 70, Lord Morpeth 44, Daniel O'Connell 72, Sir Robert Peel 58, Lord Stanley 46, Earl Grey 44, Lord Brougham 67, Lord Lyndhurst 74, Lord George Bentinck 44, the Duke of Richmond 53, the Duke of Rutland 68.

IMPUDENCE.

A Boston dentist lately sent an advertisement to the editor of the Manchester American, offering, if he would publish it to the amount of twenty five dollars, to let him take it out in dentistry. The editor very respectfully declined the offer.

MODESTY.

We learn from the New York Albion that M. Alexandre Dumas has translated Hamlet into French, and *added an act*. In his remarks on this deed, M. Jules Janin says that M. Dumas has done honor equally to Hamlet and Shakespeare!

IT MAY BE.

A writer in the New Orleans Tropic avers, that the $2,000,000 seized upon by Santa Anna, was taken with the sanction of Great Britain. This may be, but we are slow to believe such easily made assertions.

TEA AND COFFEE.

The forthcoming Message of the President will recommend, it is stated, an imposition of duties on tea, coffee, spices, and some other articles not produced in our own country.

TWO POETS MADE ONE.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett and Robert Browning have recently been married to each other in London.

COLONEL FREMONT.

It is rumored that this gentleman has been appointed Governor of California.

Notices of New Works.

Godey's Lady's Book. Godey's for December, has one of the prettiest covers for a Lady's Magazine that we have ever seen. The engravings are The Beau's Stratagem; The Excursion—a very pretty thing; and a portrait of a *Philadelphia* Lady Equestrian. We will take the liberty of saying, however, that such a looking *thing* as that which is represented holding the Lady's horse, we never saw in Philadelphia, and hope we never shall see. Of all things, we despise that aping of Europe's aristocracy, shown by our wealthy classes, when they dress up their "*hired men*" in livery—and we despise the servant that will wear such a monkey badge. From the slight glance which is all we have been as yet able to give the literary matter of this number, we should think it was very good. We notice the names of J. K. Paulding, H. Hastings Weld, T. S. Arthur, Miss Leslie, Mrs Annan, Mary Davenant, William Wallace, &c., &c., among the contributors.

Pictorial History of the World. *By John Frost, L. L. D. Philadelphia: Charles J. Gillis.* We have received from the publisher Nos 28, 29 and 30 of this work. As the stream of history flows down nearer our own times, it becomes an object of greater interest; and the numbers of Mr. Frost's work before us treat of the French Revolution, and the actors in that wonderful tragedy, a subject of which the people of this age will never grow tired of hearing.

The Boudoir Annual. *Philadelphia: Theodore Bliss & Co.* This contains some good engravings from the burin of Sartain, whose name alone is a pledge of superiority; and a variety of entertaining pieces in prose and verse, some on historic and others on scriptural subjects. Among the original contributors is the name of Dr. Reynell Coates, who is also the editor. The selected pieces are from James, the novelist, Mrs. Abdy, and other popular sources.

Small Books on Great Subjects. We are indebted to *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, the publishers, for two more volumes of this interesting series. One treats of the "Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century," while the other is a "Brief View of Greek Philosophy from the Age of Socrates to the Coming of Christ." These books are very valuable to those who wish to meet with much knowledge in a small space.

Columbian Magazine. The December number of the Columbian is adorned with three engravings. The first called "Laying Down the Law" is the best, and a very good one. The "Tiger Hunt," and the Fashion Plate are only tolerable. The contributions, which are much better than common, are from the pens of Mrs Child, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Butler, H. P. Grattan, &c., &c.

Sears' Pictorial Magazine.—We have received the January number of this excellent and instructive Magazine. Among other embellishments is an engraving of Cincinnati. This number opens with a description of Ohio, and we understand that Mr. Sears contemplates to give a description of one of the States of the Union, every month during the next year. *Terms $2 00 per annum in advance.*

Chambers's Information for the People. We are indebted to the publishers, *Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.*, for No. 6 of this valuable work.

Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare. *Lindsay & Blakiston* have received Nos. 123 and 124 of the illuminated Shakspeare.

Christmas Stories, together With Pictures from Italy.—*By Charles Dickens, (Boz). Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Price 25 cents.* This volume contains "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," and the "Cricket on the Hearth," in addition to "Pictures from Italy." All the Christmas Stories of Dickens's are too well known, they have been to so many hearts a source of sweet joy, that anything we could say in their commendation would be superfluous. One [illegible] that we are glad that Christmas is again coming, is that we shall probably have another of these beautiful stories.

Dombey and Son. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have received from the publishers the second number of this admirable work. Judging from the frontispiece, which we suppose is copied from the English edition, the hitherto prosperous Firm of Dombey & Son is to come tumbling down some day, involving hundreds in its ruin. This number is illustrated with two engravings, one representing the Christening party, and the other Polly rescuing the Charitable Grinder.

Classical Antiquities. *By Joseph Salkeld. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This little book is a compendium of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, and will be found very useful to readers who have not received a classical education. Appended to the work is a sketch of Ancient Mythology. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Chestnut and Fourth Streets.*

Pictorial History of England. We have received, from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 13 of this Pictorial History, now being published by the Harpers.

Littell's Living Age. We have received from *Zieber & Co.*, No. 132 of the Living Age, it is as interesting and instructive as ever.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Great Naval Preparations—Why?—Coast Defences—Reforms in Rome—The Rev. Dr. Wolff—Conversions, &c.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths, but not at the Daguerreotype or Magnetic Telegraph—Love Never Dies—Convict Expenses—Military and British Soldiers Flying—Tailors, Tom Thumb and Giantess—Punishments and Rewards—Railway Trains, Ancient Barrows and Tumuli—Genealogy of Prince Albert—The False News of Speculators and Monopolists—Miscellaneous.

Bristol, England, November 3d, 1846.

My note-book is full of "trivial fond records," which I proceed to transcribe with comments *currente calamo*, and thus to produce a regular dish of chit-chat, without dwelling on any particularly grave or serious matter—in fact there is nothing of that kind just now before that ever-craving gormandizer of news—the public. And in the first place let me ask—for I really cannot answer the question—what on earth, or rather on ocean, is the meaning of ordering a powerful addition of men of war to the immense navy already in commission in all parts of the world? Several are ordered to be fitted out and manned immediately, both at Plymouth and Portsmouth. Of these I have not the names—but only think of the following ordered into service instantly from Sheerness, which is by no means one of the principal of the Royal Dock Yards.

The Waterloo,	120 guns.
" Howe,	120 "
" Asia,	84 "
" Ganges,	84 "
" Monarch,	84 "
" Hawke,	72 "
" Achilles,	74 "
" Russell,	72 "
" Hercules,	72 "
" Cornwall,	50 "
" Conquestador,	50 "
" Worcester,	50 "
" Chichester,	50 "

The artisans in this dock-yard labor day and night. The impression is, that this additional naval armament is merely ordered out on the principle of being "always ready," in the event of any difficulty with France arising out of the Spanish marriages—but *quien sabe?* In connexion with this matter, however, it is pretty confidently asserted that the Mediterranean Fleet, which is very strong, is in constant communication, by couriers, with Mr Bulwer, our Ambassador at Madrid—and that the force at Gibraltar has been increased. But more—the martello towers and coast defences facing the French coast are being put into fighting order, and newly mounted with cannon, &c. Can there be anything serious in the wind? If so, it certainly has not yet leaked out amongst the people.

It is very gratifying to notice the spirit of reform that continues to spread in the Roman States, under the auspices of the new Pope, though it is melancholy to read in a late letter in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, that not long since the number of robbers and burglars confined in those States, amounted to 54,000! Many of these are now to be set free. May they amend their lives!—but some folks deem it a dangerous experiment. Still, the six new lines of railways now projected and partly commenced in the dominions of the Pope, will certainly tend to render the profession of the bandit very unprofitable. Alas! for romance. Alas! for the modern Alessandro Massaniellos and Fra Diavolos. It is singular that the Rev. Dr. Wolff, the celebrated Missionary, was partly educated as a fellow-student of the present Pope. That gentleman is now lecturing at Bath in favor of the Polish Refugees,—and I am pleased to see that Lord Palmerston has given his son a clerkship in the Foreign Office. *On dit*, that the Rev. Mr. Newman hesitates about joining the Catholic Church, and may retrace his steps,

> "——— ———sed revocare gradum,
> Hic labor! Hoc opus est!"

The Hon. Mr. D'Eyncourt, who sits in Parliament for the borough of Lambeth, has recently joined the Catholic Church with his whole family. A meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, for the purpose of organising the British Society for embodying members of all Christian creeds, is to be held in Manchester to-morrow. Beneficial results are anticipated from its labors.

An old proverb or the title of an old play (I forget which) says that "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." True—but the archer god cannot laugh with impunity at the Daguerreotype or the Electric Telegraph, as the following incidents will prove. Monsieur X———, who possesses a noble park near Paris, and whose wife is celebrated rather for beauty than virtue—had long suspected an improper intimacy between Madame X——— and the son of a neighboring landowner. He watched them, in company with a Daguerreotypist, and at length discovered them in conversation far too intimate for the reputation of a married lady. The sun was shining upon them in the parlor where they sat, which enabled the Daguerrotypist, from an aperture previously prepared, to transfer the tell-tale picture to a metalic plate. Thereupon Monsieur X——— has commenced legal proceedings, and Messrs. Daguerre and Arago, the most scientific men in France, are to be summoned to supply the tribunal with scientific information, that will show the unerring certainty of the photogenic drawing. As for the Magnetic Telegraph, a fond couple fled last week from Nottingham to Lincoln, at which latter town the Hymeneal knot was to be tied. But alas! they travelled on a railroad line which was furnished with the fatal wires—and lo! at the very door of the Church they were accosted by the Police, and conveyed back to their friends. It is not right to tattle on such subjects, or I could inform you of the probability of several young ladies having made memoranda in their Diaries—"never to elope in the direction of Magnetic Wires." But then Love never dies—and accordingly, we read that a few days ago, at Pyle, Mr. Harding, aged seventy, was married to Mrs. Austin, aged seventy-one. In their youth, fifty years ago, they had been sweethearts—had quarrelled—had parted—but now, after the lapse of half a century, they have met again and married. Wonderful are the works of time!

The convict expenditure of last year, amounted to—

In New South Wales,	£300,000
Gibraltar and Bermuda,	87,000

Last week, a private of the 3d Buffs (Infantry) made a desperate attempt to stab an officer with his bayonet. The officer was saved as if by miracle, and the soldier taken into custody. The penalty is death—but as an inquiry into "provocation" has been instituted, he will probably be imprisoned and dismissed from the service. While on military affairs, it may be amusing to state that a review took place last week in Hyde Park—and some cows grazing quietly near an infantry company, charged upon the men, whereupon the latter took to their heels and fled, hotly pursued by the victorious cows, and greatly to the amusement of thousands of spectators. There is "the ——— among the tailors" in London—no less than 8,000 being out of employ; and therefore you may expect numerous arrivals of those necessary sons of industry in the U. States. The fact is, we are over-populated. "Tom Thumb" is touring in the West of England; and by way of contrast, a new Scotch giantess, remarkably fat and more than seven feet high, is touring it in the North. The once celebrated Swiss giantess, being reduced to extreme poverty, committed suicide last week. By the way, I never could see the taste or sense of exposing such freaks or vagaries of human nature to public exhibition. Surely the absurd objects would be "more honored in the breach than the observance." An individual at the Hammersmith Police Court, has just been committed to 3 months' imprisonment, as an impostor—and a "cold-water doctor" in the north, is now undergoing his "six months" on a charge of killing a patient. Miss Herschell has received the "large gold medal of merit" from the King of Prussia, as a reward for her scientific works. Tait, the publisher of the Radical Magazine, has retired with a fortune, said to be the first radical writer who has ever been thus successful—the demand for agricultural laborers in Scotland, is now greater than ever before remembered—and such is the success of the chief railway lines, that it is now no uncommon sight to see eighty and even ninety carriages with passengers and goods, moving along with a speed that eclipses the double swiftness of a race-horse.

The King of Sweden has ordered several Runic barrows to be opened, wherein he has found hearths, bones and implements of war and sacrifice. Are not the these tumuli the same in character with the barrows of the Ancient Britons, the North Americans—the same, in fact, with such an one as was raised to the memory of the father of Crœsus, King of Lydia, near Sardis—are they not the rude originals of the Egyptian pyramids? The inquiry is well worthy the pursuit of Antiquaries and Archæologists. Talking of antiquities, the Heralds have traced Prince Albert's genealogy, in a direct line, to King Alfred, through the daughter of Edward the Elder, Empress of Otho I. of Germany. Well—I cannot see the good of these genealogies, beyond a mere matter of curiosity—but then Albert is a good sort of fellow, and does not presume too much on his position—and so we will not grumble. During the late dreadful inundations of the Loire, to the disgrace of human nature be it recorded, marauders descended from the mountains, and plundered the distressed families. So says the *Epoque*. In Holland they have abolished the pillory, branding and transportation. Such is the march of reform.

While I record the fact that wheat and flour have fallen in price within the last fortnight, it may not be amiss to add that monopolists and speculators through the newspapers, annually get up a cry of "famine—famine!"—and thus levy greater taxes on the people than any Government would ever dare to attempt. The crops of England this year have been good—except in potatoes, which are about one-third a failure—in Ireland half a failure. It was said that the wheat crops in France were failures—but now we are told that they are not, after all, much below an average; and as for the crops of the Baltic, whence we import so much, they have been unusually good. Odessa and the Black Sea are said to be short—but shrewd guessers are of opinion that a contradictory statement will be made within a month. So much for speculators and their intelligence. Still, we have, and always shall have plenty of room for your Indian corn and flour. There is much sympathy felt for Captain Hosken, who, since the accident to the Great Britain has lost his wife. Only think of the Rev. William Jay, of Argyle Chapel, Bath, marrying a rich wife at nearly fourscore years of age. His very children are now old men and women. Bulwer has just dropped into £4,000 a year, from his mother. Sir John Guest, the great—I believe the greatest iron-king, has just entered into a contract to supply iron here to to the tune of two millions of pounds sterling—and that is to *only one* of his customers. The Londoners are very busy getting up a new Italian Opera. This is certainly odd, for the present is not supported as it should be. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, after making such a stir in the world by their marriage, are about to visit the King and Queen of the Belgians, at Brussels, after seeing the lions and enjoying the *fetes* and *spectacles* of the French Court and of Paris.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

The news from the Army is of but minor importance. The following extracts from the New Orleans Picayune will, however, be found interesting, as developing the condition of things at Monterey, and the plans, for the future, of our Army.

"Should nothing in the late despatches induce General Taylor to alter his plan of operations, his determination was to march on to Linares, (190 miles from Monterey,) *en route* for Tampico, and in a line north from San Luis Potosi. But thither he did not mean to move with a numerical force of less than fifteen or twenty thousand men.

"The present active force from the mouth of the Rio Grande to and at Camargo, is estimated at thirteen thousand men—that in Monterey at 5,000; so that it would seem, after leaving the necessary men to garrison the depots and forts along the Rio Grande to Camargo, to occupy Mier, Seralvo and Pantaguida, of which our troops now hold military possession, besides Monterey and Saltillo, of which possession was about to be taken, that a considerable reinforcement would be necessary before—in the opinion of Gen. Taylor—the first advance movement should be made.

"But be it understood, that an express arrived at Monterey, *from General Wool*, on the 25th ult., stating that he was within six days' march of Monclova, and had with him fifty days' provisions. From his position, it was believed that he was on his way to join Gen. Taylor at Monterey, and had not touched at Chihuahua. His force could not much exceed 3,500 men.

"Notwithstanding the predetermination of Gen. Taylor not to move from Monterey without the strong reinforcement spoken of above, our informant thinks that with Gen. Wool's command, and such other force as he may draw off from the present military stations, he may, on hearing that Santa Anna is at San Luis Potosi, dash on there and give him a fight, without regard to disparity of numbers in the opposing parties, so great is his confidence in his troops.

"It seems to be an ascertained fact in Gen. Taylor's camp, (Mexican rumors in this city to the contrary, notwithstanding,) that Saltillo is not to be defended—the whole Mexican force being concentrated at San Luis Potosi, which place is being fortified in the strongest possible manner.

"It is also stated to us that Victoria and all the principal towns in Tamaulipas are to be immediately garrisoned, and we would speculate that it is with the ultimate object of placing all the country on the east or northeast side of the Sierra Madre, under the Government and laws of the United States, to be held as a portion of her territory, and as an indemnification for the war. The state of feeling on this subject cannot be misunderstood. Every day it becomes more apparent that this range of mountains is henceforth to be the dividing line between Mexico and the United States. It can no longer be viewed as a vague supposition—such we believe to be the fixed intention of the American Government—in no other way can she be indemnified for the war.

"Col. Marshall's Kentucky mounted regiment have arrived at Clay Davis's place, from La Vacca. [Clay Davis lives a mile below the mouth of the San Juan on the Rio Grande.]

"Reports were current at Matamoras on the 4th inst., among the Mexican residents, that Tampico had been taken by our squadron. The Americans did not know what to make of the report.

"The Galveston papers contain a story that Ampudia, instead of marching for Saltillo after leaving Monterey, had proceeded to Monclova, in order to intercept Gen. Wool, and prevent a junction with Gen. Taylor. The story is not credited. Gen. Wool is most likely now in Monterey.

"Lieut. Armistead, U. S. Army, who lately brought despatches express to Gen. Taylor, arrived safe at Monterey. The despatches, we are told, directed the General to send a command against Tampico, provided in its composition he could spare two-thirds regulars. This, we understand, will not be done. He further brought instructions to General Taylor to draw his supplies as much as possible here paying them what he believes to be a fair price for them."

The following extract is from the letter of a correspondent of the New Orleans Commercial Times, under date to Point Isabel, Nov. 1.

"The newspapers which I saw at Matamoras, and those I have looked at here, say the tenor of the orders by Major Graham is, that General Taylor shall change the mode of subsisting his army. Instead of relying upon provisions and supplies from the United States, he is to forage upon the country, and subsist his army upon its products. If this be the case, it shows a superlative degree of ignorance as to the resources of the country, and the army will in two months be in a state of starvation. There is no surplus produce in the country. The people heretofore have had no market for it, except in the neighborhood of the towns, and the supply for them is not large. The people of Mexico live on very little, and they do not seem to care about raising more than they can eat. An American soldier consumes three times as much food as a Mexican, and their horses and mules are subsisted altogether differently from ours.

"I wrote you from Seralvo, saying that but a scant supply of provisions was going forward, and if there was much delay in reaching Monterey, the army must be subsisted by foraging on the country. This system commenced at Marian, three days' march from Seralvo, and has ever since been kept up to as great an extent as is practicable, and what is the result? The Quartermaster's department have never been able to get grain enough to feed the horses in service. The Mexican authorities have been called on, and although one dollar per bushel is publicly offered for corn in Monterey, yet a few days before I left there, I saw a long train of pack mules arrive from Camargo, loaded with oats brought from Ohio and Indiana to that place, for the purpose of feeding our cavalry horses and other animals. The cost of transporting them from Camargo could not have been less than forty or fifty cents per bushel. How much they had cost when they arrived there, is not known to me.

"The Rio Grande is falling rapidly, and the best boats on the river find it difficult to get up or down with very small cargoes. The *Hatchee Eagle*, one of the best boats, after bumping and dragging on the bars for four days, on her last downward trip, finally broke the connecting pipe, and laid up some distance below Reynosa. The *W. N. Mercer* is a complete wreck, and it is feared that all the largest boats will soon have to stop. If so, our army above will be in a tight place."

FROM MEXICO.

By way of Havana, the New York Sun has received intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 1st inst. General Rejon, Minister of Foreign Relations, and Gen. Pacheco, Minister of Justice, have resigned their respective offices. The vacancies thus caused have been filled by the appointments of Gen. Lafragua and Gen. Ladron de Genevara. The State of San Luis Potosi has pronounced against Salas, declaring that Santa Anna, or some one appointed by him, ought, of right, to assume the government. Don Felix Rivas, bearing a commission from government, came passenger in the Tay to Havana. His destination is supposed to be London or Paris, to solicit foreign aid.

Several attempts at assassination have been made against Gen. Salas, and other recent threats have been made; in consequence of which the President of Mexico, (Salas,) left the Capital on the 25th ult., for Tacubaya, where he will remain in the house of Senor Flores ———. President Salas was escorted from the city of Mexico by the troops stationed at the Capital. These will also remain with him as a life guard at Tacubaya.

An account of the attempt on Gen. Salas' life was forwarded to Santa Anna by an Extraordinary Express, which travelled from the Capital to San Luis Potosi, at the rate of twelve miles an hour—extraordinary indeed for Mexican horses.

Santa Anna is very indignant at such attempts—he imputes them to the emissaries of "foreign enemies."

The following is translated from one of the principal newspapers published in the city of Mexico:—

"It is said that the American steamships anchored at Isla Verde have only coal for a few days; that the crews of the squadron are mostly sick with the scurvy, and that the government of the United States have already spent seventy five million dollars in the war. *To delay is a triumph on our part*, as we have before said; and if we are only fortunate enough to hinder our enemy a little longer by skirmishes, and other obstacles, we shall soon see them retire from our country."

The people of Vera Cruz were constantly alarmed by the reports of our squadron moving to attack the Castle. The "National guard" were pouring into Vera Cruz. Accounts from Yucatan are filled with enthusiasm in the cause of Mexico.

Every means that ingenuity can devise, is adopted to excite the people in favor of the war, and to arouse a spirit of revenge among the masses, but the church and the capitalists are evidently holding back.

TOBASCO BOMBARDED BY COMMODORE PERRY.

ONE BRIG, FIVE SCHOONERS, TWO STEAMERS AND OTHER CRAFT CAPTURED—LIEUTENANT C. M. MORRIS KILLED.

The N. O. Picayune says:—We have been furnished by an officer of the army who arrived here this morning in the schooner Portia, Capt. Powers six days from St. Lizardo, who was engaged in the affair of Tobasco, with a summary and sketch of the proceedings of Commodore Perry, with the detachment of vessels under his command. The expedition was entirely successful. The object of the expedition was to cut out certain vessels anchored in the river there, which were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people were all in favor of yielding, but the Governor and soldiers opposed it.

Time was given for all peaceable persons, women and children, to get out of harm's way, but the Governor would not allow any one to leave, so that it is feared that most of their killed during the bombardment were not soldiers. Some of the regulars were killed, and had it not been that the execution was principally done upon inoffensive persons, the city would have been demolished, with the exception of the residences of foreign consuls and hospitals. Lieut. C. M. Morris was the only officer killed on the American side.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Ampudia had arrived at San Luis de Potosi with part of his troops from Monterey, which refutes the improbable story that he intended to attempt intercepting General Wool. The Government of San Luis Potosi has issued a decree proclaiming Santa Anna Chief of the Republic with the sole power to appoint the President pro tem.

Santa Anna, at the last accounts, was concentrating his forces at San Luis, expected to be twenty thousand men. His plan appeared to be to offer no resistance to the capture of Tampico and to suffer the Americans to take the town, trusting that Gen Taylor will be compelled to dismember his army by dividing it into small detachments for the purpose of garrisoning the fortified places and advantageous outposts which he may capture.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

It is said that three hundred letters of marque with naturalization papers, have been sent to Havana by the Mexican Authorities.

Gen. Scott.—A letter from Washington states that Gen. Scott had received orders from the War Department to repair forthwith to Mexico.

Political Intelligence.

New York Election.—The vote in New York State (all in) for the New Constitution, Convention, and Equal Suffrage, was as follows:

CONSTITUTION.		CONVENTION.		EQUAL SUF.	
Yes.	No.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	No.
212,091	89,194	214,399	33,032	67,540	207,625
89,194		33,032			67,546
132,497 maj.		181,368 maj.			140,079 maj.

For Governor and Lieut. Governor as follows:

GOVERNOR. 1844.		GOVERNOR. 1846.		LIEUT. GOV. 1846.		
	Fillmore.	Wright.	Young.	Wright.	Fish.	Gard'r.
Total.	231,057	241,090	192,350	181,229	179,946	196,032
		231,057	181,229			179,910
		Dem. maj. 10,033	11,121 W. maj.,			D. maj. 16,072

Whig gain on Governor's vote 21,154.

Diminution in popular vote about 90,000.

☞ The Arkansas Legislature assembled at Little Rock on the 2d inst. Wm. K. Sebastian has been elected President of the Senate, and Albert Rust Speaker of the House. Gov. Drew sent in his message. It is entirely occupied with local affairs. The population of the State has increased fifty per cent. during the last six years. It is now 145,900. The State debt is $3,617,229. The Governor recommends the winding up of the State Bank.

Calhoun.—Mr. Calhoun has written a long letter to some friends in South Carolina, opposing the proposed change in the manner of choosing Presidential Electors in that State. At present they are chosen by the Legislature; but it is proposed to choose them by general vote. This Mr. Calhoun opposes.

Michigan.—The new Senate will stand 2 Whigs to 20 Democrats; House, 15 Whigs to 51 Democrats. Last year, 1 Whig Senator and 16 Whig Representatives. The three Democratic candidates for Congress are elected.

Election for Congress in Texas.—The election for members of Congress in Texas occurred on the 2d instant. Mr. Pilsbury will carry nearly all the Western Counties, and is sure of a re-election.

Local Intelligence.

Painful Surgical Operation.—Dr. Wagenseller, Senator from Union County, had a painful operation performed upon his person, on last Saturday morning. The entire arm with portions of the collar bone and shoulder blade had to be removed in consequence of a malignant disease, arising from injuries received some time since by being thrown from a sulkey. The operation was performed by Dr. David Gilbert, of Gettysburg, Professor of Surgery at the Pennsylvania Medical College, Filbert street. Dr. Wagenseller bore the intense pain of the operation with perfect heroism, and we are happy to add that he is now doing well with every prospect of recovery.

New Aid.—L. L. Johnson, Esq., of this city, has been appointed by Governor Shunk, one of his aids, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel.

The Vice President.—Vice President Dallas and family left this city for Washington on last Saturday.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Hamilton county, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by James K. Smith, G. B. Cosmond, T. Gardiner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Bowser.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by Eli M. Stevenson, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Haley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Haley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—Adj. Gen. Bowman has issued his general orders to fill the requisition of the President upon our State for one regiment of volunteers, to serve till the end of the war with Mexico, unless sooner discharged. The companies are to consist of eighty privates, but will be received with sixty-four effective men. Commandants to report to the Adjutant General within ten days after they receive the orders, when the selection will be made and arrangements made for transportation to the place of rendezvous. The selection will be made according to the following rule:

"The company which is first ready to march computing the time from the receipt of the order will be first accepted. For example:—If one commanding officer shall report his company ready to march within one day after the day on which his order is delivered to him, another within two days and another within three days, &c., they will be accepted according to the order of time in which they are respectfully ready to march."

GEN. BUTLER.—The Union has had a conversation with an officer who was in the action of the 21st, before Monterey, being in the staff of General Quitman, and, of course, was one of the gallant band who suffered most severely on that day. He states that he was frequently near General Butler during this action, until he received his wound—saw much of what passed on that occasion—but saw or heard nothing to justify the idle rumors which have been in circulation respecting any difference between General Taylor and General Butler. He added farther, that if any such circumstances occurred, he must have heard it from the persons with whom he associated; but that he heard nothing about it before he left the camp, nor until he reached the United States. He cannot entertain a doubt that the whole rumor is gratuitous, and without foundation.

A SPLENDID COUNTRY.—A volunteer, writing from Camp Allen, near Monterey, under date of October 16th, gives this glowing account of the country:—"The soil is of the very best, and the water unsurpassed, pure blue lime-stone, and running out of the largest springs I ever saw. The fruits that are raised here are very fine and plenty, such as oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pomegranates and apples, and a great many other kinds that I have not yet learned the names of. They can be had for almost nothing, and many pay nothing more than the trouble of going to the orchard and getting what they want. Sugar-cane grows larger here than in Louisiana."

VERY TRUE INDEED.—A Western paper utters rather a severe truth, in severe language. In New York, it says (and it might add in Philadelphia also) wealthy *Christians* expend millions on splendid churches and palaces, and leave thousands of poor working women exposed to horrid want, and all its nameless consequences! These are the people who would brand some of the Western States with the crime *of Repudiation*—a bad enough thing too. But their own example has proved that mankind are capable of repudiating more sacred obligations than those contracted with the money lender!

COTTON IN PHILADELPHIA.—A friend has sent us the following curious scrap. Its publication may induce some inquiry into the fact it records, viz:—the manufacture of cotton goods in the city of Philadelphia as long ago as 1764.

From the (London) Complete Magazine for August, 1764.—Thursday, 9th.

"Some beautiful samples of the cotton manufactory now carrying on at Philadelphia, have been lately imported, and are greatly admired."—*Inquirer.*

WHEAT CROP IN RUSSIA.—The late accounts represent the wheat crop in Podolia and Ukraine as being more abundant than ever before. Excepting the steppes in the neighborhood of Odessa and the Crimea, and the plains to the north of the sea of Azof, where the crops have failed—the accounts are unusually favorable. The difficulty of getting crops to a shipping port, in consequence of bad roads, is said to be the only reason why the immense stock of wheat in Southern Russia has not found its way to the suffering countries of Western Europe.

TREASON.—The New Orleans Delta intimates that a brig has been several times cleared from that port for Havana, loaded with arms and ammunition, which were landed in Mexico, and delivered to the enemies of the country. The editor names the house by which the vessel was cleared, and calls upon the District Attorney of the United States to have the parties arrested. They are reputed as of great wealth and extensive connexions, and said to be the agents of the Mexican Government and of Santa Anna.

THE NEW POPE.—The Pope has adopted a plan of testing the extent to which he can go in innovations with the Italians. He has ordered the clocks to be regulated so as to mark only twelve instead of twenty-four hours. Changes in the calculation of time are the most difficult to effect; and if this effect does not weaken his popularity, he has gained a splendid victory. The French Directory could not establish ten hours as the diurnal rotation, nor could Napoleon in the height of his power.

SENTENCE OF EXECUTION FOR STEALING A SLAVE.—Wm. A. Powell who was tried at the last Court of Sessions in Darlington district, S. C., for stealing a negro from his master, was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the first Friday in January. The boy was only twelve years old. He inveigled him from his owner and carried him to Florida, where he sold him.

AMERICAN FRUIT IN ENGLAND.—We observe by the Liverpool papers, that a sale of American apples was held there on the 3d instant, at which the prices ranged from 10s. to 20s. a barrel, although the apples were in a bad condition. Sound apples, of good quality, it is said, would bring 30s. to 35s. (say $8) a barrel.

SUDDEN ILLNESS OF MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The venerable John Quincy Adams was on Thursday week seized with paralysis of his left side, which rendered him insensible for some time. He had just left his son's residence in perfect health. He is now considered out of danger. Mr. Adams is 80 years of age.

THE DIFFERENCE.—As one point illustrative of the progress in the Anthracite Coal trade made and making yearly, we may mention that one individual concern alone, engaged in mining and shipping from the Lehigh region, furnishes the market this year with a greater number of tons than the entire production from all the different regions in 1829.—*Ledger.*

AN OBSOLETE SCHOOL.—Mrs. Dinghen Van Plassie came over to England from Flanders in 1565, and opened a school to teach ladies how to starch linen. Her price was £5 for instruction, and £20 how to boil the starch to a right consistency. The art and mystery is now understood without going to school.

EFFECTS OF RAILROADS.—The Washington (N. C.) Journal says that "The present population of that town amounts to 9,000, an *increase of* 6,000 *since the Railroad was built*, six years ago, when it was only 3,000!" Philadelphia will be something of a village when the Central Road is finished.

SPORT IN JERSEY.—A party of deer-hunters near the wind-gap, lately killed fifteen deer in one day. A Trenton sportsman, hunting for pleasure, killed four in two shots, knocking over two at each discharge of his double barrel. This game is very abundant there, and quails too.—*Trenton State Gazette.*

Items of News.

COLONEL HARNEY.—The Austin (Texas) New Era of the 17th ultimo has the following:—"For the information of the Delta, of New Orleans, we state that Col. Harney was put under *arrest*, and brought to Bexar in that condition, from his quixotic trip to Presidio. The precise reason for the step we have not been able to learn, but could be at no loss to assign many that justified an arrest, and no discharge without a trial."

GEN. KEARNEY'S POLITICS.—The St. Louis Republican says the Washington Union is mistaken in classing the Military Governor of New Mexico as a Whig. Although not a partizan, he is to be classed as a Democrat; and, if freed from the restraints which his station, as a military man, impose upon him, he would be found acting with that party, so far, at least, as he could conscientiously do so.

BLACKLEG INGENUITY.—A notorious blackleg was arrested this morning, upon whose person was found a fine velvet vest, in the front part of which, between the outside and lining, was a thin tin case, opening with a spring, which contained a number of playing cards. It was so constructed that the contents could be easily extracted, without being noticed, during the operation of play.—*N. Y. Express.*

COTTON.—The cotton crop is conceded by all the newspaper writers on the subject to be a short one. The estimates as to it aggregate amount vary from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 of bales. Up to the 11th instant, the total receipt at New Orleans since the 1st of September amounted to 112,685, against 210,475 to the same time 1845.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, a well known dissenting minister, has formally withdrawn from the Evangelical Alliance, principally on the ground that he cannot agree to the "doctrinal basis" so unanimously adopted, and to the action taken by the Alliance on the slavery question.

☞ Brass clocks are now manufactured by steam in New York! One firm employs twenty five men, and completes in one day one hundred clocks, beautifully finished. A large sheet of brass is put into a heavy press, and after a few twistings, comes out in the shape of highly finished wheels, at the rate of sixty per minute.

YANKEE INGENUITY IN ENGLAND.—Mackintosh, the celebrated India Rubber Manufacturer, took the contract for raising the Great Britain Steamship, after the most skilful English Engineer had abandoned the work. He is likely to succeed.

PREACHING TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.—There is a Chapel in Red Lion Square, London, in which the services are conducted for the especial benefit of the deaf and dumb. The language of signs is the vehicle of communication adopted.

OLD AGE.—We learn from the Centreville, Queen Anne's County, Maryland, Sentinel, that a colored man belonging to the estate of the late John Sparks, died near that place last week, at the advanced age of 122 years.

A LOAD OF BUTTER.—*Sixty-three and one half tons* of butter were unloaded from one canal boat at the Western Railroad Depot yesterday. The boat was from Rome, Oneida County.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

☞ A new factory, to contain thirty-four thousand spindles, was commenced about a week since, at Portsmouth, N. H. It is expected that the mill will be in operation in the course of four months.

☞ Gov. Wright has called out the first regiment of volunteers for the Mexican War. The following are the officers:—Colonel W. B. Burnett, Major J. C. Burnham. The Lieutenant Colonel is vacant.

BEARS.—North Mississippi is said to be actually overrun with these "varmints" of the wilderness. Thousands of them, it is said, are making their way from the Mississippi bottoms to the hills.

LARGE BOY.—A boy fourteen years old, is exhibiting at the Utica Museum, who measures within an inch or two of seven feet, and is still growing! He weighs 175 pounds.

COMMUNITY DISSOLVED.—The "Northampton Industrial Association," Massachusetts, was dissolved last week. A Mr. Hill has taken the property and assumes the debts.

GOING TO MEXICO.—The Hon. Isaac D. Bright, United States Senator from Indiana, has tendered his services to the President to raise a regiment for Mexico.

VIEUX TEMPS.—This celebrated violinist has been appointed first violinist to the Emperor of Russia, and director of the conservatoire at St. Petersburg.

NEW CENSUS.—A census of Cincinnati was taken last month, by which it appears that city has now 92,690 white inhabitants, and 2,128 colored.

RELIEF FOR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.—The people of Cincinnati are making provision for the families of those who joined the volunteer forces from that city.

☞ Mike Walsh, of New York, distinctly charges that pretended friends attempted to poison him, which caused his recent severe indisposition.

DOUBTFUL.—It is said that Mr. Pakenham is a stockholder to the extent of $40,000 in the conducta recently plundered by Santa Anna.

WINTER COMING.—The snow about Lake Superior is already about a foot deep, and the copper miners have suspended for the winter.

☞ Wm. Lloyd Garrison was a passenger home by the last Boston steamer.

☞ Six feet water in the channel at Pittsburg on the 20th.

COLDS, COUGHS AND CONSUMPTION.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a most delightful medicine for carrying off a cold, because they expel from the system all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of every kind of disease) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is relieved of all its sufferings as if by magic. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time remove the most obstinate cold—at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that inflammation of the lungs, consumption, or any other form of disease will be absolutely impossible.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The following extract of a letter is from a very respectable mercantile house, dated

WASHINGTON, Rappahannock, Co., Va., May 26th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Our Mr Jones has been in a very low state of health for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice our county affords, and also visited your city, during last summer, but found no relief—On the 15th of April last we purchased half dozen bottles of your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and half dozen boxes of SANATIVE PILLS. Through carelessness in packing the articles in a dry goods box one half the Vermifuge was broken. Mr. Jones commenced with the Pills, and after taking a *few doses* felt a decided improvement. The three bottles of Vermifuge, which came safe to hand, brought from him, he thinks, not less than ONE THOUSAND WORMS, and perhaps many more. He is now in better health than he has been in for years, and we hope a few more bottles of your Vermifuge and Pills will effect a permanent cure. All our physicians have entirely mistaken his case, Professor Samuel Jackson, of your city, at the head. As to our responsibility, we have to refer you to Messrs. Lukip, Molten & Woodruff, Silk-house, Market near 4th street, and to Hieskell, Hoskins & Co., corner of 5th and Market streets. Mr. Jones is most anxious to get more of your Pills and Vermifuge as soon as possible. Respectfully, J. B. JONES & Co.

Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD st., Phila (jy 4-tfy

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The market opened with a fair demand, and several parcels changed hands at $5,50 per bbl. Since the receipt of the late European advices, with the great scarcity of suitable vessels to carry the stocks now in the hands of buyers, have unsettled the market—the sales being at $5,50, 5,37½a5,25, and $5,12½a5 per bbl—closing firm, however, at the latter price. Rye flour continues scarce, with small sales at $4a4,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal—Has been in good demand, and near 4000 bbls have been sold at $3,75 for Pa.

GRAIN—The active demand for wheat has continued this week, and the operations have been heavy. Sales early in the week, and prior to the steamer's news at $1,10 for prime Pa. red, and $1,10 for white per bushel; subsequently, several lots of good to prime reds sold at $1,08a1,10, and white at $1,15; but buyers refuse to give these rates, holders gradually gave way, and good reds have been sold at $1,06, 1,05a1,03, and white at $1 15, 1,14½a1,09 per bushel—closing at the latter rates. Rye—A sale of Pa. at 78c. Corn—Has been in demand, but at prices to which holders would not accede; sales of Pa. yellow at 75 and southern do. at 74a75 cts. Oats—Southern sell at 30a32c.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little demand for articles under this head. Moderate sales of western pork at $10a10,25 for mess, and $9a9,25 for prime per bbl. Bacon—Has also been in request, and we note several parcels of western hams at 5½a8c, and canvassed at 8a9½c, 5a5½ for sides, and 3½a4 for shoulders, according to quality and condition. Lard has been in fair demand, and sales to a moderate extent have been made at 7½a8c in kegs and bbls.

ASHES—With a very light stock, and a good demand the market has become much firmer, and several parcels western pots have changed hands at $4a4,25 per 100 lbs for uninspected.

BARK—The demand for quercitron continues good, and the receipts being limited, and the stock very light, prices are very firm. Sales of 60 hhds No. 1 at $29 per ton for first quality.

BEESWAX—Prices continue steady, with small sales.

CANDLES—Sperm are steady in price, with small sales. Tallow are also without change.

COAL—The demand continues to a fair extent for Anthracite, for city consumption, and no further change in prices has occurred this week.

COFFEE—The market continues very firm, with a good demand. We note sales of 3700 bags Rio, including a cargo on the wharf at 7¼a7½, and 1600 Laguayra in lots from store at 7½a7¾ cts on the usual credit. The stocks continue very light.

COTTON—The market has exhibited no material variation since the date of our last review. The demand being confined almost entirely to supplying the present want of spinners, and the stocks being too light to admit of any extensive operations, we have only to note the sales of 600 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans, at prices within our range.

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market continues quiet at steady rates.

GUANO—The demand continues good, with fair sales at $35a38 per ton.

HEMP—The market is more active, and we note the sales of 400 bales western at about $90 per ton.

HIDES—No sales have occurred this week.

HOPS—Small sales of first sort at 12½a14c.

IRON—The market continues very firm, with a good demand, and the stocks remain very light. We note the sales of about 600 tons Pa.—Foundry pig at $30a32.—Anthracite do. at $28a30 for No 1, and $25 and 22 per ton for No. 2 and 3.

LEAD—The market is very firm, and 4½c is asked for parcels to arrive.

LATHS—Continue scarce and wanted at full rates.

LEATHER—Comes forward freely, and with a good demand, prices continue steady.

MOLASSES—The market has become much firmer, but the demand is yet limited.

RICE—The market continues bare. Sales of 100 tierces at 4½a5c.

SALT—An invoice of 3000 sacks and 800 tons Liverpool ground salt was disposed of before arrival on terms not made public.

SUGARS—The stock of Muscovadoes is exhausted in both first and second hands. The market, however, remains very dull, and the sales only comprise small lots of Cuba and Brazil at previous rates.

TALLOW—The market is nearly bare, and prices have advanced.

TEAS—Demand moderate at steady rates.

TOBACCO—The demand for Kentucky continues on a very moderate scale at previous prices.

SALES OF STOCKS.

23 shares Schuylkill Navigation Co.	33
30 do. Kensington Bank,	57
20 do. Western Bank,	47½
5 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	51
$3000 State 6's,	75
$1435 U. States Bank Notes,	75
$800 Sch. Nav. Co. 6's, 1865,	74½
$1000 Lehigh Interest,	51
$1400 State 5's,	69½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered during the week, 1000 head, most western beef cattle, including 250 taken to N. York; 2000 cows and calves; 700 swine, and 1500 sheep. Prices—Beeves—Sales range at $4a6 the 100 lbs for common and extra quality; 100 left over. Cows and calves sell at $14a45. Swine mostly sold at $5a5½ the 100 pounds. Sheep—Sales are generally at $1a3 each. Hay—No changes, and good timothy may be quoted at 70a80c the cwt; pressed in small lots brings 50a60c the 100 pounds; and straw sells at $7a7 the 100 bundles.

Richmond, Nov. 19.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $4,50a5,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $5a5,26.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.

No. 24 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	1 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIS'T OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	25 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1a1½ dis
Far. Bk and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bank of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	75 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SALE OF MITCHELL'S MAPS.—The subscriber wishes to engage, in the sale of his Maps and publications, a number of active men of moral and industrious habits. Having recently furnished new and greatly improved editions of nearly all his works, he is now well prepared to supply Agents. A capital of from $50 to $200 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Please address

sep 12-6m S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,

N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

COMMUNICATION.—A CURE FOR WORMS—*Harrisburg, Ohio, Aug 7th* 1846.—Dr D. Jayne—Dear Sir: Last Saturday morning I found my youngest son quite out of his head—very flighty and deranged, and continued so all day, till after night. On Sunday morning I commenced giving him your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and before 6 o'clock he discharged thirteen large worms, and I believe, to speak within bounds, that he passed more than five hundred small white worms, some not more than one fourth of an inch long. On Monday his fever left him, and he is now quite well. All your medicines, so far as I have heard, have given satisfaction. Yours &c., RICHARD GRIFFEY, P. M.

This valuable medicine may be had at No. 8 South Third street sep 12 tf

FEVER AND AGUE.—*A Cure Warranted.* From every part where JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS have been used, we hear of their universal and entire success in subduing FEVER AND AGUE.

Mr. George Stephens, a merchant at Marengo, Illinois, says your AGUE PILLS are making great cures here, and your Tonic Vermifuge and Carminative give good satisfaction. Messrs. Emmerch & Strona, Freeport, Illinois, say—We have sold all Ague Pills and most of the Vermifuge. Please send us on more immediately.

Thomas Gully, Esq., Hebron, Ohio, says your medicines give universal satisfaction. Your AGUE PILLS have never failed to succeed. oct 31 tf

They may be had at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Phila.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 17th to the 23d November.

November 17, received from			
Nicol Howell	20 00	Miss W. T. Shepherd	2 00
J. B. Hawes	5 00	W. M. Kerr	2 00
Mrs. P. P. Clark	2 00	J. T. Carr	2 00
Rev. J. G. Day	2 00	M. S. Hoyt	2 00
Jas. Wildman	2 00	T. J. Mann	2 00
J. Salter	2 00	O. K. Marshall	4 00
J. D. Shreeve	20 00	Dr. L. G. Stephens	2 00
C. G. Barton	2 00	R. W. Rowe	2 00
N. P. Burr	10 00	M. J. Baily	2 00
R. P. Rich	2 00	N. W. McIntosh	2 00
A. B. Riley	20 00	S. W. Cooper	2 00
W. T. Coleman	2 00		
November 18.			
J. Nivin	4 00	A. Cassell	2 00
A. Thomas	2 00	J. Seal	2 00
A. C. Adams	5 00	Miss G. Degrow	2 00
C. Misely	1 00	J. Broderick	2 00
S. W. Bones	2 00	J. Jenkinson	1 50
R. T. Chewning	2 00	R. D. Yell	4 00
R. Percival	2 00	G. P. Snyder	20 00
W. C. Read	2 00	J. D. Moser	10 00
G. B. Logan	2 00	S. L. Vail	2 00
C. S. Rowley	8 00	W. C. Moses	2 00
Jas. Marston, Jr.	1 00	D. A. Burns	6 00
A. S. Sheggs	5 00	C. B. Taylor	2 00
F. W. Eaton	2 00	N. S. Jenks	3 00
November 19.			
W. Lamb	2 00	G. B. Wallace	5 00
Ephm. Mulford	2 00	A. W. Howell	2 00
Rev. R. Gray	2 00	T. W. Winder	2 00
J. H. Scholl	5 00	S. W. Hacker	2 00
S. T. Parmlee	6 00	C. B. Stockton	4 00
P. French	10 00	A. R. Jenkins	2 00
W. Briscoe	2 00	W. T. Harrison	2 00
P. S. Duher	2 00	R. J. Peters	2 00
R. L. Barbour	2 00	N. W. Webb	8 00
S. G. Phillips	20 00	W. C. Allmance	2 00
C. T. Hall	2 00	C. S. Keller	2 00
S. G. Israel	2 00	G. S. Busby	3 00
A. T. Watkins	2 00		
November 20.			
R. Swan	2 00	W. Finley	2 00
N. A. Elder	2 00	W. Carpenter	2 00
J. Weaver	2 00	D. Williamson	2 00
J. Moore	10 00	F. Hawkins	2 00
J. Griffith	2 00	W. A. Donaldson	10 00
J. W. Williams	2 00	W. A. Hardison	5 00
Peter Wright	2 00	J. M. Dunning	20 00
R. O'Neil	2 00	Dr. J. B. Munn	2 00
D. Wright	2 00	W. Smith	4 00
H. E. Levenstein	2 00	J. Moore	2 00
Turner & Fisher	2 00	J. F. Sloan	2 00
J. W. Erwin	2 00	S. Lathrop	5 00
Evan Rogers	2 00	W. Carner	2 00
P. Whiteman	4 00	Mrs. C. Stevens	2 00
H. Ward	2 00	A. G. Jones	15 00
F. L. Jones	2 00	S. C. Mower	10 00
T. Barton	2 00		
November 21.			
Elish. L. Davidson	2 00	A. D. Jones	20 00
J. C. Sheets	2 00	C. K. Bell	2 00
H. B. Hall	2 00	D. W. Shipe	2 00
L. Brigham & Co.	2 00	A. R. Carle	2 00
D. Arnold, Jr.	2 00	W. B. Randall	3 00
A. Hiatt	2 00	A. R. Donnell	5 00
W. Fisher	10 00	W. S. Cooley	2 00
S. D. Bishop	2 00	G. S. Reeves	2 00
J. Laporte	5 00	D. Small	4 00
Jerah Spear	2 00	A. G. Knight	2 00
B. S. Werner	12 00	S. B. Talman	2 00
G. Gilbert	2 00	R. S. Hunt	2 00
J. S. Fry	2 00		
November 23.			
Fredk. Shober	2 00	N. Mosher	1 00
Jas. Pierce	8 00	R. Townsend	4 00
E. T. Stickney	5 00	Dr. E. E. Bateman	2 00
Miss Lumsden	1 00	D. W. Sansom	20 00
S. Wright	5 00	A. D. Kelton	4 00
G. W. Johnson	2 00	C. B. Shade	2 00
W. Cromley	2 00	L. C. Jordan	2 00
T. G. Weston	2 00	A. B. Dorman	5 00
W. T. Dewitt	10 00	C. S. Terry	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	A. B. White	2 00
W. S. Larabie	1 00	Miss C. W. Bell	2 00
H. Thomas	1 00		

GRAHAM FOR 1847,

AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF THE WORLD IN POINT OF CIRCULATION AND POPULARITY.

A NEW NOVEL BY COOPER.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF, A POWERFUL SEA STORY,

IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "WATER WITCH," ETC.

We have the pleasure of being able to announce to the 50,000 readers of Graham's Magazine, that we commence the publication in the November number of Graham's Magazine, of a new Novel by James Fenimore Cooper, entitled "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF," a Sea Novel, written in the very best vein of that accomplished novelist. This Story, which is intended to bring out the author's brilliant powers in the description of Sea Scenes and incidents, while it will describe most powerfully nautical adventures and engagements, has a delightful vein of sentiment running through the entire work. *The heroine*, "ROSE," is one of the sweetest characters ever drawn by Mr Cooper, and one of the '*Old Salt's*' has a vein of humor and home-spun philosophy equal to "Natty Bumpo," in his best days. This novel will run through twelve or fourteen numbers of "Graham," and we predict for it "a run," unequalled by anything Cooper has ever written.

Subscribers to the January volume of the Magazine will receive the entire sheets of "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF"—which commences in November. It is understood, that the novel will make from *ten* to *fifteen* pages *extra*, in each number of the Magazine, so that Subscribers will receive this novel in addition to the usual quantity of reading matter in Graham. The publishers have given

$1,200 FOR THE NOVEL,

and with the Premiums, $1,000 for Prizes, Graham will undoubtedly excel all the Magazines for 1847.

ELEGANT PARIS FASHIONS IN EVERY NUMBER.

While all the other monthly periodicals are crumbling to decay, and resorting to every expedient to save themselves from destruction, "Graham" pursues the even tenor of its way, proudly at the head of the periodical literature of the day—with its 50,000 readers, gradually widening its influence, and extending its circulation. The policy adopted in this Magazine, of giving the *best, both in literature and art*, has established it upon the secure basis of *public confidence.*

We have resolved, so far as "Graham" is concerned, to give a proper direction to the popular taste; and propose in the coming volume greatly to amplify the literary department of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad.

FOR THE NEW VOLUME.

In addition to the host of able writers who have enriched our pages by their productions, we shall have the advantage of being able to publish some of the most brilliant articles that have ever appeared in our language

IN OUR PRIZE STORIES,

The first of which will appear in the January number. The Committee, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Louis A. Godey, Morton McMichael, and Robert Morris, Esqrs., are patiently engaged in reading the large mass of manuscripts submitted, and proposed to give their

DECISION ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER

We design to commence in the January number, the REVOLUTIONARY PRIZE STORY, as we have already run ning through the magazine the new Novel by Cooper, above mentioned.

For the New Year, we have made the most liberal arrangements in regard to the work, with a determination to make

A GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

Contributed to by the highest talent in the country—free from all cliques and sectional differences, and relying on the *merit of its literary matter*, and the excellency of its illustrations, for a still wider support.

The volume to be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with a

SERIES OF EMBELLISHMENTS,

unsurpassed by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine.

"GRAHAM" has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in everything really beautiful published in the Magazines. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country has been so elegantly embellished, or has so rapidly increased.

OUR MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the Magazine heretofore, by which we *secure his splendid mezzotints for this work alone.* These beautiful engravings will, therefore, form a *feature of Graham's Magazine* so that we shall be able to distance anything like competition on this ground.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION PLATES.

These exquisite creations of taste and skill we have engaged *exclusively*, from the publisher of "Le Follet," and all other efforts to get them have failed. An attempt has been made to *deceive the public*, by re engraving the *old designs*; but these duplicates are so far beneath the *original Paris designs sent to "Graham," that they excite only contempt.* Our arrangements are complete, and we cannot be equalled in the beauty and correctness of this department of the Magazine. These plates appear in every number.

THE LOWEST TERMS For 1847.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, FOR A SINGLE COPY, OR, TWO COPIES YEARLY FOR FIVE DOLLARS invariably in advance, post paid.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH, free of postage, FIVE COPIES of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

FOR TWENTY DOLLARS CASH, ELEVEN COPIES OF THE MAGAZINE WILL BE FORWARDED, and a copy gratis to the Postmaster or others forwarding the money.

Address, post paid,

Geo. R. Graham & Co.

129 *Chesnut St. Philadelphia.*

nov. 14—eow 3t.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT may be cured with *certainty*, and at a trifling expense, by taking every night at bedtime, two or three of JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, and a dose of either his ALTERATIVE or VERMIFUGE three times a day. This treatment *never fails to cure.* ☞ For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1846	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
28 SATURDAY,	7 17	4 44	11 16	
29 SUNDAY,	7 17	4 43	morn	D. H. M.
30 MONDAY,	7 18	4 43	12 14	
1 TUESDAY,	7 18	4 42	1 3	
2 WEDNESDAY,	7 19	4 41	1 46	Full 2 5 46
3 THURSDAY,	7 20	4 40	2 20	Last 10 4 15
4 FRIDAY,	7 20	4 40	3 4	New 18 7 41
5 SATURDAY,	7 21	4 39	3 40	First 25 1 36

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Richard D. Hall, ALBERT NIXON ROBERTS, to MARY ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. Jacob Wagner, all of the District of the Northern Liberties.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Willis Lord, Mr. WILLIAM ARBUCKLE, to Miss MARY HODGE, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Jones, Mr. RICHARD H. MORRELL, to Miss ELIZABETH B. daughter of John Thomson, Esq. all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. C Cooley, HORACE SMITH to ANNA M. daughter of F. B. Nichols, Esq. all of Fotteville.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. HIRAM J. JONES, to Miss MARY ANN GREBLE, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D. D., DANIEL M. FOX, to ELIZABETH CAROLINE, daughter of Henry Korn, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. John M. Dickey, ROBT. HAINES ENGLAND, Esq. to Miss SARAH A. NEWTON, both of Cecil county, Md.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev Richard Newton, CALEB P. LAMBERTON to ELIZABETH, daughter of Seine Frost, Esq. all of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Higgins, Mr. THOMAS MONOHAN, to Miss ELIZABETH DOYLE, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Kerr, Mr. WILLIAM STERNE, to Miss ANNA C. MURRAY.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. C. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE H. CONNER, of Lewistown, Del. to Miss MARY ANN ANDERSON, of Southwark.

On the 22d inst. by Rev. H. G. King, Mr. W. HYMAN to Miss SUSAN VANDEVER, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 23d inst. JACOB STORRS, in the 56th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 23d inst. at the house of his brother-in-law, in Saxonville, Mass. DEXTER STONE, of the firm of Grant & Stone, of this city.

On the 21st inst. Mr. SAMUEL BAYNE, aged 56 years.

On the 22d inst. FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, infant son of Nicholas and Hannah Warnick, aged 1 year.

On the 18th inst. at Princeton, New Jersey, Mrs. ANN GUILD, of this city, aged 73 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. MARGARET GILLAM, aged 43.

On the 18th inst. Mr. DAVID JACKSON, aged 35 years.

On the 20th inst. JOHN E. KERN COATES, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. WM. DUTTON, aged 42 years.

On the 17th inst. GEORGE DAVID, aged 36 years.

On the 19th inst. CHARLES FOSTER, aged 42 years.

JOHN ROSS, aged 70 years.

On the 20th inst. Mr. JACOB LEES, aged 32 years.

On the 20th inst. JOHN FISHER, aged 70 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN HESSELPOTH, aged 48.

On the 19th inst. GODFREY, son of Bartle and Amanda Root, aged 4 years.

Near Marshall, Saline county, Mo. on the 5th instant, Mrs. LUCY B. wife of C. F. Stansbury, Esq.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. SARAH REED, aged 45 years.

On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of John C. Gubring, aged 50 years.

On the 19th inst. CATHARINE McGETTIGAN, aged 10 months.

On the 19th inst. JOHN WILLIAM CARRICK, aged 3 months and 22 days.

On the 19th inst. aged 47 years, MARY ANN, widow of the late Adam Waldie.

On the 19th inst. WILLIAM MURREY, son of Adam Matsinger, aged 6 years.

On the 18th inst. ANN BURRELL, aged 26 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH STILEY, aged 35.

On the 17th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Henry and Catharine Clawson, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Mr. NOAH SMITH, aged 43 years.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. Dr. JOSEPH MARTIN.

Suddenly, on the 19th inst. JAMES HINCHMAN, aged 63.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. SARAH HARVEY, of Evesham Township, N. J. aged 46 years.

OBITUARY.

In Cannonsville, Del. county, N. Y. of consumption, October 25th, ELLEN, youngest daughter of Darius and Lucy Maples, aged 19 years.

Thus has fallen in the morning of life the tender and dutiful daughter, the affectionate and confiding sister and friend, and our community has lost one of its brightest ornaments. The deceased possessed, in addition to great personal attractions, a mind of a high order and virtues of a shining lustre. Her constitution was naturally delicate, and the marks of that insidious and fell disease, consumption, were early visible. But notwithstanding the frailty of her health, no personal sacrifice ever appeared too great, if she could but confer happiness on others. Her benevolence was of that quiet, unobtrusive kind, to which no pen can do adequate justice. Although young, yet the old and young and all of every grade within the circle of her acquaintance who were in need, were either directly or indirectly the objects of her kindness and benevolence. When attacked by the sickness which resulted in her death, she was evidently aware of her approaching dissolution, and although her sufferings were severe, yet no word of complaint escaped her. She gave a living evidence of possessing the Christian's hope, evincing the utmost calmness, composure and resignation to the last.

"Lay the sod lightly, over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers, peaceful her rest,
Beautiful, lovely, she was but given,
A fair bud to earth to blossom in Heaven."

Cannonsville, Oct. 25th, 1846.

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 14th to the 21st November.

The number of deaths during the last week were 97. 39 adults and 58 children.

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 15,	48	49	50
16,	48	54	55
17,	50	55	57
18,	46	56	59
19,	54	57	59
20,	49	51	52
21,	40	47	48

ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS—1847.

GEORGE S. APPLETON has just issued the following Books for Children, to which the attention of all parents, guardians, school teachers and others is requested. They are all elegantly printed, attractively bound, and beautifully illustrated; the matter in them is unexceptionable. They may be placed in children's hands with the most entire confidence, as there is nothing either sectarian or immoral—in fact they are just what has been wanted.

GEORGE'S JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF HAPPINESS.

This charming story is appropriately illustrated with 16 large and beautifully colored pictures. It is the gem of the season.

THE CHILD'S FAVORITE—BY A LADY.

Of this the same may be said, it has 12 exquisitely colored plates, and suited for a more advanced child.

THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF BOB THE SQUIRREL.

This charming *bijou*, with its 12 richly colored pictures, delightfully told story, and beautiful binding, will improve not only the mind but the taste of the young folks.

POPULAR TALES BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Those standard tales are as popular at the present day as when they were first written; they are illustrated with 6 designs by Croome.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, BY MISS EDGEWORTH

THE BRACELET, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH, 2 PLATES.

LAZY LAWRENCE BY MISS EDGEWORTH, 2 ENGRAVINGS.

Miss Edgeworth has written nothing for children better than these stories. In fact they are her gems. They are each published separately and illustrated with two designs by Croome.

THE FIRESIDE STORY BOOK, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH

This neat volume contains the above three excellent tales bound in one, with 6 illustrations by Croome.

GRANDMAMMA EASY'S NEW TOY BOOKS, 12 KINDS

Grandma has prepared for her juvenile friends, 12 entirely new and original toys of an unusually large size, with brightly colored pictures, which though so vastly superior to those previously in the market, are sold at the same price.

G S A has also published new editions of his previously issued juvenile publications, which, by their superiority, have obtained an enviable and unequalled reputation. It

JUST PUBLISHED.

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE *SONS and DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.*

By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," and other Temperance Tales.

This story represents a family celebrating Christmas on three successive years.

First—with "*BRANDY EGG NOG*"

Second—with "*WINE EGG NOG*"

Third—with "*ADAM'S ALE*"

It is printed on good paper, and bound in a neat lithographic cover, printed in colors. Single copies 37½ cts. Three copies for $1,00 nov 28 4t

Address, WM. SLOANAKER, No. 129 Chesnut St.

WANTED—A number of active MEN, to go South and West, some in the New England States, to act as AGENTS for the sale of New and Popular Works, $500 per year profits, over and above their expenses will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1000 per year, and more if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50 to obtain a good fitting out. Apply at WINCH'S PUBLISHING HALL, No. 116 CHESNUT Street, up stairs. All letters must be post paid nov 28 3t*

A VOLUNTEER WITNESS FOR JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. John Van Valkinburgh, Esq., writes to Dr. Jayne, Sept. 28th, 1846, and says: I would cheerfully accept of an Agency for the sale of your Family Medicines, because I feel satisfied that if I had not taken your EXPECTORANT, I should before this day, been in my grave. In the month of August, 1845, I had a very severe attack of Typhus Fever and Inflammation of my Lungs, which reduced me very low. In a few days after my fever had left me I began to gain strength, I had a bad cough, and raised large quantities of matter from my lungs or stomach. As my strength increased, my cough also increased. I told my physician that I wanted to take your Expectorant. He thought it was not best. He made some Syrup for my cough, which I took for two or three weeks, but it done me no good. My cough still increased so much, that my stomach and lungs felt as if they were all raw, there was such a soreness. I raised a very large amount, and it appeared to me that I was as bad off as many people I have seen in the last stages of Consumption. I finally concluded that I had the Consumption, and that I could not live but a short time. I, therefore, determined to be my own physician. I sent to Catskill for half a dozen bottles of your Expectorant, and commenced taking it, and in less than twenty-four hours there was quite a change in my feelings, and before I had taken two bottles of it I was restored to my usual health.

I sold two or three bottles of it to a lady in this place. She has told me within two weeks that she believes that it had been the means of saving her life. If you think what I have stated to be worth publishing, you are at liberty to do so. Respectfully yours,

JOHN VAN VALKINBURGH, P. M.

Lexington, Greene county, N. Y.

The EXPECTORANT is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD St., Philada. oct 31 tf

TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

An Elegant Illustrated Magazine, with Southern Scenery, &c. Containing a Pictorial Description of the States of North and South Carolina, Biographical Sketches, and Revolutionary Incidents, connected therewith, which can be mailed to any part of the United States for 4 cents postage.

The February Number of our FAMILY MAGAZINE, for 1847, will be ready to go by mail by the third week in January. The number will be complete in itself, and contain an interesting Historical and Descriptive Account of the States of North and South Carolina, together with a great variety of other literary and interesting matter—the whole Illustrated with

FIFTEEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

each one occupying an entire page of the work. We expect to circulate many thousands of this elegant Periodical in the above States and elsewhere. The Plates are all executed expressly for this work, in a peculiarly chaste and perfect manner; and any one of them is worth the price of the work.

☞ The price of the PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, will be

ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY,

Or Five Copies will be sent by Mail for One Dollar.

Letters enclosing remittances must be post paid in full. The silver change for a single copy, or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (*postage paid*,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a *half sheet* of writing paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only *single* postage.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the town, and State, where the Magazine is to be forwarded, and should be addressed (*post paid*) to ROBERT SEARS, 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Two Fine Engravings, A VIEW of CHARLESTON, S. C., elegantly printed, on fine paper, and a View of the CAPITOL AT RALEIGH, N. C., are worth the money charged for the whole No.

NOTICE TO PURCHASERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Every purchaser should bear in mind that the first impressions of Engravings are always the handsomest and most valuable; and as justice requires that we should adhere to the old maxim, "first come, first served," those who are anxious to possess themselves of the best copies, cannot forward their money too soon. We always record the names of subscribers on our books in rotation, as their money is received, and forward the Magazine accordingly. We shall positively commence sending to subscribers in the country by the third week in January, 1847; so you cannot send on your money too soon.

☞ Any Newspaper in the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive 4 copies of the above number. Will the papers of North and South Carolina please copy the above once and receive their pay in numbers of the above work. If so, please send on a paper with the advertisement marked. nov 28-1t

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE. DAVID W. GIHON, BOOK BINDER, No. 98 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, has had engraved, a series of splendid and appropriate designs, forming together a *MAGNIFICENT SIDE PLATE*, expressly for embellishing the covers of *HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE*, and is prepared to bind that handsome work in a very superior manner, in

Calf, Turkey Morocco, or Sheep, with Gilt, Marbled or Sprinkled Edges.

Those who have obtained this beautiful publication, and desire to have it bound in a style corresponding with its internal appearance, are respectfully referred to the following Editorial Notices, extracted from the editorial columns of the newspapers of this city.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

ELEGANT BINDING.—We were shown, yesterday, an elegantly bound Bible, one of Harper's edition, which reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the workmen. The binding was executed by D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. The embellishments are very appropriate, being representations from Bible history.—*Native Eagle.*

A SPLENDIDLY BOUND BIBLE.—Yesterday a gentleman brought into our office a volume of Harper's Illustrated Bible, bound in the most splendid manner. The style, Turkey morocco, embossed with gold. Each side contains nine scriptural illustrations, and the back is also superbly embellished. The whole reflects the highest credit upon the binder, Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, who has by numerous and elegant specimens of superior work established quite a high reputation in his truly useful art.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a copy of this handsome work bound by him in the most beautiful manner, in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges. He has had prepared and engraved expressly for it a magnificent side plate, consisting of a number of appropriate emblematical designs, formed from no less than *one hundred and twenty* separate brass dies. This handsome plate transferred in gold to the sides of the book gives it an unusually rich and elegant appearance.

Mr. Gihon deserves much credit and a liberal encouragement for his enterprise in this costly undertaking.—*Sun.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—We were shown, yesterday, a copy of Harper's Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which reflects much credit on that enterprising gentleman. The Bible is bound in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges, in a most superb manner, and contains on the outside covering emblematical designs from scripture, giving the edition an unusually rich and beautiful appearance. It must be seen to be appreciated.—*Keystone.*

SPLENDID BINDING.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which is as elegant a specimen of that art as is the work itself of typographical perfection. The dies, which have been prepared expressly to illustrate the Harper's edition of the Bible, are elegant and appropriate, and are in perfect keeping with the vignette illustrations of the work itself.—*North American.*

BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.—We have examined, with much pleasure, a plate finished by Messrs. Gaskill & Copper, of this city, for David W. Gihon, book binder, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is especially designed as a side plate for embellishing the covers of *Harper's Illustrated Bible*, and is made up of a series of illustrations and scenes from the Scriptures, among which we notice The Creation, David and his Harp, Abraham's Sacrifice, The Seven Candlesticks, and the Ten Commandments, The Good Shepherd, The Word of Life, The Virgins, &c., &c.

We commend the spirit of our young friend Gihon, in getting up this costly and splendid affair, and bespeak for him a generous patronage from the subscribers to the *Bible.*—*Saturday Courier.*

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a magnificent copy of Harper's Pictorial Bible of his binding. The covers are most richly embellished in gold with appropriate designs.—*Spirit of the Times.*

HARPER'S BIBLE—*Elegant Binding.*—We were shown yesterday, a copy of Harper's Illustrated and Pictorial Bible, bound in a magnificent style, by Mr. D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is a specimen of what Mr. Gihon can do in the way of elegant binding, and it is a substantial and beautiful piece of workmanship. Those who have copies of Harper's Bible, and who wish them bound in a manner corresponding in richness with this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, should call upon Mr. Gihon and examine his work.—*Daily Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street, has caused to be prepared a superior set of ornamental dies for stamping the covers of Harper's Bible. We saw a copy yesterday, bound in a very superior manner, and the effect of the ornaments was neat and tasteful.—*U. S. Gazette.*

SPLENDID BINDING.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street. The Bible is now completed, and as there are thousands desirous of having it bound in a style corresponding with the elegance of the internal letter press and illuminations, we most cordially commend Mr. Gihon to their patronage, fully convinced that he will do full justice to the undertaking.—*Neal's Sat. Gazette.*

BEAUTIFUL WORK.—We mentioned, some weeks since, that Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut street, had prepared an *elegant side plate*, consisting of a number of suitable illustrations, for binding *Harper's Pictorial Bible.* We have since had the pleasure of examining a copy of that work bound by him, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful and appropriate specimens of bookbinding we have ever seen. We advise every person having the work in numbers to call and see this chaste piece of work, and also the elegant assortment of fine leather which Mr. Gihon has on hand. We feel assured that they will at once conclude to have the book bound by him.—*Sat. Evening Post.*

☞ As inducements to subscribers, Mr. Gihon will bind Harper's Bible, in *Calf, or Turkey Morocco, with Gilt Backs, Gilt Edges, and richly stamped Sides*, (being the style mentioned in all the above notices) for the EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICE OF SIX DOLLARS a copy—or where five persons club together and send the books *in one lot* he will bind FIVE FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding and re Binding of Public and Private Libraries, works of Engravings. Books to match setts, &c., &c. TERMS MODERATE. nov 21 3t

CHEERING NEWS FOR CONSUMPTIVES. Miss JULIA A. WOODFORD, says, in a letter to DR. JAYNE, dated, Naugatuck, Conn., Sept. 30, 1846:

"I am using your ALTERATIVE with good effect for a Scrofulous Affection under which I have been suffering for the last ten years." And after describing her situation, goes on to say:—"We have used a great deal of your medicines in my father's family, and have known them to make great cures. About five years since my brother was very sick with what was supposed to be CONSUMPTION. The best physician in the place was called in, (we were then in Cabotville, Mass.,) and he came, I do not know just how long, but for a great many days, and brought with him other physicians—but still he grew worse. They at last gave him over; said they could do nothing more for him—THAT HE MUST DIE. We watched over him hour after hour, expecting that every breath would be his last. At length one night a gentleman called to see him and spoke of Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT; and he thought he was too far gone to live, but that there could be no harm in trying it. The same night we sent to Springfield and obtained a bottle, and commenced giving it to him, with but little hopes of its having any effect. His physician called next day at his usual hour, and the moment he entered the room pronounced him better. We sent for more of the Expectorant, and gave him that *and nothing else* until he was entirely cured. He took twenty-seven bottles, and his health has been better since than it was before his sickness. He is now in Hopkinsville, Ky., attending to his business.

Respectfully yours, JULIA A. WOODFORD."

The medicines are for sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. oct 31 tf

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended as a universal "cure all" have nevertheless proved superior to every thing of the kind, especially in LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and when used in conjunction with his Tonic Vermifuge will not fail one time in a hundred of effecting a permanent cure. For sale at No. 8 SOUTH THIRD St. aug 8 tf

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	2 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $3, Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25, other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. feb 28-10m O. CONRAD

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,

Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole,

THE BEST WEEKLY PAPER IN AMERICA.

As the vigorous defender of morality and a pure literature, it has gained for itself a name which entitles it to take the lead of journals, which are afraid to speak out upon this most important question.

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

As a literary journal the Post stands second to none. The best contributions of the American and Foreign mind, are procured to instruct and delight its large circle of readers—and no exertions shall be spared to render the Post a delightful companion both for old and young.

A MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the youngest members of the household.

TERMS.

1 *Copy*,	$2 00 *per annum.*
2 *Copies*,	$3 00 " "
5 *Copies*,	$10 " "
12 *Copies*,	$15 " "
17 *Copies*,	$20 " "

The money must be always sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO., *No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.*

WHO WANTS EMPLOYMENT!—AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, to obtain subscribers to, and dispose of one of the most valuable and important books ever published. Men of good address and business capacity, may clear from $300 to $1000 per annum. *All letters, to receive attention, must come,* POSTAGE PAID. For particulars, address nov 8 1m] G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

☞ ALL THE WORKS HERE ADVERTISED ARE SOLD BY ROBERT SEARS, 128 Nassau street, New York. Also, by JOHN JONES, and CHARLES EVERETT TOOTHAKER, 28 North Fifth street, general agents for Philadelphia and its vicinity.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

☞ *To all persons interested in the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—to Superintendents, Trustees, and Teachers of Schools—to Farmers, Mechanics, and Professional Men—the Works mentioned in the following pages of this cover are respectfully recommended.*

SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY LIBRARY.

Eight volumes large octavo.

EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

A series of eight useful and attractive books, for the Wives and Children of the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer, Physician, Lawyer, and Divine—for persons in every sphere and station of life, and for followers of every pursuit—

FOR PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES, has been prepared with great care, and at enormous expense, combining the useful with the agreeable, the solid with the ornamental; and designed, by replacing the cheap trash which overruns the country, with literary food of a moral, attractive and useful character, to disseminate, broadcast, the seeds of virtue and religion, to extend far and wide the roots of a true and lofty patriotism, and, by making good citizens of the rising generation, to throw a firm bulwark around our free and noble institutions.

These Books must be placed in every Family in the United States!!

Reader! make a generous effort to assist us in attaining so desirable a purpose.

MOTHERS!! Aid us in this noble enterprise. By your assistance, in extending the circulation of our books, you may hereafter point with pride to your children, and say, with the Roman Cornelia, "These are my jewels."

☞ *To Postmasters throughout the United States!* ☜

As we intend to place our Books in every family, all POSTMASTERS are respectfully requested, where it is practicable and convenient, to act as Agents, or appoint us good, faithful ones—*working men*—who will do up the business in good style, *by visiting every family*. For the friendly feeling and courtesy already evinced by many Postmasters throughout the country, the Publisher is truly grateful. To them he must be indebted for much of the success he expects to meet with; and without their generous aid, it will be in vain to introduce his new and valuable works among the great body of the people. We do not expect all Postmasters to act as our Agents; but we believe there are but few who will not most cheerfully aid us by recommending our works to some enterprising young man, who would do so. In this way, they will benefit us, as well as the public, by the universal dissemination of good and cheap books, of an entertaining and instructive kind, among thousands who have hitherto had no opportunity to procure ILLUSTRATED WORKS, except at too great a cost.

The above works consist of

Sears' Pictorial Description of Great Britain and Ireland, 500 pages, large 8vo., containing 263 engravings.

Sears' Information for the People, 500 pages, large octavo.

Sears' Pictorial Sunday Book, 600 pages, large octavo.

Sears' New Pictorial Family Book, 600 pages, large octavo.

Sears' Pictorial History of the American Revolution, 450 pages, large octavo.

Sears' Pictorial Bible History, 600 pages, large octavo.

Sears' Pictorial Bible Biography, 600 pages, large octavo.

Sears' Wonders of the World, 600 pages, large octavo.

A good chance to clear from $500 to $1000 a-year.

AGENTS WANTED in every town and county throughout the Union, to procure subscribers to "*Sears' New Pictorial and Illustrated Family Magazine*," and to sell *Sears' New and Popular Pictorial Works*, universally acknowledged to be the best and cheapest ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,

oct 28 tf No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

M. A. ROOT'S (LATE MAYALL'S) GALLERY OF DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS AND FAMILY GROUPS,

No. 140 Chesnut street, third door below Fifth street, (*Over Messrs. Bennett & Caldwell's Jewellery Store,*) 2d and 3d stories. ADMISSION FREE! Prices for Pictures, from $1,50 to $25 00, *Regulated by their size and character, and the style or richness of the case or frame.* Likenesses warranted.

TO AMATEURS AND OTHERS WISHING TO LEARN THE ART OF DAGUERREOTYPE.

Those desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the art, are informed that it is here taught on the principles of Chemical Philosophy, in a series of written and oral Lectures, which comprise a knowledge of the material used, of artistic arrangement, and the most perfect manipulation that this is in direct communication with the establishments of London and Paris, over which Mr. Mayall presides, and from whom the earliest information is received, as well as the cheapest and best materials of every kind. Add to which, each pupil, on being fully qualified, will receive a Diploma of Merit.

TO DAGUERREOTYPISTS.

Arrangements having been entered into with the manufacturers of Plates, Cases, Frames, and such Chemicals and other articles as are not imported or manufactured by us—all of which will be warranted of the best quality—operators can be supplied, in any part of the United States, with the best of everything used in the business, and at the lowest prices for good articles.

☞ TERMS CASH. All orders will be promptly attended to, if addressed, post paid, to M. A. ROOT, oct 17 tf No. 140 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

WARDS' PROTRACTER SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING, AND QUARTERLY REPORTS OF THE PHILADA FASHIONS AND TAILORS' ARCHETYPES. This work embraces a system which is acknowledged by those who have tested the merits of various Rules to be the best delineator of Fashions, and the surest guide for an inexperienced Tyro in the art of Garment Cutting, enabling him in a few weeks to compete with cutters of many years practice. The Reports of Fashion are published every three months, on the first of January, April, July and October, and convey a correct idea of the styles in vogue. The Spring and Fall Reports are embellished with well executed Picture Plates, containing from 15 to 20 representations of costume.

TERMS, $5,00 per year, including Scales and Protracter, which articles may be sent to any part of the U. States at Magazine postage. Tailors wishing to subscribe have only to address a line by mail to

SAML. A. & ASAHEL F. WARD,

Publishers of Philadelphia Fashions,

No. 62 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

N. B. Tailor's Shears and Points, Crayons and Inch Measures, wholesale and retail. sep 26-3m

HO! HO! YOU'RE GETTING BALD ARE YOU?—Well, that is a misfortune, and not a crime; but to *remain bald*, when so fine an opportunity offers to restore your hair, by a faithful, and liberal use of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC is but little short of crime. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from scurf and *dandruff*, prevents the hair from falling off, cures those eruptive diseases which often appear upon the head, and in a majority of cases produces a fine growth of new hair. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance unequalled by any thing of the kind. For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

BEWARE OF THAT COUGH, for coughing denotes irritation of the throat or lungs, which is the immediate precursor of *Inflammation, Abscess, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Consumption and Death.* Now, there is no need of coughing at all, for JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT will immediately relieve the Cough, subdue the inflammation, cleanse the Lungs and throat from all irritating or obstructing matter, and effect a speedy cure. For sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street. aug 8 tf

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 97 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 16-6m ANDREW S. CHAMBERS.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

CANCER.—AN INTERESTING CASE CURED BY Dr. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—In the Spring of 1831, a Cancerous tumor appeared in the right breast of Mrs Phebe, wife of Peter Stoonh, of Salem, N. J. It was examined by many physicians, and was considered by all as cancerous, and besides bore all the characteristic marks of one. All probable means of removing were used without the slightest benefit. It continued to increase both in size and painfulness, until all hope of saving her life, but by a painful operation, was abandoned, which, after a consultation of eminent physicians, was performed, Jan. 1st, 1834 by Dr. John Rhea Barton, assisted by Dr. Redman, the proprietor, and two other medical gentlemen. The whole and entire right breast was removed, and after examination of the tumor, was pronounced by all present a Cancer of the most malignant character. In about three months, after enduring incredible sufferings, she was enabled, though broken in spirit, to get about again. She remained feeble and her general health was exceedingly bad, as indeed it had been for several years before. In the Spring of 1837, upwards of five years after her breast had been removed, a painful tumor made its appearance on the ride side, immediately over the part formerly occupied by the nipple of the right breast, previous to its removal. This tumor steadily increased, for several months, and became so painful as to deprive her of rest. The glands under the right arm were enlarged; and Scirrhus, and a hard, irregular, and at times painful tumor, appeared in the left breast. No operation could now arrest the disease. Indeed her whole body appeared to be a mass of disease. Her case was considered hopeless. She was of a very Scrofulous habit, both of her parents having died of Pulmonary Consumption. The experiment was now made with this ALTERATIVE. It was at first given in small doses, three times a day, and the doses very gradually, but steadily increased daily, as long as she took it, which was about six months, and the skin over and around the tumor was wet night and morning with a strong solution of Iodine and Hydriodate Potash. The tumor continued increasing in size for about six weeks, and was at times very painful, when the pain suddenly ceased altogether, and the tumor swelled out at the base, and became soft, and then began to diminish, and continued gradually decreasing until every vestige of disease was removed. The tumor in her left breast, and those in the right axilla were also dispersed. No Cancerous or Scrofulous tumors ever appeared afterwards; and her general health, which had been so bad for fourteen years as to make life a burthen, was effectually and permanently restored.—The proprietor is in possession of the diseased breast, and those who choose may examine it. He would also say that he could mention over a dozen cases equally interesting, wherein his ALTERATIVE has subdued Cancer and Cancerous tumors, as well as immense numbers of Goitres or Bronchocele. Prepared and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d St. Philada. sep 12 tf

LATEST NEWS FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, PA., July 15, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne:—Dear Sir.—Mr. John Mills, residing on the Cumberland side of the river, directly opposite this place, called on me a few days since, and stated that his wife was cured of a very severe cough, which she had been troubled with for a long time, by the use of your "EXPECTORANT." Before she commenced using it, she had become so weakened and reduced as to be obliged to keep her bed, with every appearance of having deep-seated CONSUMPTION, and he had very little hopes of her recovery, especially on the night before she commenced using the Expectorant. Her cough was so tight and severe that he did not think *she could live till morning*, and three bottles, which he procured from me, restored her to perfect health. He wishes me to communicate these facts to you.

Respectfully, yours, MARTIN LUTZ.

N. B.—Your "Carminative Balsam" answers admirably the purpose for which it is intended, and is quite in demand. M. L.

Prepared only at No. 8 S. THIRD St. aug 8 tf

"DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP."

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I certify that before my remembrance I became afflicted with what the physicians called SCROFULA. It made its first appearance by pain and swelling of my joints—more especially of my ankles, knees, wrists and elbows, after which the glands of my throat and neck became inflamed and swelled attended with most excruciating pains. I was often confined entirely to my bed, and for weeks together could not move my neck or turn my head. Several physicians attended upon me at different times, they did not appear to do me any good.

About a year ago I was attacked with vomiting, which continued every few minutes all one night. The next day an eruption appeared on the sides of my neck, which soon spread all over my neck, head and face, with inflammation of my eyes and eyelids, which destroyed my eye lashes, and caused the hair to fall from off my head; and soon the disease spread all over me; my limbs were one entire scab. I could not bend my arms or hands without causing the skin to crack open, when the blood would run out. Some of my finger nails came off. In short, I was unable to get my own living, and in this condition I was taken by Mrs David Stewart and Mrs. Elizabeth Doughty, of Spring Garden street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, to DR. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, in order that he might undertake my case. He directed me to take his ALTERATIVE three times a day, according to the directions, and his SANATIVE PILLS as often as I should find necessary. I have now taken his Alterative four months, and am most happy to say that *it has entirely cured me.*

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,

aug8-tf No. 118 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

WORMS! WORMS! WORMS!—To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the stomach and bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of worms, dyspepsia, sour stomach, want of appetite, infantile fever and ague, and debility of the stomach and bowels and organs of digestion. It is without exception one of the most valuable preparations in the world. Sold at No. 8 South THIRD Street. jy 4 tfy

EVANS & WATSON'S PATENT IMPROVED FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, SLATE-LINED REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, Isinglass, &c., which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soapstone. We still continue to make our celebrated Air Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank; as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use are made.

The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1844, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.

N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.

Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Sixth streets.

John M. Ford, 32 north Third street.

Miers Bush, 20 north Third street.

Bailey & Brother, 136 Market street.

A. Wright & Nephew, Vine street wharf.

James W. Paul, 101 south Fourth street.

Dr. Jayne, 8 south Third street.

Mr. Patterson, Navy Agent.

And we have about 450 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange, and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

All persons in want are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Patent Slate Refrigerators, Water Filterers, Coolers, Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Hoisting Machines, Plain and Ornamental Iron Railing, Trucks for Stores, Superior Patent Locks, Fire Proof Doors for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.

jan 27-1y EVANS & WATSON.

Selected Poetry.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stol'n away.
Thou art no longer fair, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed;
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.
Ah! that was long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare!

Well, well dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid,
The three years' darling, fair and pure,
Beneath the yew tree's shade;
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue—
But we've blessed since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

—There was John, thy heart and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his time!
—There is Jane, thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame—
Our poorest neighbors pity us,
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the evil, woful ways she took,
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife!
—And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her downfall
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
I cursed him to his face;
But he was rich and I was poor,
—The rich know no disgrace!
The gallows would have had me, wife,
—For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms my maddened brain;
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,
Thy look of patient pain;
The lips that never smile, wife;
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;
The form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone;

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears;
We have borne so much together
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bear, wife,
What God appointeth here;
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
Be this our only prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh God, who reign'st above,
We bless Thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—love!

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"I'm very much beholden to you, Mrs. Richards," said Susan, who was not by any means discriminating in her wrath, "and really feel it as a honor to receive your commands, being a black slave and a mulotter, Mrs. Richards, if there's any other orders you can give me, pray mention 'em."

"Nonsense; orders," said Polly.

"Oh! bless your heart, Mrs. Richards," cried Susan, "temporaries always orders permanencies here, didn't you know that, why wherever was you born, Mrs. Richards? But wherever you was born, Mrs Richards," pursued Spitfire, shaking her head resolutely, "and whenever, and however, (which is best known to yourself,) you may bear in mind, please, that it's one thing to give orders, and quite another thing to take 'em. A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five-and-forty feet of water, Mrs. Richards, but a person may be very far from diving."

"There now," said Polly, "you're angry because you're a good little thing, and fond of Miss Florence; and yet you turn round on me, because there's nobody else."

"It's very easy for some to keep their tempers, and be soft spoken, Mrs. Richards," returned Susan, slightly mollified, "when their child's made as much of as a prince, and is petted and patted till it wishes its friends further, but when a sweet young pretty innocent, that never ought to have a cross word spoken to or of it, is run down, the case is very different indeed. My goodness gracious me, Miss Floy, you naughty, sinful child if you don't shut your eyes this minute, I'll call in them hobgoblins that lives in the cock-loft, to come and eat you up alive!"

Here Miss Nipper made a horrible lowing, supposed to issue from a conscientious goblin of the bull species, impatient to discharge the severe duty of his position. Having further composed her young charge by covering her head with the bed clothes, and making three or four angry dabs at the pillow, she folded her arms, and screwed up her mouth, and sat looking at the fire for the rest of the evening.

Though little Paul was said, in nursery phrase, "to take a deal of notice for his age," he took as little notice of all this as of the preparations for his christening on the next day but one; which nevertheless went on about him, as to his personal apparel, and that of his sister and the two nurses, with great activity. Neither did he, on the arrival of the appointed morning, show any sense of its importance; being, on the contrary, unusually inclined to sleep, and unusually inclined to take it ill in his attendants that they dressed him to go out.

It happened to be an iron-gray autumnal day, with a shrewd east wind blowing—a day in keeping with the proceedings. Mr. Dombey represented in himself the wind, the shade, and autumn of the christening. He stood in his library to receive the company, as hard and cold as the weather; and when he looked out through the glass room, at the trees in the little garden, their brown and yellow leaves came fluttering down, as if he blighted them.

Ugh! They were black, cold rooms; and seemed to be in mourning like the inmates of the house. The books precisely matched as to size, and drawn up in line, like soldiers, looked in their cold, hard, slippery uniforms, as if they had but one idea among them, and that was a freezer. The book-case, glazed and locked, repudiated all familiarities. Mr. Pitt, in bronze, on the top, with no trace of his celestial origin about him, guarded the unattainable treasure like an enchanted Moor. A dusty urn at each side corner, dug up from an ancient tomb, preached desolation and decay, as from two pulpits; and the chimney glass, reflecting Mr Dombey and his portrait at one blow, seemed fraught with melancholy meditations.

The stiff and stark fire-irons appeared to claim a nearer relationship than anything else there to Mr. Dombey, with his buttoned coat, his white cravat, his heavy gold watch-chain, and his creaking boots. But this was before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chick, his lawful relatives, who soon presented themselves.

"My dear Paul," Mrs. Chick murmured, as she embraced him, "the beginning, I hope, of many joyful days!"

"Thank you, Louisa," said Mr. Dombey grimly. "How do you do, Mr. John?"

"How do you do, sir," said Chick.

He gave Mr. Dombey his hand, as if he feared it might electrify him. Mr. Dombey took it as if it were a fish, or sea-weed, or some such clammy substance, and immediately returned it to him with exalted politeness.

"Perhaps, Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, slightly turning his head in his cravat, as if it were a socket, "you would have preferred a fire?"

"Oh, my dear Paul, no," said Mrs. Chick, who had much ado to keep her teeth from chattering; "not for me."

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, "you are not sensible of any chill?"

Mr. John, who had already got both his hands in his pockets over the wrists, and was on the very threshold of that same canine chorus which had given Mrs. Chick so much offence on a former occasion, protested that he was perfectly comfortable.

He added in a low voice, "With my tiddle tol toor rul"—when he was providentially stopped by Towlinson, who announced:

"Miss Tox!"

And entered that fair enslaver, with a blue nose and an indescribably frosty face, referable to her being very thinly clad in a maze of fluttering odds and ends, to do honor to the ceremony.

"How do you do, Miss Tox," said Mr. Dombey.

Miss Tox, in the midst of her spreading gauze, went down altogether like an opera glass, shutting up; she curtseyed so low, in acknowledgment of Mr. Dombey's advancing a step or two to meet her.

"I can never forget this occasion, sir," said Miss Tox, softly. "'Tis impossible. My dear Louisa, I can hardly believe the evidence of my senses."

If Miss Tox could believe the evidence of one of her senses, it was a very cold day. That was quite clear. She took an early opportunity of promoting the circulation in the tip of her nose by secretly chafing it with her pocket-handkerchief, lest, by its very low temperature, it should disagreeably astonish the baby when she came to kiss it.

The baby soon appeared, carried in great glory by Richards; while Florence, in custody of that active young constable, Susan Nipper, brought up the rear. Though the whole nursery party were dressed by this time in lighter mourning than at first, there was enough in the appearance of the bereaved children to make the day no brighter. The baby, too—it might have been Miss Tox's nose—began to cry. Thereby, as it happened, preventing Mr. Chick from the awkward fulfillment of a very honest purpose he had; which was, to make much of Florence. For this gentleman, insensible to the superior claims of a perfect Dombey (perhaps on account of having the honor to be united to a Dombey himself, and being familiar with excellence,) really liked her, and showed that he liked her, and was about to show it in his own way now, when Paul cried, and his helpmate stopped him short.

"Now, Florence, child!" said her aunt, briskly, "what are you doing, love? Show yourself to him. Engage his attention, my dear!"

The atmosphere became or might have become colder and colder, when Mr. Dombey stood frigidly watching his little daughter, who, clapping her hands, and standing on tiptoe before the throne of his son and heir, lured him to bend down from his high estate, and look at her. Some honest act of Richards' may have aided the effect, but he did look down and held his peace. As his sister hid behind her nurse, he followed her with his eyes; and when she peeped out with a merry cry to him, he sprang up and crowed lustily—laughing outright when she ran in upon him; and seeming to fondle her curls with his tiny hands, while she smothered him with kisses.

Was Mr. Dombey pleased to see this? He testified no pleasure by the relaxation of a nerve; but outward tokens of any kind of feeling were unusual to him. If any sunbeam stole into the room to light the children at their play, it never reached his face. He looked on so fixedly and coldly, that the warm light vanished even from the laughing eyes of little Florence, when, at last, they happened to meet his.

It was a dull, gray, autumn day indeed, and in a minute's pause and silence that took place, the leaves fell sorrowfully.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, referring to his watch, and assuming his hat and gloves. "Take my sister, if you please: my arm to-day is Miss Tox's. You had better go first with Master Paul, Richards. Be very careful."

In Mr. Dombey's carriage, Dombey and Son, Miss Tox, Mrs. Chick, Richards and Florence. In a little carriage following it, Susan Nipper and the owner, Mr. Chick. Susan looking out of the window, without intermission, as a relief from the embarrassment of confronting the large face of that gentleman, and thinking whenever any thing rattled that he was putting up in paper an appropriate pecuniary compliment for herself.

Once upon the road to church, Mr. Dombey clapped his hands for the amusement of his son. At which instance of parental enthusiasm Miss Tox was enchanted. But exclusive of this incident, the chief difference between the christening party and a party in a mourning coach, consisted in the colors of the carriage and horses.

Arrived at the church steps, they were received by a portentous beadle. Mr. Dombey dismounting first to help the ladies out, and standing near him at the coach door, looked like another beadle. A beadle less gorgeous but more dreadful; the beadle of private life; the beadle of our business and our bosoms.

Miss Tox's hand trembled as she slipped it through Mr. Dombey's arm, and felt herself escorted up the steps, preceded by a cocked hat and a Babylonian collar. It seemed for a moment like that other solemn institution, "Wilt thou have this man, Lucretia?" "Yes, I will."

"Please to bring the child in quick out of the air there," whispered the beadle, holding open the inner door of the church.

Little Paul might have asked with Hamlet "into my grave?" so chill and earthy was the place. The tall shrouded pulpit and reading desk; the dreary perspective of empty pews stretching away under the galleries, and empty benches mounting to the roof, and lost in the shadow of the great grim organ; the dusty matting and cold stone slabs, the grisly free seats in the aisles; and the damp corner by the bell-rope, where the black tressels used for funerals were stowed away, along with some shovels and baskets, and a coil or two of deadly-looking rope; the strange, unusual, uncomfortable smell, and the cadaverous light, were all in unison. It was a cold and dismal scene.

"There's a wedding just on, sir," said the beadle, "but it'll be over directly, if you'll walk into the vestry here."

Before he turned again to lead the way, he gave Mr. Dombey a bow and a half smile of recognition, importing that he (the beadle) remembered to have had the pleasure of attending on him when he buried his wife, and hoped he had enjoyed himself since.

The very wedding looked dismal as they passed in front of the altar. The bride was too old and the bridegroom too young, and a superannuated beau with one eye, and an eye-glass stuck in its blank companion, was giving away the lady, while the friends were shivering. In the vestry the fire was smoking; and an over-aged and over-worked and under-paid attorney's clerk, "making a search," was running his forefinger down the parchment pages of an immense register, (one of a long series of similar volumes) gorged with burials. Over the fireplace was a ground plan of the vaults underneath the church; and Mr. Chick, skimming the literary portion of it aloud, by way of enlivening the company, read the reference to Mrs. Dombey's tomb in full, before he could stop himself.

After another cold interval, a wheezy little pew-opener, afflicted with an asthma, appropriate to the churchyard, if not to the church, summoned them to the font. Here they waited some little time, while the marriage party enrolled themselves; and meanwhile the wheezy little pew-opener—partly in consequence of her infirmity, and partly that the marriage party might not forget her,—went about the building coughing like a grampus.

Presently the clerk (the only cheerful-looking object there, and he was an undertaker,) came up with a jug of warm water, and said something as he poured it into the font about taking the chill off; which millions of gallons boiling hot could not have done for the occasion. Then the clergyman, an amiable and mild looking young curate, but obviously afraid of the baby, appeared like the principal character in a ghost-story, "a tall figure all in white," at sight of whom Paul rent the air with his cries, and never left off again till he was taken out black in the face.

Even when that event had happened, to the great relief of everybody, he was heard under the portico, during the rest of the ceremony, now fainter, now louder, now hushed, now bursting forth again with an irrepressible sense of his wrongs. This so distracted the attention of the two ladies that Mrs. Chick was constantly deploying into the centre aisle, to send out messages by the pew-opener while Miss Tox kept her Prayer-book open at the Gunpowder Plot, and occasionally read responses from that service.

During the whole of these proceedings, Mr. Dombey remained as impassive and gentlemanly as ever, and perhaps assisted in making it so cold that the young curate smoked at the mouth as he read. The only time that he unbent his visage in the least, was when the clergyman, in delivering (very unaffectedly and simply) the closing exhortation, relative to the future examination of the child by the sponsors, happened to rest his eye on Mr. Chick; and then Mr. Dombey might have been seen to express by a majestic look, that he would like to catch him at it.

It might have been well for Mr. Dombey if he had thought of his own dignity a little less; and had thought of the great origin and purpose of the ceremony, in which he took so formal and so stiff a part, a little more. His arrogance contrasted strangely with its history.

When it was all over, he again gave his arm to Miss Tox, and conducted her to the vestry, where he informed the clergyman how much pleasure it would have given him to have solicited the honor of his company to dinner, but for the unfortunate state of his household affairs. The register signed, and the fees paid, and the pew-opener (whose cough was very bad again) remembered, and the beadle gratified, and the sexton (who was accidentally on the door steps, looking with great interest at the weather) not forgotten, they got into the carriage again, and drove home in the same bleak fellowship.

There they found Mr. Pitt turning up his nose at a cold collation, set forth in a cold pomp of glass and silver, looking more like a dead dinner lying in state, than a social refreshment. On their arrival, Miss Tox produced a mug for her godson, and Mr. Chick a knife and fork, and spoon in a case. Mr. Dombey also produced a bracelet for Miss Tox; and, on the receipt of this token, Miss Tox was tenderly affected.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, "will you take the bottom of the table, if you please. What have you got there, Mr. John?"

"I have got a cold fillet of veal here, sir," replied Mr. Chick, rubbing his numbed hands hard together, "what have you got there, sir?"

"This," returned Mr. Dombey, "is some cold preparation of calf's head, I think. I see cold fowls—ham—patties—salad—lobster. Miss Tox will do me the honor of taking some wine? Champagne to Miss Tox."

There was a toothache in everything. The wine was so bitter cold that it forced a little scream from Miss Tox, which she had great difficulty in turning into a "Hem!" The veal had come from such an airy pantry, that the first taste of it struck a sensation as of cold lead to Mr. Chick's extremities. Mr. Dombey alone remained unmoved. He might have been hung up for sale at a Russian fair as a specimen of a frozen gentleman.

The prevailing influence was too much even for his sister. She made no effort at flattery or small-talk, and directed all her efforts to looking as warm as she could.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Chick, making a desperate plunge, after a long silence, and filling a glass of sherry; "I shall drink this, if you'll allow me, sir, to little Paul."

"Bless him!" murmured Miss Tox, taking a sip of wine.

"Dear little Dombey!" murmured Mrs. Chick.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, with severe gravity, "my son would feel and express himself obliged to you, I have no doubt, if he could appreciate the favor you have done him. He will prove, in time to come, I trust, equal to any responsibility that the obliging disposition of his relations and friends, in private, or the onerous nature of our position, in public, may impose upon him."

The tone in which this was said admitting of nothing more, Mr. Chick relapsed into low spirits and silence. Not so Miss Tox, who, having listened to Mr. Dombey with even a more emphatic attention than usual, and with a more expressive tendency of her head to one side, now leant across the table and said to Mrs. Chick softly:

"Louisa."

"My dear," said Mrs. Chick.

"Onerous nature of our position in public, may—I have forgotten the exact term."

"Expose him to," said Mrs. Chick.

"Pardon me, my dear," returned Miss Tox, "I think not. It was more rounded and flowing. Obliging disposition of relations and friends in private, or onerous nature of position in public may—impose upon him?"

"Impose upon him, to be sure," said Mrs. Chick.

Miss Tox struck her delicate hands together lightly, in triumph, and added, casting up her eyes, "eloquence indeed!"

Mr. Dombey, in the meanwhile, had issued orders for the attendance of Richards, who now entered, curtseying, but without the baby; Paul being asleep after the fatigues of the morning. Mr. Dombey, having delivered a glass of wine to this vassal, addressed her in the following words. Miss Tox previously settling her head on her side, and making other little arrangements for engraving them on her heart.

"During the six months or so, Richards, which have seen you an inmate of this house, you have done your duty. Desiring to connect some little service to you with this occasion, I considered how I could best effect that object, and I also advised with my sister, Mrs ———"

"Chick," interposed the gentleman of that name.

"Oh, hush, if you please!" said Miss Tox.

"I was about to say to you, Richards," resumed Mr. Dombey, with an appalling glance at Mr. John, "that I was further assisted in my decision, by the recollection of a conversation I held with your husband in this room, on the occasion of your being hired, when he disclosed to me the melancholy fact that your family, himself at their head, were sunk and steeped in ignorance."

Richards quailed under the magnificence of the reproof.

"I am far from being friendly," pursued Mr. Dombey, "to what is called by persons of leveling sentiments, general education. But it is necessary that the inferior classes should continue to be taught to know their position, and to conduct themselves properly. So far I approve of schools. Having the power of nominating a child on the foundation of an ancient establishment, called (from a worshipful company) the Charitable Grinders; where not only is a wholesome education bestowed upon the scholars, but where a dress and badge is likewise provided for them; I have (first communicating, through Mrs. Chick, with your family) nominated your eldest son to an existing vacancy; and he has this day, I am informed, assumed the habit. The number of her son, I believe," said Mr. Dombey, turning to his sister and speaking of the child as if he were a hackney coach, "is one hundred and forty-seven. Louisa, you can tell her."

"One hundred and forty-seven," said Mrs. Chick. "The dress, Richards, is a nice, warm, blue baize tailed coat and cap, turned up with orange-colored binding; red worsted stockings; and very strong leather small-clothes. One might wear the articles one's self," said Mrs. Chick, with enthusiasm, "and be grateful."

"There, Richards!" said Miss Tox. "Now, indeed, you may be proud. The Charitable Grinders!"

"I am sure I am very much obliged, sir," returned Richards, "and take it very kind that you should remember my little ones." At the same time a vision of Biler as a Charitable Grinder, with his very small legs encased in the serviceable clothing described by Mrs. Chick, swam before Richards' eyes and made them water.

"I am very glad to see you have so much feeling, Richards," said Miss Tox.

"It makes one almost hope, it really does," said Mrs. Chick, who prided herself on taking trustful views of human nature, "that there may yet be some faint spark of gratitude and right feeling left in the world."

Richards deferred to these compliments by curtseying and murmuring her thanks; but finding it quite impossible to recover her spirits from the disorder into which they had been thrown by the image of her son in his precocious nether garments she gradually approached the door and was heartily relieved to escape by it.

Such temporary indications of a partial thaw as had appeared with her, vanished with her; and the frost set in again, as cold and hard as ever. Mr. Chick was twice heard to hum a tune at the bottom of the table, but on both occasions it was a fragment of the Dead March in Saul. The party seemed to get colder and colder, and to be gradually resolving itself into a congealed and solid state, like the collation round which it was assembled. At length Mrs. Chick looked at Miss Tox, and Miss Tox returned the look, and they both rose and said it was really time to go. Mr. Dombey receiving this announcement with perfect equanimity, they took leave of that gentleman, and presently departed under the protection of Mr. Chick; who, when they had turned their backs upon the house and left its master in his usual solitary state, put his hands in his pockets, threw himself back in the carriage, and whistled "With a hey ho chevy!" all through, conveying into his face as he did so, an expression of such gloomy and terrible defiance, that Mrs Chick dared not protest, or in any way molest him.

Richards, though she had little Paul on her lap, could not forget her own first-born. She felt it was ungrateful; but the influence of the day fell even on the Charitable Grinders, and she could hardly help regarding his pewter badge, number one hundred and forty-seven, as, somehow, a part of its formality and sternness. She spoke, too, in the nursery, of his "blessed legs," and was again troubled by his spectre in uniform.

"I don't know what I wouldn't give," said Polly, "to see the poor little dear before he gets used to 'em."

"Why, then I tell you what, Mrs. Richards," retorted Nipper, who had been admitted to her confidence, "see him and make your mind easy."

"Mr. Dombey wouldn't like it," said Polly.

"Oh wouldn't he, Mrs. Richards!" retorted Nipper, "he'd like it very much, I think, when he was asked."

"You wouldn't ask him, I suppose, at all?" said Polly.

"No, Mrs. Richards, quite contrairy," returned Susan, "and them two inspectors, Tox and Chick, not intending to be on duty to-morrow, as I heard 'em say, me and Miss Floy will go along with you to-morrow morning, and welcome, Mrs. Richards, if you like, for we may as well walk there as up and down a street, and better too."

Polly rejected the idea pretty stoutly at first, but by little and little she began to entertain it, as she entertained more and more distinctly the forbidden pictures of her children, and her own home. At length, arguing that there could be no great harm in calling for a moment at the door, she yielded to the Nipper proposition.

The matter being settled thus, little Paul began to cry most piteously, as if he had a foreboding that no good would come of it.

"What's the matter with the child?" asked Susan.

"He's cold, I think," said Polly, walking with him to and fro, and hushing him.

It was a bleak autumn afternoon indeed; and as she walked, and hushed, and, glancing through the dreary windows, pressed the little fellow closer to her breast, the withered leaves came showering down.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Beautiful Poem.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[The Savannah Republican publishes the following lines, enclosed in a letter of the 23d of September, written at Camargo, from "one well known in the city" of Savannah:]

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies—
The night with solemn pace, moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies—
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!

And hover, gently hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife, the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirit yet.

Now as she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies!
That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and sooth its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast,
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Wherever Fate those forms may throw
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh! God, protect my wife and child!

Salmagundi.

THE LOST TOOTH.

We take the following from a quantity of "Parisian Chit Chat," translated for the Boston Bee. It gives a little insight into the French character.

Recently a rich paver of the *Marais* married his daughter to a herd-driver; following which was a banquet at the *Cadran-Bleu*.

After the congratulations of parents and friends, came the solemn moment of slipping off the garter. The nephew of the bride, to whom this delicate office was confided, slipped under the table like a serpent, and suddenly arose exclaiming, "A tooth! who has lost a tooth?"

"My sister," bawled out the bride's little brother, "she lost it yesterday, and I found it."

The poor bride, not knowing how to extricate herself, resorted to fainting. The relatives hastened around, the old beldams tittered, the young misses whispered, and the finder of the tooth received a cuff that made him see full three dozen stearine candles.

As to the bridegroom, impassible, like the sage of Horace, he besprinkled the fair bride with cologne and vinegar.

"Where am I?" murmured the poor girl, opening her eyes and closing her lips.

"In the midst of your friends and in your husband's arms."

"What then has happened? *mon Dieu!*"

"Alas!"

"Something frightful, then!"

"Frightful! 'tis enough to make one pluck the hair from his head."

Thus saying, the husband carried his clenched hand to his waving locks and plucked off—— one of Croizat's magnificent wigs.

A burst of laughter followed this act of conjugal heroism, and the wag of the company improvised a couplet upon the future happiness of a pair thus well matched.

GOING TO MARKET.

We saw a gentleman yesterday on his way to market with a moderate sized basket on one arm and a bright, clean looking tin bucket in his hand. The one spoke of vegetables and dainty meats, the other of fresh butter. The sky was black, the air sharp and, an occasional drop of rain touching his cheek, he complained of *having to go to market*. His pocket is never empty, or if it be, it is but to escape the burden of carrying coin, and then it has been cast upon glittering piles in his safe. Fortune has smiled on him, he is rich and ought to be without a care, as he and his children are without a want. But he complained of "having to go to market." Verily this world is not without its trials—the Colonel has to go to market!

Now we know a man who complains because he *cannot go to market*. There are differences look ye. This one has a—nursery we were about to say—a kitchen we will say, full of children, with nothing to eat, and the little chap in red flannel that should, like all two years old, smell of bread and butter, has nothing in him but hunger in his stomach and tears in his eyes. Does his pap complain that he has "to go to market" in the cold and rain? Not exactly. But what a sharpener of the will is poverty? Put the Colonel in the poor man's kitchen, and the poor man behind the Colonel's basket, and they will complain precisely in character—the one of the trials of abundance, the other of the trials of poverty, and both forgetful of their former estate.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

MONTEREY.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way,
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey.

Yankee Doodle.

TAX THE BRANDY—WHY?—"Brandy!" exclaimed a devotee at the bacchanalian shrine, the other day, "brandy should come in *free*—and I vote for no man that goes against it." "Brandy *free!*" quickly responded Yates, "why should we admit that *free*, which makes men *slaves!*" There was more in that remark than we have heard in many a temperance lecture.

Portrait Gallery.

(Admiral Blake.)

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

Robert Blake was born August 15, 1599, at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, Eng., where his father, who had been a Spanish merchant, was settled. After he had spent some years at Wadham College, Oxford, his father died; and he, being the eldest son returned to Bridgewater, and lived in a retired manner on the estate which he had inherited. Although known for his attachment to puritan principles, he took no part in public affairs till 1640, when he was returned for Bridgewater to the Parliament which met for a few weeks in the early part of that year. But he failed in being re-elected for the one by which it was followed—the celebrated Long Parliament, which was destined to act so memorable a part. He was employed, however, in the war between the King and the nation, which soon after broke out, and distinguished himself by his military talent on various occasions. But it was on another element that his fame was to be chiefly gathered. It was in 1649, when he was fifty years of age, that he was first invested with a command at sea. The expedition on which he was sent was directed against Prince Rupert, whom he pursued from Kinsale, in Ireland, to the Tagus, and thence to Malaga, on the southern coast of Spain, where he scattered or destroyed nearly the whole of his fleet. On his return to England, after this victory, which he had achieved in despite of the opposition of both Spain and Portugal, he was appointed to the honorable office of Warden of the Cinque Ports. In the beginning of the year 1652, when the nation was preparing for war with Holland, Blake was the man who was chosen to be invested with the chief command of the fleet. Hostilities soon commenced, and Blake found himself opposed by the most celebrated admiral of the age, Van Tromp, at the head of one of the finest equipments that had ever been sent out by the first naval power in the world. In the beginning of May, Van Tromp appeared in the Channel with forty five men-of-war, and, by way of defiance, took up his station in Dover Roads. The fleet under Blake's command consisted only of twenty-six sail, but on the 9th he nevertheless boldly advanced against the enemy, who weighed anchor at his approach, and in reply to three successive guns, which he fired without ball, as a signal for them to strike their flag, ranged themselves in order of battle. A desperate fight ensued, which lasted from four in the afternoon till night, and the result of which was that the Dutch, after losing two of their ships, thought proper to retreat. The next great affair with the enemy, in which Blake was engaged, took place on the 29th of November. On that day he was again met in the Channel by Van Tromp, now at the head of a fleet of seventy men-of-war, and six fire-ships. Blake's force scarcely exceeded half that of his opponent—but scorning to run away, he determined to try once more what the gallantry of English sailors could do under the conduct of a captain who had before led them on to victory through so unequal a strife. And perhaps his courage might have been again crowned with success; but besides being obliged to contend throughout the engagement with an adverse wind, he himself unfortunately received a wound which partially disabled him, and threw a part of his forces into disorder. The consequence was, that after a conflict which lasted from eight in the morning till night, the English found themselves obliged to retreat, and to take refuge partly in the Downs and partly in the Thames. Although the circumstances were such as to remove from it all disgrace, Blake probably felt this defeat severely, especially as it was followed by the most arrogant and insulting conduct on the part of the Dutch Admiral, who immediately made his way through the Channel, bearing the ensign of a broom fastened to his main topmast, as if to signify that he had swept those seas of British ships. But in the February following, the English hero, having employed the interval with admirable diligence in repairing his ships, again put to sea with a fleet of sixty sail, and soon after encountered his old adversary at the head of seventy men-of-war, and having three hundred merchantmen under convoy. The battle this time was far more obstinate than any that had yet been fought between them: for three days the two armaments, running up the Channel together, scarcely intermitted their furious fire; when at last, on the fourth morning, the Dutch, having lost eleven of their ships of war and thirty merchantmen, while only one of the English vessels was destroyed, took flight for the coast of Holland. Several other engagements took place between the two admirals in the course of the same year, and the result, upon the whole, was decidedly in favor of the English. Having thus asserted the dominion of his countrymen over their surrounding seas, Blake returned to England, and was received both by the Protector and the people with all respect and honor. He expired on the 27th of August, 1657. A true model in all things of a British sailor, Blake had been during his life as prodigal of his money among his comrades as of his personal exertions in the service of his country; and notwithstanding the ample opportunities he had had of enriching himself, it was found that he had not increased his paternal fortune by so much as £500.

For the Ladies.

HINTS FOR LOVERS.

[We find the following article in an exchange paper, and give it for the benefit of all concerned. Some of the hints are sensible and to the purpose, and generally speaking, the tone of the doctrine is good.]

COURTSHIP.

When a young man admires a lady, and thinks her society necessary to his happiness, it is proper before committing himself, or inducing the object of his admiration to do so, to apply to her parents or guardians for permission to address her; this is a becoming mark of respect, and the circumstances must be very peculiar which would justify a deviation from this course.

Every thing secret and unacknowledged is to be avoided, as the reputation of clandestine intercourse is always more or less injurious through life. The romance evaporates, but the memory of indiscretion survives.

Young men frequently amuse themselves by playing with the feelings of young women. They visit them often, they walk with them, they pay them divers attentions, and after giving them an idea that they are attached to them, they either leave them, or what is worse, never come to an explanation of their sentiments. This is to act the character of a dangler, a character truly dastardly and infamous.

According to the usages of society, it is the custom for the man to propose marriage, and for the female to refuse or accept the offer as she may think fit. There ought to be a perfect freedom of the will in both parties.

A young woman should be in no haste to accept a lover. Let her know him a sufficient time to judge of his qualities of mind, temper, habits, &c., before she allows herself to be inveigled into a marriage. Far better for her to remain single, than to run the risk of a wretched, ill assorted match. She should consider it no loss if she is never married.

No man ought to marry who cannot foresee that he will be able to support the additional expenses of a wife and family, and at the same time fulfil his other necessary obligations. We believe that every industrious, active and sober man will find no serious obstacle in this respect.

The opposition of parents should have all reasonable weight with the young of both sexes. If you are under age, by all means wait until you are legally qualified to decide for yourself; but never, under any circumstances, marry against your inclinations.

Our rule is comprehensive. The circumstances cannot be imagined, which would justify male and female in making a repugnant marriage. To save the lives, fortunes or reputations of ourselves, our parents and friends, we are not justified in making a mockery of the marriage vow by swearing to love her or him, to whom we are at heart indifferent. As well might we undertake to justify murder, theft or any other crime under the plea of subserving our own or another's interests.

The demeanor of a suitor towards the object of his addresses, in company, should be very circumspect. Nothing is more easy than to make both himself and her ridiculous. He should neither neglect nor pay her too marked attention. His manners towards her should be studiously respectful without being formal.

Courting in society is equally indelicate and offensive, and brings both the understanding and the principles into question, if not into actual suspicion; it is besides, a display of selfishness and vulgarity which is insulting.

Lovers would do well to remember that while courtship is the most absorbing and interesting of all occupations to them, it is the most insipid, and when too manifest, the most distasteful to others.

When a wedding takes place in a family, the cards of the newly married pair are sent round to all their acquaintances to apprise them of the event. The cards are sent out by the bridegroom to his acquaintances, and by the bride or her parents to hers. In some instances the cards have been united by silken or silver cords, but this mode has *not* been adopted by people of fashion.

To those who leave cards at the residence of the bride and bridegroom during their absence in the "honey moon," cards are sent to inform them of their return.

Fun and Frolic.

CURIOSITIES.

The manuscript of Madam Rumor—highly valuable.

The bone which old Mother Hubbard could not find for her dog.

All the instruments (among which is the jaw-bone of an ass) used by those persons who murder the King's English.

The hammer with which Joe Miller cracked his jokes.

The hem of a bad cough.

A drop which fell out when the moon was full.

Specimens of Indigo made from a fit of the "blues."

The strings to a gun-sling—strong as a gallows rope.

A drop of comfort.

The brush used in painting the "signs of the times."

The fragments of a burst of eloquence.

The legs of the multiplication table.

A demijohn of the spirit of the age.

Some of the ashes of old King Cole.

A quill from one of the wings upon which Time flies.

A half pint bottle of public spirit—very weak.

Two skeins of "street yarn."

An ingenious mechanic has invented a plummet for measuring the "depth of obscurity."

COMICALITIES.

It is recommended as an excellent amusement, during a long heavy rain, to endeavor to recollect who it was that borrowed your umbrella, the week before.

An old lady, hearing somebody say "the mails are very irregular," said "it was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em!"

"Let us lay no temptation in the path of the young," as the frog said, when he popped his head under water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

A quaint writer says—"I have seen women so delicate, that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horses running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat should overset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall: but I never saw one afraid to get married."

A musician, a while ago, in giving a concert at Cleveland, Ohio, informed the public that a variety of songs might be expected too *tedious* to mention.

A dandy asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey? "No, sir," answered the lad—"but if you will take a seat, I'll try!"

An Attorney about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the Attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but that's not the way I make my bread."

RECOGNITION—THE KID BECOMES A GOAT.—"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones—how d'ye do?" said a young swell recently, in front of the Picayune office, with more beard than brains, to an old glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold-mounted specs, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old gentleman, in a falsetto voice—"but you have the advantage of me."

"My name is Kid, sir—Kid," said whiskerando. "You remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes, and so I do," said the old gentleman—"I remember little Tommy Kid, sure enough; and how do you do now, Mr. GOAT?"

"Kid, sir, Kid, not Goat," said Thomas, peevishly.

"Ah, true, you were a kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you have since become a GOAT."

Tommy stroked his beard with his finger, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones "good bye."

RAPARTEE.—The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker.

"Ha! there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again."

"Yes, madam," replied he, coolly, "burning it."

VALUABLE INFORMATION.—In a pond across a road in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription—

"Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

☞ Professor Faarlecht mentions the following as a marked evidence of the infinite wisdom of Providence. "Mushrooms spring up in a shower, which is doubtless the reason for their being shaped like umbrellas."—*Yankee Doodle.*

A SWINDLE.—"Mister, give me back my money. Them fire crackers came all to pieces the fust time I used um!" "Didn't they *go off* my lad?" "Yes 'um." "Well, let's see you do the same—into him Jowler!" Exit boy in haste.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

COCOANUT DROPS.—Break a cocoanut in pieces, and lay it in cold water, then cut off the dark rind, and grate the white meat on a coarse grater; put the whites of four eggs with half a pound of powdered sugar; beat it until very light and white, then add to it some essence of lemon and grated cocoanut until as thick as you can stir it easily with a spoon; then lay it in heaps the size and shape of a large nutmeg on a sheet of paper; let them be placed at least the distance of an inch apart; when all are done, lay the paper on a baking tin and set them in a quick oven. When they begin to look yellowish they are done; let them remain on the paper until cold.

COCOANUT MACAROONS.—Make these in the same manner as almond macaroons, substituting grated cocoanut for pounded almonds, and finish in the same manner as almond macaroons.

LOVE CAKES.—To one pound of powdered sugar, and six well beaten eggs, put as much flour as will make a stiff paste, flavor with essence of lemon. Roll it about half an inch thick, and with a tin cutter the size of the top of a wine-glass, cut it in small cakes; strew some sugar and flour over a baking tin, and lay the cakes on it; bake them in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes; when cold ice the tops with plain white frosting, and set them in a warm place to dry; finish by putting a bit of jelly, the size of a large nutmeg, in the centre of each. The edge may be finished with ornamental frosting.

A LEGAL BALLAD.

[John G. Saxe, the author of "Progress," is the author of the following, which we cannot do better than send round once more. It originally appeared in the *Knickerbocker*.]

An attorney was "taking a turn,"
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am,
My only client is Grief;
The case is, I've no 'case' at all,
And in brief, I have ne'er had a brief.

"The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession,
That a modest young man like myself
Can't make the slightest impression.

"They grant I'm acquainted with 'grants,'
Can devise a 'devise,' or a plea,
Can make a good deed in 'fee simple,'
But I can't get the simplest 'fee.'

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind."

While thus he was wand'ring along,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sigh'd to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotion, he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next day twelve citizens came,
The "coroner's 'quest" to attend;
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, it seems,"
Said the foreman, who "opened" of course;
"A lawyer! alas!" sigh'd another,
"He undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said "he knew the deceas'd—
An attorney, well versed in the laws;
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a 'cause.'"

The "crowners" at length gave a verdict,
Which finally settled the matter;
"*That the young man was drown-ded because
He could not keep his head above water.*"

Agricultural.

WESTERN NEW YORK
Agricultural School.

FROM THE TRIBUNE.

Dear Sir—Knowing the deep interest you take in the Successful application of Science to Agricultural, as well as Mechanical pursuits, I send you a brief notice of the Western New York Agricultural School, and a few remarks on the advantages of such institutions to the community at large.

This school is located on a farm of two hundred and sixty-five acres in the town of Wheatland, Monroe county, four miles west of the Genesee River, in a farming district unsurpassed in good culture, beauty, salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, and in the skill, enterprise and intelligence of its rural population. It is the leading object of this institution to teach, in connection with practical agriculture, and horticulture, all those sciences that have a bearing on tillage, fruit culture, and other farming operations. Among the sciences now successfully studied may be named Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. The pupils work daily in the Laboratory at the analysis of soils, fertilizers, and other substances. As the importance and practical value of these investigations are appreciated by very few, I desire to say a few words to place the subject in its true light before the community.

In the 2d volume, 7th part, page 306, of Mr. Colman's "European Agriculture," in a number just issued, it is stated that a well attested crop of wheat in the county of Norfolk (England) produced eleven quarters, two bushels and three pecks per acre, or ninety bushels and three pecks—the largest crop on record within my knowledge.

The evidence of this yield being conclusive, the Royal Agricultural Society directed the eminent Chemist of the Society, Professor Playfair, to analyze the soil, and report the same. The results of his analysis is as follows:

Organic matter,	2.43	Lime,	1.28
Hydrate water,	2.00	Magnesia	1.12
Carbonic acid,	0.90	Potash,	0.80
Sulphuric acid,	0.09	Soda,	1.30
Phosphoric acid,	0.38	Chlorine	a trace
Silicic acid and Silica,	81.26	Loss on analysis	0.63
Peroxide of iron,	3.41		
Alumina,	3.96	Total,	100.00

This soil is remarkable for containing, even in so small a portion as a 100 grains, an appreciable quantity of each one of the fourteen elementary bodies used by Nature in forming a perfect wheat plant. Chemical analysis had taught the wheat grower of Norfolk the nature and properties of the precise things necessary to make the whole weight and substance of his desired crop. So far as his soil lacked these ingredients, they were applied to the land in due proportions, and in an available form. The result of studying Nature in the formation of this bread-bearing plant, and wisely adapting means to the object to be attained, has already been stated. I trust I may be credited when I say that like results may be realized in the production of other crops, if we will only furnish each living germ with such nutritive elements as Nature requires to give the plant the most perfect developement.—What these elements are? how they shall be combined? and how used? are questions in chemical science and rural practice which we both study and answer at this school. Nor is the difficulty of understanding this subject so great as many suppose. Allow me a little space in your columns, and I will lift the veil.

To give uniformity to each of those organized substances which we call wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, beans, &c. Nature always uses in making the plant, the same constituent elements, and in about the same proportions. If this were not the case, and living beings were organized at hap-hazard without fixed laws, no one could distinguish one plant from another, nor could there be the least uniformity as to nutritive or poisonous properties in the products of the vegetable kingdom.

It is the simple fact that the laws which govern the organization of all cultivated plants, of all domestic animals, and all their varied and valuable products, are uniform and unerring in their operation, that renders a knowledge of these laws of such great practical importance to the husbandman.

We annually grow in Western New York a vast quantity of wheat, send most of the grain to market, and keep the straw. If the latter contained elements similar to those in the wheat, and in like proportions, there would be no difficulty in making straw, first into compost or manure, and then into the seeds of a second crop of grain without the aid of chemistry. But wheat straw and wheat are very different things. Hence, the transformation cannot be effected to any advantage, without a chemical knowledge of the elements necessary to form the seeds of this plant, and how far such elements can be supplied by the stems or straw of the same. If we analyze the earthy matter contained in the seeds of wheat, forty-seven per cent. of it is found to be phosphoric acid. In a like analysis of the earthy matter found in wheat straw, only three one-tenth per cent. of this acid is found. The difference is as fourteen to one. Hence, in the ordinary process of attempting to *transform* wheat straw into manure, and that into kernel of wheat, there is a waste of material equal to about thirteen parts in fourteen. Indeed, the loss is so great, and the failure so signal, that few wheat growers attempt to produce more than one crop of this grain on a field three or four years old. And even at this rate, it is found that by sending several hundred bushels of the things in the soil that make wheat to market, without restitution, the land fails to give more than half a crop, although the tillage is most thorough and systematic.

Science is equally valuable in throwing light on the culture of potatoes. In one hundred pounds of the ash of this tuber there are fifty-one and a half pounds, of pure potash. I find by experiment, that the chemical agency of this alkali is indispensible in the laboratory of nature, to organize carbon and the elements of water into the starch found so abundant in good potatoes. A large portion of our barn-yard manure applied to potato fields is made from wheat and oat straw. In one hundred pounds of the ash of this straw, whether wheat or oat, there are only seventeen pounds of potash. Now, unless we suppose good potatoes can be organized without the proper ingredients for that purpose, it is obvious that it will take three hundred pounds of the fertilizing elements contained in wheat and oat straw, to give potatoes fifty one pounds of potash. Hence it is found by experience, (and I have the testimony of many farmers who have followed my prescription in the matter,) that by adding potash to manure, in the shape of wood ashes, its quality is improved three-fold for nourishing potato plants. To those who grow thirty bushels of corn on an acre, it can be demonstrated that the farmer has, within reach of his corn plants, nine-tenths of all the elements required to produce sixty bushels on the same land—one hundred pounds of gypsum have often added two thousand pounds to the weight of clover grown on an acre. In this case the gain in organized matter of nineteen hundred pounds, and must have been within reach of the plants as well before as after the gypsum was applied. It is the extremely small percentage of mineral elements in plants mainly, that is lacking to give large crops. The soil in Norfolk which produced ninety bushels of wheat per acre, had only two and a half per cent. of vegetable mould in it, while it abounded in every mineral constituent of the wheat plant.

I have gone a little into detail, because the subject is one of national importance. It is my deliberate opinion, based on many years' observation and research, that at least one-third of all the rural industry in this State, being the annual labor of five hundred thousand males, is thrown away, and wholly lost to the world, in a vain attempt to make good crops of grain, grass and roots, out of other things than those appointed by the Creator of the world for that purpose.

It is to aid in preventing this immense annual loss of time and money, and assist in elevating by scientific attainments, and thorough mental training, the position of laboring men in the country, that the Agricultural School in Wheatland has been established. The whole expenses to the pupil of attending this institution, including board, tuition, &c., is only $100 per annum. The languages and mathematics, as pursued in colleges, as well as the natural sciences are taught. General Harmon has charge of the practical, and Mr. R. B. Sanford of the classical department of the school. A few more pupils than we have now can be accommodated.

DANIEL LEE, M. D., Principal.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 17, 2, 3, 1, is an excellent drink.
My 11, 9, 8, is an unblown flower.
My 17, 16, 13, 2, 9, 10, is a collection of curiosities.
My 8, 12, 14, is a period of 24 hours.
My 15, 12, 6, 7, we dwell upon.
My 15, 12, 13, 13, is a young female.
My 8, 5, 7, 1, 14, is a common expression for father.
My 12, 2, 3, is a body of water.
My whole is a benevolent institution in Philadelphia?

W. D. F.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 4, 8, 14, 11, 15, 16, 12, are what we all desire to gain.
My 6, 16, 3, 9, is an ancient city.
My 10, 9, 8, 2, 16, 13, 11, 3, is a village in New York.
My 8, 1, 7, 9, 15, is a town in France.
My 3, 5, 12, 6, is a disease in grain.
My whole is what we all desire to know, yet none are able to learn.

RIDDLE

For the Young Student in Mechanics.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM H. McCALLA.

A man once owned a pleasure boat,
(By James I think 'twas built)—
Which so coquetted with the waves,
He christened it the Jilt;
'Twas fitted up with cushioned seats,
And painted a bright blue,
And with its sails spread to the breeze
It o'er the water flew.

One day the sun was shining bright,
No cloud was in the sky,
When the owner and a friend, resolved
An experiment to try.
It answered well, for without sails,
Oars, Rudder, "Push" or "Tow,"
"Propeller," "Steam," or kindred means,
This boat was made to go.

QUERY.—What power could have been applied in the case?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The number of horned cattle on a farm is a mean proportional between the number of horses and sheep. The sum of the three numbers is 208, and product 46,656. How many of each?

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a lawyer like a tailor?

What is that, which, when brought to table, is cut but never eaten?

How many sides has a round plum pudding?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
THE ALPHABET.

CHARADE.
GOOD DEED.

RIDDLE.
DRAUGHT BOARD.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
A $40; B $36, C $30

CONUNDRUMS.
[illegible]
IT IS BUILT BY A WREN.
HALF A DOZEN DOZEN IS 72; SIX DOZ. A DOZEN IS 864.
ANSWER 66 DOZEN, OR 792.
HE IS EASILY CONVERTED INTO A FOOL.

The Olio.

A WIFE-LESS MAN.

He has no wife—he's quite alone,
Unsought, unhappy, and unknown,
His days pass by, nor pleasure give,
He breathes, methink, but does not live.

He has no wife—and is it so?
His days are numbered here below,
He soon must go whence none return,
And none but dog and cat will mourn.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LARGE BUSTLES.—A young lady, promenading Tremont Row, accidentally stepped into one of the "man-traps" which had been carelessly left uncovered. Fortunately, her clothing prevented her falling entirely through, and after remaining in the *critical* situation a short time, she was rescued without serious injury, although considerably frightened. That much abused article, which forms part of the heading to this paragraph, perhaps, saved the lady's life; at any rate, if she had slipped through, she would have fallen a distance of at least twenty feet, and it would have been marvellous indeed if she escaped without some broken limbs.—*Boston Bee.*

WONDERFUL INDEED.—Professor Bush of New York, announces that he has a mesmeric subject who, in his "ecstatic state," can quote Hebrew, lecture learnedly on geology, and yet, to neither of these departments has he ever devoted a day's application in his life. Also, the profoundest questions of historical and biblical archaeology, of mythology, of the origin and affinity of language, of the progress of civilization, &c.—all of which those who have heard may believe if they choose.

BRITISH IGNORANCE.—The prevailing ignorance, on the part of intelligent Englishmen, of American geography, is forcibly illustrated by a passage in one of John Foster's letters, which have been recently published. Foster speaks of having received from Prof. Elton of Rhode Island, a *poem* by Judge Durfee "*of that island*," entitled "What Cheer?" Yet Foster was one of the most intelligent persons in Great Britain.

ON A RUINED OWNER OF A LEAD MINE.

Weep not that fortune takes the Mine,
Not yet have *all* thy riches sped,
For deep within that skull of thine,
Dwell unexhausted mines of lead.

LONGEVITY OF SEED.—Mr. Gliddon exhibited at his lecture several earthen jars taken from the tombs of Egypt, proved to be 4,000 years old. These were filled with seeds of various grains and fruits, which experiments prove to be uninjured. Thousands of bushels of wheat are now growing from seed of this kind, planted by numerous persons and found to produce healthy and prolific crops.

AWFUL.—A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady love, that it was his firm determination to drown himself, or perish in the attempt!